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Lord Lyttleton's Dream

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Marvellous Magazine.

No. 14.

RECOVERY OF THE
REV. WILLIAM TENNENT,

Who was three days in a Trance.

THE Rev. William Tennent, the subject of this account, was born on the third day of June, 1705, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland, and was just turned of thirteen years when he arrived in America. He applied himself, with much zeal and industry, to his studies, and made great proficiency in the languages, particularly in Latin.

After a regular course of theology, Mr. Tennent was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast, and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a physician, a young man who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship. He grew worse and worse, till little hope of life was left. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was

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conversing one morning with his brother in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and apparently died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country; and the neighbourhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day.

In the evening, his physician and friend returned from a ride into the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain: and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body, thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was stiff, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral, should be requested not to attend.

To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk—the lips discolored—and the whole body cold and stiff.

However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him night or day. The people were invited again, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen, and threatened to crack. He was endeavouring to soften it, by some emollient oint-

ment put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in, about the expiration of the last period; and, mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and said, in a spirited tone: "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse;" and insisted, with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed.

At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour, the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of very many, who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

Mr. Tennent continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. However, after that period he recovered much faster; but it was about twelve months before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk about the room, and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon, his sister, who had staid from church to attend him, was reading in the Bible, when he took notice of it, and asked her what she had in her hand. She answered that she was reading the Bible. He replied, "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean!" This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it.

On her reporting this to the brother when he returned, Mr. Tennent was found, upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have an idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin Language, under the tuition of his brother. One day as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter. He said he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred.

In October, 1733, Mr. Tennent was regularly ordained pastor of the Church at Freehold, and continued so through the whole of a pretty long life—one of the best proofs of ministerial fidelity.

Although his salary was small, (it is thought under 100*l.*) yet the glebe belonging to the church was an excellent plantation or farm, on which he lived, and which, with care and good farming, was capable of maintaining a family with comfort. But his inattention to the things of this world was so great, that he left the management of his temporal concerns wholly to a faithful servant, in whom he placed great confidence. After a short time, he found his worldly affairs were becoming embarrassed.—His steward reported to him that he was in debt to the merchant between 20 and

30*l.* and he knew of no means of payment, as the crops had fallen short. Mr. Tennent mentioned this to an intimate friend, a merchant of New York, who was on a visit at his house. His friend told him that this mode of life would not do—that he must get a wife to attend to his temporal affairs, and to comfort his leisure hours by conjugal endearments.

He smiled at the idea, and assured him, it never would be the case, unless some friend would provide one for him; for he knew not how to go about it.

His friend told him he was ready to undertake the business; that he had a sister-in-law, one peculiarly suited in all respects to his character and circumstances: in short, that she was the very thing he ought to look for; and if he would go with him to New-York the next day, he would settle the negociation for him.

To this he soon assented. The next evening found him in that city, and before noon, the day after, he was introduced to Mrs. Noble. He was much pleased with her appearance; and, when left alone with her, abruptly told her, that he supposed her brother had informed her of his errand; that neither his time nor inclination would suffer him to use much ceremony; but that if she approved of the measure, he would attend his charge on the next sabbath, and return on Monday, be married, and immediately take her home.

The lady, with some hesitation and difficulty, at last consented, being convinced, that his situation and circumstances rendered it proper. Thus, in one week, she found herself mistress of his house. She proved a most invaluable treasure to him—more than answering every thing said of her by an affectionate brother. She took the ca-

of his temporal concerns upon her, extricated him from debt, and, by a happy union of prudence and economy, so managed all his worldly business, that, in a few years, his circumstances became easy and comfortable. In a word, in her was literally fulfilled the declaration of Solomon, that "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, and that her price is far above rubies."

Besides several children who died in infancy, he had by her three sons, who attained the age of manhood; John, who studied physic, and died in the West-Indies when about thirty three years of age; William, a man of superior character, and minister of the Independent church in Charleston, South Carolina, who died the latter end of September, or beginning of October, A. D. 1777, about thirty-seven years old; and Gilbert, who also practised physic, and died at Freehold, before his father, aged twenty-eight years. Few parents could boast three sons of a more manly or handsome appearance; and the father gave them the most liberal education that the country could afford.

About the latter end of February, or the beginning of March, 1777, Mr. Tennent was suddenly seized with a fever, attended with violent symptoms. He sent for his family physician, who with great candour informed his patient, that the attack appeared unusually violent; that the case required the best medical aid, and that it was out of his power to attend him. He feared that, at his advanced age, there was not strength of nature sufficient to overcome so severe a shock, and that his symptoms scarcely admitted of a favourable prognostic.

He calmly replied: "I am very sensible of the violence of my disorder; that it has racked my constitution to an uncommon degree, and beyond

what I have ever before experienced, and that it is accompanied with symptoms of approaching dissolution; but, blessed be God I have no wish to live, if it should be His will and pleasure to call me hence."

During his whole sickness, he continued perfectly resigned until death was swallowed up in victory, on the 8th day of March, 1777, aged about 72 years. His body was buried in his own church at Freehold—a numerous concourse of people, composed not only of the members of his own congregation, but of the inhabitants of the whole adjacent country, attending his funeral.

Mr. Tennent was rather more than six feet high; of a spare thin visage, and of an erect carriage.—He had bright piercing eyes—a long, sharp nose, and a long face. His general countenance was grave and solemn, but at all times cheerful and pleasant with his friends. It may be said of him, with peculiar propriety, that he appeared in an extraordinary manner to live above the world, and all its allurements. He seemed habitually to have such clear views of spiritual and heavenly things, as afforded him much of the foretaste and enjoyment of them. His faith was really and experimentally "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen."

Singular Impression of Fear.

Some few years since before ghosts and spectres were properly introduced among us, by means of the pantomines and novels of the day, a gentleman of a philosophical turn of mind, who was hardy enough to deny the existence of any thing supernatural, happened to pay a visit to an old house in Gloucestershire, whose unfortunate

owner had just become a bankrupt, with a view to offer such assistance and consolation as he could bestow; when on one rainy dull evening in the month of March, the family being seated by the kitchen fire side, the conversation turned on supernatural appearances. The philosopher was endeavouring to convince his auditors of the folly and absurdity of such opinions, with rather an unbecoming levity, when the wife left the party, and went up stairs, but had hardly left the kitchen three minutes, before a dreadful noise was heard, mingled with the most horrid screams; the poor maid changed countenance, and her red hair stood erect in every direction; the husband trembled in his chair, and the philosopher began to look serious At last the husband rose from his seat, and ascended the stairs in search of his wife, when a second dreadful scream was heard; the maid mustered resolution to follow her master, and a third scream ensued. The philosopher who was not quite at ease, now thought it high time for him to set out in search of a cause; when arriving at the landing place, he found the maid in a fit, the master lying flat with his face upon the floor, which was stained with blood; and on advancing a little further, the mistress in nearly the same condition. To her the philosopher paid immediate attention; and finding she had only swooned away, brought her in his arms down stairs, and placed her on the floor of the kitchen; the pump was at hand, and he had the presence of mind to run to it to get some water in a glass; but what was his astonishment when he found that he pumped only copious streams of blood: which extraordinary appearance, joined to the other circumstances, made the unbeliever tremble in every limb; a sudden perspiration overspread the surface of his skin; and the supernatural possessed his imagination, in all its true colours of dread and horror; again and again he repeated his

efforts, and again and again threw away the loathsome contents of the glass.

Had the story stopped here, what would not superstition have made of it? but the philosopher who was still pumping, now found the colour grow paler, and at last pure water filled the vessel. Overjoyed at this observation, he threw the limpid stream into the face of the mistress, whose recovery was now assisted by the appearance of her husband and Betty.

The mystery, when explained, turned out to be simply this: The good housewife when she knew that a docket had been struck against her husband, took care to conceal some of her choice cherry brandy from the rapacious gripe of the messenger to the commissioners of bankrupts, on some shelves in a closet up stairs, which also contained agreeable to the ancient architecture of the building, the trunk of the pump below; and in trying to move the jars to get a drop for the party at the kitchen fire, the shelf gave way with a tremendous crash, the jars were broken into a hundred pieces, the rich juice descended in torrents down the trunk of the pump, and filled with its ruby current the sucker beneath and this was the self same fluid which the philosopher in his fright had so madly thrown away. The wife had swooned at the accident; the husband in his haste had fallen on his nose; and the maid's legs in her hurry, coming in contact with her fallen master's ribs, she like vaunting ambition overleapt herself, and fell on the other side.

Often has this story been told, by one who knew the philosopher, with *great effect*, till the last act, or *denouement:* when disappointment was always visible in the looks of his auditors, at finding that there was nothing supernatural, and no ghost.

A wonderful and affecting account of the preservation of three persons buried above five weeks in snow sixty feet deep.

A small cluster of houses, at a place called Bergemoletto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, was, on the 19th of March, 1755, entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down from a neighbouring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except Joseph Rochia and his son, a lad of 15, who were on the roof of their house, clearing away the snow, which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest, going by to mass, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation and fled with his son, he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone 30 or 40 steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down: on which, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours houses, in which were 22 persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but soon reviving got safe to a friend's house at some distance.

Five days after, Joseph being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow, with his son, and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but after many openings made in the snow they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings and threw in earth, to melt the snow, which on the 24th of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six English

feet thick, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole and touched the ground, but evening coming on, he desisted.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed that night, that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her; the man affected by his dream, arose early in the morning and went to Bergemoletto, where Joseph was; and after resting himself a little, went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about 240 English feet distant, which having found, they heard a cry of, "*Help my dear brother.*" Being greatly surprised as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother who had the dream, immediately went down, where the sister with an agonizing and feeble voice told him, "*I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me.*" The other brother and the husband then went down, and found still alive the wife about 45, the sister about 35, and a daughter about thirteen years old.—These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house: they were unable to walk, and so wasted, that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after the Intendant came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from her bed or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with some difficulty; and the daughter needed no further remedies.

On the Intendant's interrogating the women, they told him, that on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable with a boy of six years old, and a girl of about thirteen: in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel; there were also an ass and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church bell should ring, intending to attend service. The wife related, that wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house of her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east; upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling.—The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chesnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave the chestnuts to the wife, and eat two herself, and they drank some snow-water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, how-

ever, being left alive, and near the manger, they felt them, and found that one of them was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all the time, they saw not one ray of light; yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day, from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, being very hungry, they eat all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very near two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes: so resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; for just above the manger was a hay-loft, whence through a hole the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

On the sixth day the boy sickened, and, six days after, desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried, '*O! my father is in the snow! Oh! father, father!* and then expired.'

In the mean while, the goats milk diminished daily, and the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day; but, according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat should kid, which at length they knew was come, by its cries: the sister helped it, and they killed the kid, to save the milk for their own subsistence: so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they

called this goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two pounds of milk; on which account, they still bear the poor creature a great affection.

They said, that, during all this time, hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except for the first five or six days; that their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow-water, which fell on them, from the stench of the dead ass, goats, fowls, &c. and from lice; but more than all from the very uneasy posture they were confined to, the manger in which they sat squatting against the wall, being no more than three feet four inches broad.

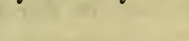
The mother said she had never slept, but the sister and daughter declared they slept as usual.

Attested before the Intendant by the said women, the 16th of May, 1755.

Extreme Moderation.

Plato said to one of his slaves who had committed a fault, I would certainly punish you, would my anger permit me.—An insolent fellow meeting *Diogenes*, spit in his face; a bye-stander said to him, Now I am certain you are angry. No, replied he, I was only considering whether I ought to be so.—*Adolphus*, count of Nassau, newly raised to the empire, sent a very injurious letter to Philip, the handsome king of France; the king, who was remarkable for his moderation, sent no other answer by the messenger, on a sheet of paper in the form of a letter, than these few words, "Too much in the German style."—Don Lopes de *Acuna* arming himself in haste to go to

battle, told two of his servants, who were dressing him for the occasion, to fix his burganet * in a better manner, for that it greatly pained his ear; they answered him, they could not fix it better; and as he was in a hurry to depart, in order to share the glory of the combat, which was bloody, he set off without farther altercation: on his return, he took off the burganet, and shewed his ear hanging by a string, which the helmet had cut, and spoke to them in the following mild manner: "Did I not tell you that you had not fixed it right."



An Uncommon Love Letter.

MADAM,

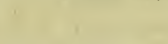
This indenture of love, made the nineteenth day of January, in the third year of the reign of King George the fourth, and in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, Witnesseth, That I Charles Latitat, of King's-Inns, in the City of Dublin, Gent. am a person of credit and reputation: These therefore are to certify to you, that I am all over in love with you; and as a convincing proof, when I should plead before the judge, he thinks me mad; for I instantly begin courting him, telling him he is the bright star of my affection, and that unless he will marry me, I shall be non suited and undone. My very clients too leave me; for while I am perusing their cases, they, hearing me sigh so deeply, begin to despair of their cause, and go away in discontent, without giving their fees.—All which you, and you alone, can remedy. Condescend therefore to bargain, sell, assign, and to

* A Spanish helmet or head-piece.

farm let, all that fair tenement of beauty, which is yourself, unto one who cares not what he gives for the purchase; together with all the advantages, profits, commodities, water courses, and appurtenances whatsoever thereto belonging, or therewithal used; that I may have, hold, occupy, possess and enjoy the same, for the term of our natural lives, without any hindrance, molestation, or delay whatsoever; and I, on my part, hereby agree to settle all my estate (which is *personal*) on you for jointure. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year above written.

Yours most sincerely,

C. LATITAT.



Return of Arms.—To the Clerks of the Peace for the County Tyrone.

Gentlemen, take notice that I have—
One old gun with a tattered lock,
Subject to go off at half-cock.
She's now grown feeble in her springs,
And weak like many other things;
Her rusty nails are worn in screws,
To hold a flint in cock refuse;
Her pan so loose it scatters down
Almost the priming on the ground.
She has a tolerable hammer,
Besides a good old iron rammer;
But has a very ugly trick,
If not quite clean she's apt to kick,
And that my shoulder well did know
Full five and thirty years ago.
To tell you out the whole true stitch,
Observe she has a broken breech.

In short so little I admire her,
I scarcely once a year do fire her;
And that is but to fright the crows,
The truth of which my neighbour knows,
Tho' now so much on the decline,
She once in war did brightly shine,
And in the glorious fifty-nine;
Then for her king did firmly stand,
Under Granby and Ferdinand.
But now she's quite disposed for peace—
I would the world were in her case;
She's not at all inclin'd to kill,
But set her down be what she will.

Singular Effect of Peruvian Bark.

A French merchant, at Guayra, named Delpech, in 1806, had occasion to receive several travellers, inhabitants of these countries. The apartments destined for visitors being filled, and the number of his guests increasing, he was under the necessity of putting several of them in rooms occupied by *cinchona*. Each of them contained from 8 to 10 thousand pounds of that bark. One of his guests was ill of a very malignant fever. After the first day, he found himself much better, though he had taken no medicine; but he was surrounded with an atmosphere of cinchona, which appeared very agreeable to him. In a few days he felt himself quite recovered without any medical treatment whatever. This unexpected success led M. Delpech to make some other trials. Several persons ill of fever were placed successively in his magazine of cinchona, and they were all speedily cured, simply by the effluvia of the bark. In the same place with the cinchona, he kept a bale of coffee, and some bottles of common French brandy.

In some time M. Delpech, when visiting his magazine, observed one of the large bottles uncorked. He suspected at first the fidelity of a servant, and determined to examine the quality of the brandy. What was his astonishment to find it infinitely superior to what it had been! A slightly aromatic taste added to its strength, and rendered it more tonic and more agreeable.—Curious to know if the coffee had likewise changed its properties, he opened the bale, and roasted a portion of it. It was more bitter, and left in the mouth a taste similar to that of the infusion of bark.—The bark which produced these singular effects was fresh.

Cæsar's Stile.

Pine, the engraver and herald, used to relate the following anecdote of Dr. Stukely. As the doctor and some other curiosos, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Hertfordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's stile, situated on the brink of an eminence.—No sooner was the place named, than the doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Covey Stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring against this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged man a labourer, coming up, the Doctor asked him with great confidence, "Whether that was not called Cæsar's Stile?" "Aye master," said the old man, "that it is, I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work on this road for old *Bob Cæsar*, he lived in yonder farm, and a bad road it was before he made this stile."

Most Extraordinary Dropsical Cases.

The following is allowed by some of the most eminent of the Faculty to be the most extraordinary case on record:—Miss Margarette Maria Downes, of Fir Court, Churchstoke, Montgomeryshire, underwent the *hundred and sixth* operation of tapping upon the 22d of last May, which was performed by the celebrated Richard Clee, Esq. of Stafford House, in Shropshire; but he could only extract one quart of water, although she was then as large as at the other times, when thirteen or fourteen quarts were drawn off.

In this painful moment the lady thus expressed herself, "Good Doctor, stab me again in another place, life or death, for I cannot live long except you can extract the water." The Surgeon reluctantly complied with her anxious request, but the second operation was attended with no more success than the first, only one small tea-cup full of water being discharged. This most distressing disappointment Miss Downes sustained with exemplary fortitude. She told Mr. Clee that in a fortnight or three weeks she would send for him to perform the operation again, if she was alive, and perhaps then the water might run off, as it had always done on former occasions, "and I will not be unhappy," she said, "nor suffer my spirits to be cast down." In the course of one week, however, to the great astonishment and inexpressible joy of herself and friends, every drop of the water was dried up within her, and she was quite small, and able to walk out daily! After this most providential event the water collected so slow that she was not under the necessity of being tapped again till the third of last February, on which day she cheerfully submitted to the *hundred and seventh* operation, which she bore

with good spirits, while the before mentioned Surgeon extracted *thirteen* quarts of clear water; and Miss Downes's health at present is much better than it has been for upwards of twenty years; to hear of which may afford some consolation to those who are afflicted with similar disorders.

Ann Patterson, at Tonaghmore, near Saintfield, in the county of Down, for a series of years laboured under a dropsy, which she bore with uncommon patience and resignation, and was tapped, during that time, no less than *fifty-six times*. But what was most extraordinary in the case of this young woman, was, that not less than *thirty-five quarts* of water was taken off her at a time for upwards of 20 times, and that, at an average, there was at least 30 drawn off at each tapping, from the beginning to the end of the operation. This came under the eye of a judicious Practitioner, and of which there can be no doubt. It is alledged the case, is unparralleled on medical record.

A woman in the neighbourhood of Colerain, about 50 years of age, had been confined to her bed for six months past, in consequence of a dropsy. There were, at sundry times during this period, 226 quarts of water taken from her, by Mr. James Caldwell, surgeon, Colerain. The last time that water was abstracted, the quantity being 22 quarts, she was so weak as not to be able to turn herself in bed. She is now, however, restored to perfect health, and able to follow her usual employment.

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The Somnambulist's, or Sleep-Walkers.

An amiable young lady was much addicted to sleep-walking. She would unlock the garden-door, walk in the garden, and sometimes return with a rose or pink in her hand. At other times she would extend her walk into the wood adjoining the house, where she has been known to pass a narrow wooden bridge, with a hand-rail on one side, which lay at a considerable height, across a rivulet. These nocturnal rambles were productive of much uneasiness to her parents, and she was never permitted to sleep alone; but, occasionally, she would make her escape, unnoticed by her companion.

One night she left her bed when her sister was awake, and it being a beautiful night in summer, the sister resolved upon keeping close by her, and allowing her to follow her own inclination. The somnambulist passed down stairs, went to the kitchen, took a piece of cake from the cupboard, and a small decanter from a shelf; she then unbolted the door, and proceeded straight to a pump-well at some distance, pumped water into the decanter, and seeming to look cautiously around her, as if fearful of being observed, began to eat the cake, drinking at intervals Having finished her repast, she exclaimed in a soft voice, but with much feeling, "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." Walking forward to a green bank, she sat down, seemed to contemplate the sky, and repeated a night-piece of considerable length, from some of our poets; after which she returned, entered the house, and went to bed, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of being awake.

Persons that love to amuse the world with the notion of apparitions, and the walking of spirits, will attribute this strange sort of sleep walking to some spirit good or bad, which insinuating itself into the body, governs it at pleasure; whereas, in truth, we should ascribe it to the imagination, which receives the impression of objects in a very great degree; so that they are constrained to move, and go towards the things represented, and not to waken, though they swim over rivers, by reason of the great quantity of thick and glutinous vapours that seize the brain, obstructing its outlets, besides, extraordinary motions may as well be referred to dreams, as any other motions which are made in sleep, considering they come from the same cause, are made by the same organs, and differ not but in degree, the one being made by a bare representation of the species, and the other by a strong impression of the imagination. So that it appears no more a wonder, for a man to rise out of his bed, walk, get upon the ridge of a house, climb a tree, and do many like things without waking, than it is for a dreamer to talk in his sleep, laugh, cry, stir his arms and legs, strike, kick, and quarrel, both being led to it by the same means.

A young man, in whose constitution choler was very predominant, rose out of his bed fast asleep, took a sword in his hand, opened the doors, and muttered to himself as if he was much enraged, went into the street, and quarrelled alone, making several passes as eagerly as if he had been duelling with an enemy, till by a slip of his foot, he fell and wounded himself in the breast with his sword, awaking at the instant by the blood running; and being apprehensive that these night-

walkings would one time or other be fatal to him, he applied himself to a physician and was cured.

Henry Hussey, a young man, much addicted to poetry, while he was at an academy, battered his brains sometimes the whole day, in making, correcting, and blotting out again his compositions, not being able to please himself, was forced to leave many spaces till a more lucky thought he would rise in the night, open his desk, fall to writing, fill up the chasms, read aloud what he had written, laugh heartily at what pleased him, and call his chum to listen to him; yet all this while he was asleep: then putting off his shoes and clothes, shutting his desk, and laying his papers in the same manner he had done before, went to bed again, and slept till he was called up, utterly ignorant of what he had wrote, said, or done in the night time.

In the morning, returning to his studies, and finding chasms in his verses filled up with his own hand, he was surprised to think whether 'twas done by man, or some evil genius, and was in great perplexity till his fellow students resolved his doubts, by telling him he did it in his sleep. Some time after he married, and was afflicted with the same infirmity, would rise in the night, take the child out of the cradle, walk about the house with it, and answer any question that his wife then proposed to him, which he would not do at any other time.

About the 40th year of his age, this habit left him, unless he drank hard over night. His wife, and whole family, that had seen him walking, reading, and writing, affirmed that he spoke as plainly as if he had been awake, that his eyes were open all the time, of which he was wholly ignorant, and sincerely protested he saw not at all, nor did he remember what they said he had done.

An Englishman in Paris rose out of his bed in his sleep, unlocked the doors where he lodged, and taking his sword in his hand, walked down to the river Seine, where meeting with a boy. he killed him, put up his sword, and returned to his bed still fast asleep; and in the morning remembered nothing of what he had done.

A young gentleman, who was troubled with this infirmity, rose out of his bed in his sleep stark naked, and taking his shirt in his hand, by the help of a cord climbed up to the top of a high tower in the castle where he was, and there finding a nest of magpies, put all the young ones very carefully in his shirt, and returned to his bed by the same way he came. Next morning when he awaked, he told his brother, that in the night he dreamed he had robbed a magpie's nest, and wondering what he had done with h s shirt, bid his brother look about the room for it, but he not finding it, he rose himself, and searching every where, at last found it at his bed's feet with five young magpies wrapped up in it.

Gregorius Horstius, in one of his epistles to Fabricius, relates the history of a young kinsman of his, that dwelt in the same house with him at Wirtemberg in Germany: that coming home one night full of drink, went to bed, and slept till about twelve o'clock, then rose in his sleep, and after walking about the room awhile, went directly to the window to get out; the unusual noise that he made awaked Horstius, who considering that possibly this man might be one of those that are called Somnambuli's, or Sleep-Walkers, he leapt out of his bed, and ran to the window, in hopes of preventing him; but just as he came to help him, the young man fell three stories high into the paved street, where he lay speechless and immoveable, it proved his cure, though he was much hurt and bruised by the fall.

Richard Savage.

Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and his vices, and at once remarkable for his weaknesses and abilities, died in the common jail at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of only eight pounds!

During his imprisonment, he frequently received visits, and sometimes presents from his acquaintances; but they were quite insufficient for his subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of his keeper. This benevolent gaoler treated him with the utmost tenderness and civility during the whole of his confinement. He was supported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompense; had a room to himself; was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life. The cheerfulness with which he bore his confinement, appears from a letter which he wrote to one of his friends in London, dated January 30, 1743. The following is an extract:—

"I now write to you from my confinement in Newgate, where I have been since Monday last was sen'night, and where I enjoy myself with much more tranquillity than I have known for upwards of a twelvemonth past; having a room entirely to myself, enjoying my poetical studies, uninterrupted, and agreeable to my mind. I thank the Almighty I am now all collected in myself; and though my person is in confinement, my mind can expatiate on ample and useful subjects with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever; and if instead of a Newgate bird, I may be allowed to be a bird

of the muses, I assure you, sir, I sing very freely in my cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive notes of the nightingale; but at others in the cheerful strains of the lark."

When he had been six months in prison, a charge of attrocious ingratitude was made against him by Pope. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence; but appeared much disturbed at the accusation. Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st, 1743; when Savage seeing him at his bedside, said with uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, sir;" but after a pause moved his hand in a melancholy manner; and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "'Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him, and the next morning he died.

Such was the melancholy end of the unfortunate Richard Savage; and however much he may be censured for his imprudence by some, yet as his able biographer has observed, "those are no proper judges of his conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, "Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived, or written better than Savage."

A New Receipt for Making Tea.—From Bell's Travels to Pekin.

Our horses having swam the river, we went into one of the Buratsky tents, till they were dried. The hospitable landlady immediately set her kettle on the fire, to make us tea; the extraordinary preparation of which I cannot omit describing.

After placing a large iron kettle over the fire, she took care to wipe it very clean with a horse's tail that hung in the corner of the tent for that purpose; then the water was put into it, and soon after some coarse Bohea tea, which is got from China, and a little salt. When near boiling, she took a large brass ladle and tossed the tea, till the liquor turned very brown. It was now taken off the fire, and after subsiding a little, was poured clear into another vessel. The kettle being wiped clean with the horse's tail as before, was again set upon the fire. The mistress now prepared a paste, of meal and fresh butter, that hung in a skin near the horse's tail, which was put into the tea-kettle and fried. Upon this paste the tea was again poured; to which was added some good thick cream, taken out of a clean sheep's skin, which hung upon a peg among other things. The ladle was again employed for the space of six minutes, when the tea being removed from the fire, was allowed to stand a while in order to cool. The landlady now took some wooden cups, which held about half a pint each, and served her tea to all the company. The principal advantage of this tea is, that it both satisfies hunger and quenches thirst. I thought it not disagreeable; but should have liked it much better had it been prepared in a manner a little more cleanly. Our bountiful hostess, however, gave us a hearty welcome; and as these people know not the use of

money, there was nothing to pay for our entertainment. We only made her a present of a little tobacco to smoke, of which this nation is very fond. I have given this receipt, with a view that some European ladies may improve upon it.

Of all the vegetable productions of China, the tea plant deserves particular notice, as its leaves afford by infusion a favourite liquor which is used daily among us, by people of all ranks and conditions.

This shrub, which seems to be a species of myrtle, seldom grows beyond the size of a rose bush, or at most, six or seven feet in height. It thrives best in a gravelly soil, and is usually planted in rows upon little hills about three or four feet distant from each other. Its leaves are long, narrow tapering to a point, and indented like a rose or sweet brier leaves. The shrub is an evergreen, and bears a small fruit containing several round blackish seeds, about the bigness of a large pea, but scarcely above one in ten comes to perfection. By these seeds, the plant is propagated, nine or ten of them being put into a hole together: and the shrubs thence arising are afterwards transplanted into proper ground. They thrive best when exposed to the south sun, and yield the best tea; but there is a sort that grows without cultivation, which, though less valuable, often serves the poorer class of people.

The Chinese know nothing of Imperial tea and several other names, which in Europe serve to distinguish the goodness and price of this fashionable commodity. In fact though there are various kinds of tea, they are now generally allowed to be the product of the same plant, differing only in colour and fragrance, according to the difference of soil, the time of gathering, and the method of preparation.

The green tea chiefly differs from the black by its being gathered six or seven weeks sooner, when the plant is in full bloom, and the leaves full of juice; whereas the other, by being left long on the tree, loses a great part of its juice, and contracts a different colour, taste, and virtue.—The green tea is gathered the beginning of March; and the black in May or June. During all the months of gathering, the leaves on the top of the shrub are the finest and dearest, and are gradually coarser towards the bottom of the plant. The black is first dried in the shade, and afterwards exposed to the heat of the sun; the green is dried in the sun as soon as gathered; and both are afterwards shrivelled up in earthen pans over a slow fire.

It is very rare to find tea perfectly pure; the Chinese themselves generally mixing other leaves with it to increase the quantity; though the price among them is usually threepence a pound, and never exceeds ninepence.

Bohea tea, if good, is all of a dark colour, crisp and dry, and has a fine smell: green tea is also to be chosen by its crispness, fragrancy, and light colour with a bluish cast; for it is not good, if any of the leaves appear dark or brown.

Tea was introduced into Europe in the year 1610 by the Dutch East India company. In 1666 it was sold in London at Sixty shillings a pound.

Coffee was first brought into France by the famous traveller M. Thevenot; and a Greek called Pasqua, who was brought to England as a servant in 1652, who first set up the profession of a coffee house keeper, and introduced the use of the liquor in these countries.

Friendly Imprisonment.

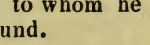
Duncan Creagh M'Gregor, alias Campbell, like the celebrated Rob Roy, was a sort of gentleman dealer in cattle, and much esteemed by the late Duke of Argyle, on account of his inviolable sincerity.

His grace had not attained the title, when in the commencement of those intrigues that produced the rebellion in 1745, the heir of Mamore understood Duncan Creagh was on the point of involving himself in the Stuart cause. He sent for the drover, and told him he had grounds to doubt his loyalty. Duncan was silent; and the Duke taking his silence as a tacit acknowledgment, asked how a true protestant, a man whose independent spirit would be tenacious of liberty, religious and civil, could reconcile with a due regard to his own rights, and the rights of his countrymen, an enterprise in favour of a race whose Romish superstition and arbitrary government were notorious? "Sir,', replied Duncan, "the heart and head of men far wiser than I are often at variance. The head has eyes; the heart has feelings. My head tells me that the questions you asked were calculated to prove me a traitor, and the arguments you have used, prove me a fool. Yet, sir, if it were needful, I would count my life cheap for your service; and though I can spy in my chief some things not quite to my mind, I am bound to follow, not to question where he would lead me.—Can less fealty be due to my hereditary king?" The heir of Mamore saw Duncan was above denying his intention, yet shunned an explanation, lest he might implicate others.

He managed to get an order for confining Duncan Creach M'Gregor, alias Campbell, as a sus-

pected person; and by a short imprisonment saved him from execution, or exile. Shortly after Duncan was furnished with free quarters in the jail of Inverary, the heir of Mamore passed the windows; and Duncan, to intimate that he knew to whom he owed his detention, called out through the bars, "When the heart is too strong for the head, fools are laid by the heels."

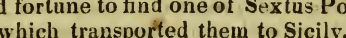
So highly was Duncan Creagh esteemed for his sincerity and uprightness, that when through the vicissitudes of his precarious occupation he became insolvent, several gentlemen subscribed a sum of money to enable him to resume business. He was in a few years enabled to repay these generous friends; and soon after called a meeting of his former creditors, to whom he also paid twenty shillings in the pound.



Restio and the Slave.

It was the custom in Rome, when a slave made an unsuccessful attempt to regain his liberty, or was even suspected of such a design, to mark him on the forehead with a red hot iron. How capriciously and unjustly this infamous mark was impressed, is feelingly shewn by the story of Restio. This man being proscribed, and a reward offered for his head by the triumvirs Octavianus, Anthony, and Lepidus, concealed himself from the fury of the tyrants. A slave, whom he had marked with the hot iron, having found out the place of his retreat, conducted him to a cave, and there supplied him for some time with what he earned by his daily labour. At length a company of soldiers coming that way, and approaching the cave, the

faithful slave, alarmed at the danger his master was in, followed them close, and falling on a poor peasant, killed him in their presence, and cutting off his head, cried out, 'I am now revenged of my master for the marks with which he has branded me.' The soldiers seeing the infamous mark on his forehead, and not doubting that he had killed Restio, snatched the head out of his hand, and returned with it in all haste to the triumvirs. They were no sooner gone than the slave conveyed his master to the sea side, where they had the good fortune to find one of Sextus Pompeius's vessels, which transported them to Sicily.



Remarkable Friendship.

Octavius and Leobellus, two young gentlemen of Wilna, in Lithuania, were bred together; and were inseparable companions: They seemed to have but one will, or two bodies actuated by one soul: so that reason and justice always regulated their sentiments when they differed. While they were at the University, Octavius fell in love with Paulina, a lady of superior rank, both as to birth and fortune, and moreover destined, by her relations, for Gelasius, a young nobleman, whose haughtiness, in his addresses to the young lady, gave her such a disgust towards his person, that she preferred the gentleman Octavius, in her heart to the nobleman. Gelasius, supposing the lady's aversion to him was occasioned by his rival, Octavius, threatened him with his resentment. Octavius only answered, that inclination was free, and, if he could engage that of Paulina, it was not his resentment that should make him desist. The

consequence of which answer, was, that they were thoroughly displeased with each other.

Gelasius prevailed with Paulina's relations, to forbid all intercourse and correspondence between her and Octavius, and to oblige her to look upon Gelasius, as one designed to be her husband; which increased her aversion to Gelasius, and her affection for Octavius. Gelasius saw its effects, and resolved to remove his rival. Being informed by spies, hired on purpose, that Octavius frequently entertained Paulina, at her window, he took with him a friend, named Megasius, and a servant, and formed an ambush, near Paulina's house, to intercept the lover. At the time expected, Octavius advanced, with his friend Leobellus, who at the appearance of Paulina, by a signal given, retreated, to give the lovers an opportunity to converse; but immediately, the servant fell upon Leobellus, while Gelasius and Megasius took the task of dispatching Octavius. Leobellus soon disabled the servant, and, flying with speed to the assistance of Octavius, found him with his back to a wall, maintaining a very unequal fight! and at the first thrust, he laid Gelasius dead; and then, turning upon Megasius, wounded him, and made him fly; he himself having received no hurt: but Octavius was desperately wounded.

This affair was represented by Megasius, to the friends of Gelasius, to be a treachery contrived by the two friends, who had assaulted them in the dark; which being deposed before the magistrates, Octavius was taken, but Leobellus made his escape, concealing himself, with hopes to find an opportunity to prove his own and friend's innocence. However, Octavius was tried, and, upon the sole evidence of Megasius, was sentenced to lose his head; and he was already brought upon

the scaffold to be executed, when Leobellus, rushing through the croud, called to the executioner to stop his hand, for that he himself was the only person guilty; and, mounting the scaffold declared the truth of the matter to the magistrates, cleared his friend, and offered his own life to satisfy the law. The whole multitude cried pardon, and the magistrates carried back the two friends to the hall, to re-hear the cause. When in the presence of the Palatine of Wilna, the two friends generously contesting which should die to save the other, he patiently heard every circumstance of this dark affair; and having heard, with pleasure and surprise, Leobellus plead for his friend's discharge, said, 'So far am I from judging you guilty, or condemning you to death, that I cannot but look upon what you have done, to be a glorious action. I therefore acquit you both, and adjudge Megasius to lose his head for his treachery and perjury; and request, as a favour, to be admitted the third into your friendship.' He also procured Octavius the happiness of his Paulina; married Leobellus to a relation of his own, and recommended them both to advantageous posts in the court of Poland.

Singular Anecdote of Lord Chancellor Jeffries.

It is an observation no less common than true, that no character is completely consistent; the best not being entirely free from vice, and the worst not totally destitute of virtue. A striking instance of this, occurs in an anecdote related of judge Jeffries. That judge, though in general so inimical to every effort in support of the liberty of the subject, yet once, at least, not only

approved of, but rewarded in the noblest manner, the spirited behaviour of one acting in its defence, an exertion wherein he himself was the sufferer.

At a contested election for a member to serve in parliament for the town of Arundel, in Sussex, government strenuously interfered, and that so openly as to send down Jeffries, then lord chancellor, with instructions to use every method to procure the return of the court-candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings, close by the returning officer, the mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. He well knew the chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank. In the course of the poll, that magistrate, who scrutinized every one before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court party, at which, Jeffries rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections, declared the man should poll, adding, 'I am the lord chancellor of this realm.'

The mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied in these words, 'Your ungentlemanlike behaviour convinces me it is impossible you should be the person you pretend; were you the chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone, preside; then turning to the crier, 'Officer,' said he, 'turn that fellow out of court,' his commands were obeyed without hesitation, and the chancellor retired to his inn, in great confusion, while the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the mayor, to his great surprise received a message from Jeffries, desiring the favour of his company at the inn, which he declining, the chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following

compliment; 'Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute the law; and tho' I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independant, but may have some relation, who is not so well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant. Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made; who, having a nephew in no very affluent circumstances, named him to the chancellor, and he immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

BIRTHS.

On Saturday last at Paul's Warden, Herts, the Lady of the Rt. Hon. Lord Glamis, of a Son and Heir.

MARRIAGES.

In Drumcondra Church, John Charters, Jun. of Gt. Britain-st. Esq. to Eliza, third daughter of the late Major Baylis, of His Majesty's 17th Reg. of Foot.—In St. Anne's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Drury, the Rev. John Frazer Mathews, of Belfast, to Miss Jane Stacey, of Duke-st.—At Castlebellingham, on the 24th ultimo. Doctor John Peebles, of this City, to Miss A. Bellingham.

DEATHS.

Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, after giving birth to Twins, one of whom was stillborn; her Grace had 16 children 9 sons and 5 daughters of whom are living, 4 of which were born at two births.—On the 16th of Sept. Mr. Joseph Bigger, Printer, late of Camden-st. a young man of good morals, who after lingering a few days of a Brain Fever, departed from this transitory life to enjoy that of a life of righteousness in a better World, through the merits of our Lord and Saviour, who was pleased to call him to himself; leaving a numerous train of relatives and friends to regret his loss: 'respected lived, regretted died.'—On the 27th ult. aged 16, Miss Mathias, daughter to the Rev. B. W. Mathias.—At Lurgan, Charles Brownlow, sen. Esq. Father to Charles Brownlow, Esq. M. P. for the Co. of Armagh.—At Nymphfield Charles O'Hara, Esq. M. P. for the Co. of Sligo.—In Cork, Hugh Uvedall, Esq.—At Bangor, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Horton, relict of the late Abraham V. Horton of the City of Dublin.—At Ranelagh, on the 26th ult. in the 20th year of his age J. Bagwell Esq.—On the 29th ult. in the 75th year of his age, the Rev. Patrick Grady, Parish Priest of Freshford.

Marvellous Magazine

No. 15.

THE CELEBRATED JOHN LUDWIG.

Remarkable Instance of the power of natural capacity and application contending with every difficulty.

IT is usual for the commissaries of excise in Saxony, to appoint a peasant in every village in their district, to receive the excise of the place, for which few are allowed more than one crown, and none more than three. Mr. Christian Gothold Hoffman, chief commissary of Dresden and the villages adjacent, when auditing the accounts of some of these peasants in 1753, was told there was one John Ludwig among them, a strange man; who, though he was very poor and had a family, was yet continually reading books, and very often stood the greatest part of the night at his door, gazing at the stars.

This account raised M. Hoffman's curiosity, and he ordered the man to be brought before him. Hoffman, who expected something in Ludwig's appearance that corresponded with a man superior to his station, was greatly surprized to see the most rustic boor he had ever beheld. His hair

hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid and stupid, and his manner was, in every respect, that of a plodding ignorant clown. Mr. Hoffman, after contemplating this unpromising appearance, concluded, that as the supposed superiority of this man was of the intellectual kind, it would certainly appear when he spoke; but even in this experiment he was also disappointed. He asked him, if what his neighbours had said of his reading and studying was true; Ludwig bluntly and coarsely replied, 'What neighbour has told you that I read and studied? If I have studied, I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any body else should know any thing of the matter."

Hoffman, however, continued the conversation, notwithstanding his disappointment, and asked several questions concerning arithmetic, and the first rudiments of astronomy; to which he now expected vague and confused replies. But in this too he had formed an erroneous prognostic; for Hoffman was struck not only with astonishment but confusion, to hear such definitions and explications as would have done honour to a regular academician in a public examination.

John Ludwig was born the 24th of February, 1715, in the village of Cosse-daude, and was, among other poor children of the village, sent very young to school. The bible, which was the book by which he was taught to read, gave him so much pleasure, that he conceived the most eagar desire to read others, which, however, he had no opportunity to get into his possession. In about a year his master began to teach him to write, but this exercise was rather irksome than pleasing at first; when the first difficulty was surmounted, he applied to it with great alacrity, especially as books were put into his hand to copy as an exercise; and he employed himself

almost night and day, not in copying particular passages only, but in forming collections of sentences, or events that were connected with each other.

When he was ten years old, he had been at school four years, and was then put to arithmetic; but this embarrassed him with innumerable difficulties, which his master would not take the trouble to explain, expecting that he should content himself with the implicit practice of positive rules. Ludwig, therefore, was so disgusted with arithmetic, that, after much scolding and beating, he went from school, without having learned any thing more than reading, writing, and his catechism.

He was then sent into the field to keep cows; and in this employment he soon became clownish, and negligent of every thing else; so that the greatest part of what he had learned was forgotten. He now associated with the sordid and the vicious, and he became insensibly like them. As he grew up, he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to such pleasures as were within his reach. But a desire of surpassing others (that principle which is productive of every kind of greatness) was still living in his breast; he remembered to have been praised by his master, and preferred above his comrades, when he was learning to read and write, and he was still desirous of the same pleasure, though he did not know how to get at it.

In the autumn of 1735, when he was about twenty years old, he bought a small bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to a great number of texts, upon which the principles contained in the answers were founded.—Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was therefore continually turning

over the leaves of his bible, to find the passages referred to in the catechism; but this he found so irksome a task, that he determined to have the whole at one view, and therefore set about to transcribe the catechism, with all the texts at large brought into their proper places. With this exercise he filled two quires of his paper; and though when he began, the character was scarce legible, yet, before he had finished, it was greatly improved; for an art that has been once learned is easily recovered.

In the month of March, 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived; and he found, that in order to discharge this office, it was necessary for him not only to write, but to be master of the two first rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object; and a desire to keep the accounts of the tax he was to gather better than others of his station, determined him once more to apply to arithmetic, however hateful the task, and whatever labour it might require. He now regretted that he was without an instructor, and would have been glad, at any rate, to have practised the rules without first knowing the rationale.

His mind was continually upon the stretch to find out some way of supplying this want; and at last he recollected, that one of his school-fellows had a book, from which examples of several rules were taken by the master to exercise the scholars. He, therefore, went immediately in search of this school-fellow, and was overjoyed to find upon inquiry, that the book was still in his possession. Having borrowed this important volume, he returned home with it, and beginning his studies as he went along, he pursued them with such application, that in about six months he was master of the rule of three with fractions,

The severe winter which happened in the year 1710, obliged him to keep long within his cottage, and having there no employment either for his body or his mind, he had once more recourse to his book of geometry; and having at length comprehended some of the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which he mounted the end of a quill cut into a pen. With these intruments he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. He was thus busied in his cot till March; and the joy arising from the knowledge he had acquired, was exceeded only by his desire of knowing more.

During his study of geometry and astronomy, he had frequently met with the word *philosophy*, and this became more and more the object of his attention. He conceived that it was the name of some science of great importance and extent, with which he was as yet wholly unacquainted; he became therefore impatient in the highest degree to get acquainted with philosophy; and being continually upon the watch for such assistance as offered, he at last picked up a book, called *an introduction to the knowledge of God, of man, and of the universe.* In reading this book he was struck with a variety of objects that were equally interesting and new.

But as this book contained only general principles, he went to Dresden and inquired among the booksellers, who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. By the booksellers he was recommended to the works of Wolfius, having been mentioned in several books he had read, as one of the most able men of his age, he readily took him for his guide in the regions of philosophy.

About this time a dealer in old books sold him a volume of Wolfius's Mathematical Principles at large, and the spherical trigonometry which he found in this book was a new treasure, which he was very desirous to make his own. This however cost him incredible labour, and filled every moment that he could spare from his business and his sleep for something more than a year.

He proceeded to the study of Kahrel's Law of Nature and Nations, and at the same time procured a little book on the terrestrial and celestial globes. These books with a few that he borrowed were the sources from which he derived such a stock of knowledge, as is seldom found even among those who have associated with the inhabitants of a university, and had perpetual access to public libraries.

Mr. Hoffman prevailed on him to stay at his house some time, and dressed him in his own gown with other proper habiliments, and he observes that this alteration of his dress had such an effect, that Hoffman could not conceive the man's accent or dialect to be the same, and he felt himself secretly inclined to treat him with more deference than when he was in his peasant's dress, though the alteration was made in his presence and with his own apparel.

It happened also that before Ludwig went home there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phænomenon as an astronomer, and for that purpose furnished him with proper instruments. The impatience of Ludwig till the time of the eclipse is not to be expressed; he had been acquainted with the planetary world only by books, and a view of the heavens with the naked eye; he had never yet looked thro' a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him, scarce suffered him to either eat

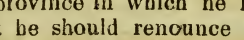
or sleep; but it unfortunately happened, that just before the eclipse came on, the sky became cloudy, and continued so during the whole time of its continuance; this misfortune was more than the philosophy even of Ludwig could bear; as the cloud came on, he looked up at it in the agony of a man that expected the dissolution of nature to follow; when it came over the sun, he stood fixed in a consternation not to be described, and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after went in his turn to visit Mr. Ludwig, and take a view of his dwelling, his library, his study, and his instruments. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle, and under a little window at the side, three pieces of board, laid side by side over two trussels, made a writing table for the philosopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing paper containing extracts of books, various calculations and geometrical figures; the books which have been mentioned before were placed on a shelf with the compass and ruler that have been described, which with a wooden square and a pair of six inch globes, constituted the library and museum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig.

In this hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant, sometimes carrying a basket at his back, and sometimes driving a wheelbarrow and crying such garden stuff as he had to sell about the village. In this state he was subject to frequent insult, "such as patient merit takes of the unworthy," and he bore them without re-

ply, or any other mark either of resentment or contempt, when those who could not agree with him about the price of his commodities, used to turn from him with an air of superiority, and call him in derision "*silly* clown and a *stupid* dog."

Mr. Hoffman when he dismissed him, presented him with a hundred crowns, which filled all his wishes, and made him the happiest man in the world; with this sum he built himself a more commodious habitation in the middle of his vineyard, and furnished it with many moveables and utensils, of which he was in great want; but above all he procured a very considerable addition to his library, an article so essential to his happiness, that he declared to Mr. Hoffman, he would not accept the whole province in which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he had rather live on bread and water than withhold from his mind that food which his intellectual hunger perpetually required.



Strange Perversion of Names.

A Persian, who founded all his merit on the lustre of his name, came to Athens. I had been acquainted with him at Susa, and took him with me into the forum. We seated ourselves near several Athenians, who were engaged in conversation. He asked me their names, and requested me to explain their meaning to him. The first, I said, is called Eudoxus, that is to say, *illustrious* or *honourable*. Immediately my friend, the Persian, made a profound reverence to Eudoxus. The second, continued I, is named Polycletus, which signifies *very celebrated*—another reverence still more profound. No doubt, said he to me, these two excellent persons are at the head of the republic. No such thing, replied I; they are of the

lower class of people, and scarcely known. The third, who seems so weak, is called Agasthenes, or perhaps Megasthenes, *the strong*, or rather *very strong*. The fourth, who is very corpulent and unwieldy, is named Prothoos, a word which signifies *light of foot*, *he who passes others in the race*. The fifth, who appears so gloomy and melancholy, is named Epichares, *the cheerful*. And the sixth? said the Persian impatiently.—The sixth is Sostratus, or the *saviour of the army*. He has then had the command of troops?—No, he has never served. The seventh, who is called Clitomachus, *illustrious warrior*, has constantly fled at the approach of the enemy, and has been branded with infamy. The eighth, is named Dicæus, *the just*. —Indeed!—Indeed, he is the most notorious knave existing. The name of the ninth is Evelthon, or *the welcome*.

My friend now abruptly rising, said to me—These people dishonour their names. But at least, replied I, it must be confessed that their names do not inspire them with vanity.

Unnatural Cruelty to Infants.

In the year 1717, there lived at Brumpton, a woman, whose profession was the taking off their parents hands, the children of an unauthorised passion. Her name was Sarah Welland. There was at that time no Foundling-Hospital.

The people of intrigue knew the name of this person familiarly. As her profits were considerable, she could at any time silence the clamour of a parish officer, and she despised scandal. Her custom was to receive the devoted infant from a third person, without asking any questions. She took it with a certain price, for the maintenance

and care of it for life; and neither the parents nor the parish were to hear of it again.

What must have been the hearts of those who could deliver up their children to this certain destruction? The exposure of infants among the antient Romans, against which we so much exclaim, was far less criminal. The child, with them, might escape; but in this case the very bargain sold its blood. Parents who felt no compassion or humanity themselves, could not suppose that there would be any in a stranger; and as the whole price was paid at once, the sooner the infant perished, the greater was the profit.—Happy, indeed, would this age be, if no murderers of the same stamp were found in it; for there will never be a want of unnatural parents.

One child which entered the bloody walls of Welland escaped, for she herself died that evening. The smiling innocence of the little victim pleaded even with those who had been before, perhaps, the instruments of her barbarity; they had no interest in its death; they carried it, therefore, to persons who had at that time, the poor under their care. The deserted infant was taken from house to house, and it was supported by charitable contributions till there should be a vestry. The wary overseer postponed that business a fortnight, which should have come on the day following: by this delay the parish had a chance to be freed from an incumbrance; but the child was to live. The nameless infant had escaped the only hands from which it could fail of meeting compassion. Its throat bled with a wound inflicted by its father; but it was not a mortal one. All were charmed with the babe, and were struck with commiseration. Those who had not fortunes, declared that if they were rich they would adopt it; but such as had the power of adoption, found the inclination less fervent: even they, however, contributed their

shillings towards its support. The vestry met at last, and the child was living. The officers took it under their protection, and the world heard no more of it. Pity is a short-lived virtue, the incident was soon forgot; and if any thought about the infant, they, probably, imagined it devoted to another destruction.

Nine years after this, a Mr. Frazer, a man of honour and humanity, beheld a boy naked upon one of his barrenest mountains; he was sitting, his eyes were swimming in sorrow, though a single tear had not fallen from them. They were turned up to heaven with resignation, but with almost a spirit of reproach; in his hand was a root of grass, his only visible food.

The master of the place, touched with pity, ordered him to his house.—He put on him the habit of the Highlands, employed him in his service, and called him Frazer. He was asked how he came upon the mountain on which he was discovered, and by what means he was reduced to so miserable a condition.—To these inquiries he could make little or no answer. He knew nothing of father, or mother, or friend, or place of birth. His first remembrance was of an ancient woman, with whom he had lived in a cabin; her death had sent him from one to another of the Highlanders; and at length the loss of his only remaining friend had left him totally destitute.

Mr. Frazer had found in the boy, as he grew up, sense, spirit, and the most lively gratitude.—He took him from the meaner services of his family, and employed him near his own person.—Few saw him, but all who did, said they perceived in him something very singular. His behaviour was modest; his words were full of sagacity. He had been near twenty years in the service of this second father, rather than master, when the last

rebellion broke out in Scotland. His master took the wrong side, and there was no doubt of his being followed by his adopted son. He was in the two actions that proved successful, and had so much distinguished himself in both, that he was marked for particular favour. In the last engagement his hand was not less active, but he fought against the duke of Cumberland. A single arm could not command success in opposition to so much conduct, joined with so much resolution. He fled among the routed Highlanders, and in an hour was in a place of safety; a retreat in which neither friend could be likely to find, nor enemy to reach him! in which he could neither be forced, nor betrayed. In this place, as he was leaning upon his sword, and resting against a tree, he saw two persons enter with precipitation; the one an old man flying, the other a young one in pursuit of him. What astonished the youthful warrior was, that they both appeared to be of the victorious party.—He stood a moment full of wonder, expecting they would fall together upon him: but they only attended to each other. The old man finding his feet would not give him security, turned upon his pursuer, and put himself in a posture of defence. Frazer was too much a hero to look upon so unequal an encounter unmoved. As the old man was on the brink of destruction, he threw himself between them. "I know nothing of your quarrel," said he to the younger combatant, "but let me dispute it in the room of your adversary. He is not a match for your vigour and youth." No more words passed. The old man stood aside, and his champion conquered.

The person whom he had saved, made him all possible acknowledgments. He told him that he would return the obligation by preserving him: ——he proposed taking him back in the evening and changing his dress, promising also to adopt him for his son. He concluded with the highest

eulogiums on his valour and generosity, and observed, at the same time, that it was a pity a young man of so much honour should be a rebel. Frazer answered him in this manner——"The Scots do not fight against their king because they are disloyal, but because they are commanded by those whom they serve. Their lairds have a right to their duty; and they are taught from their infancy to believe that their first virtue is obedience to them." Here he paused, wiped away a tear, and then proceeded—"None had so much right to compliance as mine; nor could I have accepted of your proposed friendship, had I not seen him fall. Now I am free, and if you will be a protector to a friendless orphan, you shall find me as faithful to you, as I have been to him."

The gentleman, whose life he had saved, was extremely moved by this speech. There was something in the manner of delivery, more than in the words themselves, which charmed him: he embraced him, took him back with him, changed his dress, brought him to England, and, by the weight of his interest at court, procured him a free pardon.

With this man of honour Frazer lived as his son: the family consisted of themselves and a daughter, a lady of forty-seven, not more distinguished by the amiableness of her temper, than by an air of melancholy which never forsook her countenance. The father told her often the story of his rescue. "The wretch," said he to her one day, "who dishonoured you, sought my life for the resentment I had shewn against his inhumanity. What I have said," continued he, turning to Frazer, "must reach no other ear; but I look upon you as a son: this is the cause of that lady's melancholy; she was deluded by a promise of marriage; she had a child, whom its abandoned

father caused to be destroyed, and he would have added my murder to that of his son's, had not you prevented it; because I sought twenty-eight years ago, to bring him to justice. How long will revenge live in the minds of some men!"

As they spoke together upon the subject, they compassionated the infant. Frazer was strangely moved by the recital. "Perhaps," said he, "if my memory would reach to my infant years, something like this was mine." He then related the strange obscurity of his birth; and shewed a scar upon his throat, which an inhuman hand had (he continued) given it before the time of his earliest remembrance.

They left him without ceremony, and returned in a moment. The old man then addressed himself to him in this manner: "Listen attentively to intelligence at once both pleasing and unwelcome. The person from whose sword you saved me, was your father;—there is your mother;—kneel to her for a blessing."

What a catastrophe for tragedy! one can hardly avoid looking upon the righteous parricide as the appointment of Divine providence.

Young Witte.

There is at this time existing in Germany a real prodigy, a child who possesses such learning and intelligence as are generally the fruits of a more advanced age. The following is taken from the public newspapers, June 1808.

"A distinguished professor of Mersburgh, who wished to excite emulation among his pupils, brought before them a child only eight years of

age. This child listened with attention to a Greek lesson, which the professor was giving, and was afterwards desired to proceed in the interpretation. All the scholars were astonished when they heard him explain a passage from Plutarch, which he had never before seen, and illustrated the subject in the clearest manner possible. He then had a Latin book presented to him, which was "Cæsar's Commentaries," and he interpreted those passages which the scholars had found difficult. He was also examined, while translating, upon the analytical part, and he acquitted himself very well. Besides which, he translated an Italian book, which a person who was present had brought with him, and conversed in that language.

They had not at that time any French books at hand; but he spoke that language with as much facility as if he had spoken German, which was his native tongue. During this exercise he observed on the wall a map of ancient Greece; he asked permission to examine it more closely, and mentioned the most remarkable cities, and recounted the particulars of their history. Synope, was spoken of, and he replied that that city could not be found on the map he saw, and asked for another, saying they must seek for it upon the Euxine Sea. One of the scholars took him in his arms, and pointed out to him the map he wanted: he immediately shewed the city, and spoke at considerable length concerning Diogenes. He recollected also the names which those ancient cities now bear, and, from memory, performed several arithmetical calculations by the rule of three, which were pretty difficult.

Thus this child, though only eight years old, possessed the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German languages, geography, history, and arithmetic; which is the most extraordinary thing that has ever been known.

This young sage was the son of a doctor, called Charles Witte, a pastor at Lochau, near Halle in Westphalia. Happily his labours has neither injured his health, nor the amiable dispositions of childhood. On quitting the seminary, in which he had excited the admiration of every one, he played like the other children, and seemed to think no more on either Greek or Latin. His early progress continues to realize the hopes which have been conceived of him!"

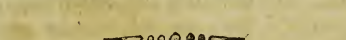
Two years and-a-half after that period, he was again taken notice of in the newspapers, in which he received the greatest praises.

The following is extracted from a paper published in Gottingen, dated on the 20th day of May, 1811.

"For these last eight months we have had a child in this university, ten years and-a-half old, and who is a perfect phenomenon. This learned youth is called Charles Witte; he knows every thing, —the languages, history, geography, both ancient and modern, and, besides his mother tongue, Greek, Latin, French, English, and Italian, to such a degree of perfection, that he not only translated the Æneid and the Iliad with ease, but he spoke with the greatest fluency all the languages above mentioned. He last year gave such satisfactory proofs on a public examination, which he underwent at the University at Leipsic, that the academy honoured him with a diploma filled with his praises.—Till his arrival at Gottingen, this child had no other instructor than his father.

His Majesty, the king of Westphalia, desiring that the latter might continue to direct the studies of his son, granted him a pension and a situation, which enabled him to fulfil the functions of pastor, and accompany his pupil to our university. Young

Witte now devotes himself to the study of philosophy; he attends a course of mathematics, of physic, and of metaphysics—and displays the happiest talents for all the sciences."



Heinecken, an extraordinary Child.

In 1721, a professor of Lubeck, had a son named Christian Heinecken, and knowing the value of a good education, thought it right, as it were, to commence with life. Scarcely was the child capable of listening to him, when he took care to direct his attention to the most common objects, repeating their names and explaining their uses. As soon as he was able to articulate words, little Heinecken gave signs of a great and early genius His father continued to instruct him, by holding such conversations with him as never exceeded his capacity to comprehend. In this manner, as it were in play, he taught him the first and principal events of sacred history, and all the most important branches of geographical knowledge. At the same time the father spoke to him both in Latin and French; his mother spoke German to him, which was the language of the country, and without any great effort he was able to express himself with perspicuity in these three languages. He had received no instruction from books; all he had gained was from the conversations of his father. This method was sufficient for an attentive child, and Heinecken listened with the greatest earnestness, and never appeared weary of learning.

The instructor at his side, never spared his trouble; entered into all manner of details, and never quitted a subject till his little pupil had comprehended it. The rapid progress of so young a child soon drew general attention; he was spoken of

with such admiration, that the King of Denmark desired to see him, and sent for him to Court.—Heinecken was then only five years old. He appeared before his majesty without shewing the least embarrassment, and addressed him in a short Latin speech. This prodigy filled all the court with extreme astonishment, and Heinecken augmented their surprise still farther, by reciting a little piece of French verse in honour of the princesses who were listening to him. He excited great admiration at court, and as he was an extremely pretty child, all the ladies were desirous of kissing him, and the king caressed him several times,

This amiable child outlived the honour he had received but a short time; his health was very delicate; his mother had continued to suckle him, from the fond hope of his becoming stronger by it. His father, who saw him at a proper age begin a regular course of study, and who had already taught him the elements of writing, ordered his mother to wean him. This change of food soon became fatal to him; the vital parts were undermined, and he died in his fifteenth year.

A Voyage down the river Maragnon, to which ambition prompted Orellana, and to which the love of science led M. de la Condamine; was undertaken in the year 1769. *by Madam Godin des Odonais, from Conjugal Affection.*

On the first day of October, 1769, Madam Godin departed from Riobamba, the place of her residence, for Laguna, on her way to France, accompanied by her brothers, Sieur R——, a physician, and his servant, her faithful negro, and three female Indian domestics, together with an escort of thirty-one Indians, to carry herself and

her baggage, the road being impassable, even for mules. The Indians which Madam Godin had engaged, and who were paid as usual in advance, were scarcely arrived at Canclos, when they ran away; perhaps afraid of the unhealthiness of the air; it may be, apprehensive of being made to go on shipboard, a terrific circumstance to them, who had never even seen a canoe but at a distance. "But it is not necessary," says M. Godin to his friend M. de la Condamine, "to seek such good reasons for their desertion; you know sir, how often they have abandoned us upon the mountains during our operations." What was Madam Godin to do in such a situation? Although it were possible to have returned by the same route, her eager desire of reaching the vessel prepared for her by two sovereigns, the kings of France and Portugal, and of once more beholding a beloved husband, from whom she had been separated twenty years, determined her to proceed, and to brave every danger to which she might be exposed, and to endeavour to surmount every obstacle that might retard her progress.

There remained only two Indians in the village who had escaped the small pox, which had lately raged there. They had no canoe; but they offered to construct one, and to conduct her to the mission of Andoas, about twelve days journey lower on the river Bobonasa; a distance, one may suppose, of about one hundred and forty, or one hundred and fifty leagues. They paid them in advance. The canoe being finished, they all departed in it from Canclos. Having sailed two days, they stopped to pass the night ashore. Next morning the two Indians disappeared. The unfortunate company re-embarked without a guide, and the first day afforded no accident. The following day about twelve o'clock, they discovered a canoe lying in a little port; and a hut (carbet) in which they found a convalescent Indian, who

consented to go with them and steer their canoe. The third day in endeavouring to recover Sieur R——'s hat which had fallen into the river, the Indian himself fell in, and, being too weak to gain the canoe, was drowned. Thus the canoe became again pilotless, and had only those who were totally unacquainted with every necessary manœuvre left to guide it: besides, it soon began to leak, which obliged them to land, and build an hut for a temporary residence. They were then but five or six days journey from Andoas.

Sieur R—— offered to go thither, and set out with his servant and Madam Godin's faithful negro, who she consented should attend him to assist in taking care of his effects, which he wisely resolved not to leave behind him. Madam Godin's brothers were so dismayed by the disaster which had just happened, that she could not prevail on them to accompany Sieur R—— in the canoe to Andoas. Sieur R——, on his departure, assured Madam Godin and her brothers, that in less than fifteen days they should have a canoe and Indians. Twenty-five tedious days did they vainly wait in expectation of the accomplishment of his promise; but losing all hope from that quarter, they made a raft upon which they placed all their provisions and effects, and proceeded slowly along the river. The raft, which was ill constructed, struck against a tree that lay concealed in the river, and was overset: every soul and every thing were immersed. Happily, however, no one perished: "thanks to the narrowness of the river in that place," says M. Godin. Madam Godin sunk twice and was with difficulty saved by her brother. Reduced to a situation yet more dreadful that the first, they all resolved to pursue the banks of the river on foot. What an enterprize! "You know sir," continued M. Godin to his friend, "that the borders of this river are covered with a wood rendered impervious to the rays of the sun by the herbs,

brambles. and shrubs, that creep up the trunks and blend with the branches of the trees; in passing through which, much time is employed in opening a passage by means of a bill hook."

They returned to their hut, took all the provisions that remained there, and began their melancholy journey. Observing, that in following the course of the river, its meanderings considerably lengthened their route, they entered into the wood to avoid them, and in a few days after lost their way. Though destitute of provisions, oppressed with thirst, and their feet sorely wounded with briers and thorns, they continued to push forward through immeasureable wilds and gloomy forests, drawing refreshment from the berries and wild fruits which they now and then collected as they went along. At length exhausted by hunger, thirst, and extreme fatigue, their strength failed them—down they sunk, helpless and forlorn. Thus they impatiently waited to be relieved by death, who delayed not long.—In three or four days they all successively expired, except Madam Godin, who continued stretched beside her brothers and the other corses 48 hours, deprived of all her faculties, and still tormented with ardent thirst.

At last, Providence, who had resolved to preserve her life, gave her strength and courage to rise and go seek the salvation which awaited her. She was now without stockings, barefooted and almost naked; two cloaks and her shift, which had been torn into rags by the briars, sufficed not to cover her. Having cut off the soles of her brother's shoes, she fastened them to her feet, and took her lonely way. In about nine days, according to her calculation, she arrived on the borders of Bobonasa. It is probable, (as M. Godin remarks) that the tedious time appeared longer to her than it really was, for continues he, "is it not al-

most incredible, that a woman naturally delicate, and who had been tenderly reared, could, reduced to such extremities, live even four days? Yet she has assured me, that she was ten days alone in the woods."

The recollection of the sad scene to which she had so recently been a witness, the horrors of solitude and darkness, in a desert infested with serpents and numberless ferocious animals, the fear of death ever present to her mind, a fear which was increasing every instant, made such an impression on her imagination, that her hair became white. The second day of her sad journey, in which she could not have proceeded far, she found water; and the following day some wild fruit and green eggs, supposed by M. Godin to be the eggs of a species of partridge. So much was her wind-pipe contracted by the privation of nutriment, that she could hardly swallow a sufficiency of the sustenance which chance presented to her, as would support her emaciated frame.

The ninth day of her journey had just begun to dawn, when she reached the borders of Bobonasa. At the instant of her arrival, she heard a noise at the distance of about two hundred paces. A sudden emotion of dread made her at first retire into the adjoining wood; but reflecting that nothing worse than her present state could befal her, and that consequently she had nothing to fear, she approached the shore, and observed two Indians pushing a canoe into the river. It is usual with those people, when they go ashore for the night, to drag their canoe, or part of it, on land, lest, while they sleep, it should break from its moorings and be driven with the current. The Indians, as soon as they perceived Madam Godin, hastened to her. These Indians, who had long since fled from Canelos with their wives to escape the contagion of the small-pox, already mentioned to

have raged there, had just left a little hut which they had at some distance, in order to go to Andoas. They heard Madam Godin's request benignly, took her under their care, and conducted her to that village. Here she intended at first to have staid for some time to rest from her fatigues; but so much was she incensed at the base conduct of the resident missionary, that she would not have remained there, could she have acted agreeably to her wishes.

There happened about this time a great revolution in the missions of Spanish America dependant on Lima, Quito, Charcas, and Paraguay, which had been reclaimed and founded by the Jesuits two centuries ago. An order from Madrid had expelled them from all their colleges and missions: they had also been arrested, put on ship-board, and sent to the dominions of the pope. This event, however, had not occasioned more confusion than the changing of the vicar of a village. The Jesuits were succeeded by secular priests.—Of that order was the man who filled the office of missionary at Andoas. "And of whom," says M. Godin, "I endeavour to forget even the name." Madam Godin, bereaved of almost every thing, knew not how to evince her gratitude to the two Indians who had saved her life; until happening to recollect that she had on two golden necklaces (according to the usage of her country) she presented one to each Indian. Their joy was excessive. But the missionary seized on the necklaces in her presence, and replaced them with three or four ells of a coarse cloth made of cotton, which is fabricated in the country called, Tuouyo. Madam Godin was so enraged at this piece of insolence and inhumanity, that she instantly demanded a canoe next day for Laugna. An Indian woman of Andoas made her a cotton petticoat, "to pay for which," M. Godin says, "she sent messengers as soon as she arrived at Laguna. This

petticoat, as well as the soles of her brother's shoes, of which she made sandals, she still preserves—sad memento's! not less dear to me than they were to her."

Madam Godin survived several years the hardships and disasters related in the foregoing narration. Her husband's letters to M. de la Condamine, the source of all my information on this affecting subject, was written four years after her retnrn to his arms, and while she was still living.

Providential Interference.

Dr. Harvey, who was afterwards fellow of the college of physicians in London, while a young man upon his travels, came to Dover, with several others, and there shewed his pass to the governor, as the rest did; but the governor told him he must not go, for he had a commission to stop him.

The Doctor was surprised, and desired to know what he had done that he should detain him? The governor replied it was his will to have it so, and the reason he should know hereafter, The packet-boat hoisted sail in the evening, and set off, it being then very fair, with all the doctor's companions in it; but ere long a sudden storm arose, the packet-boat overset, and all the passengers were drowned. This sad news having been brought to Dover the next day, the governor then told the Doctor the reason of his stopping him, though he had no real knowledge of him, only by name; but that the night before he came there he was apprized in a dream of his coming to pass over to Calais, and warned to stop him from proceeding. This the governor affirmed to the Doctor; and he blessed his good angel for his

care of him. Doctor Harvey often related this story to many of his friends in London.

Suicide Foretold by a Dream.

On the night of Sunday, 18th March, 1739, the foreman of Mr. Philip G———, a master-builder, in Little Minories, was terribly alarmed by a dream which he had concerning his employer's family.

On Monday morning, about five o'clock, he went to his employer's house about his business as usual, and being let in by young Mr. G———, he enquired how all the family were? Having been told they were all very well; the foreman replied, he was very glad of it, for he had been in terrible agonies all the night with dreams: at which his young master laughed. He then asked if his old master was well? and was answered in the affirmative. Hereupon they went up, as usual, to tell him, and missing him from his chamber, they searched about the house, and at last, to their very great surprise, found him hanging in his cellar, with a piece of jack-line.

He was cut down immediately, and a surgeon let him blood, but to no purpose. On the Thursday following, the coroner's Inquest sat on the body, and brought in their verdict, lunacy.

Warning of a Murder.

A young gentleman of the city of Dublin, dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately married, and lived at some small distance) had

been murdered; on awaking, it gave him some uneasiness: but at length disregarding it as a dream, he went to sleep again, and the same idea was soon repeated. He then got up, put on his night-gown, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his vision, with great agitation of mind. She smiled, and wondering that a gentleman of his understanding, should be so troubled about a dream, desired him to go to bed again: he did so, fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then rose and dressed himself with all speed, hastened to his sister's house, where he found her cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, by her most cruel husband. It seemed they had been disputing about religion. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds. The base villain was quickly apprehended, tried and executed.

Warning of Death.

On Saturday, November 1st, 1783, is the following account:—

Died in perfect health, Miss Clancy, daughter of Mr. William Clancy, late a considerable merchant in Dublin.—This lady was strongly warned of her dissolution that very morning in a dream, by the appearance of her own sister, who had died a little before; and although this was but a very short warning, the young lady seemed perfectly resigned: and she died the very moment expressed in her dream.

Advertisements Extraordinary.

TO THE LADIES!

A young gentleman, aged 25, easy in fortune, happy in temper, of tolerable parts, not superficially polite, but genteel address, some knowledge of the world, and little acquaintance with the Fair, presumes to offer his service to one, not exceeding ten years older than himself, of good nature, and affable disposition, absolutely mistress of at least 1000*l.* will find the utmost sincerity from one, who would make it the ultimate end of his ambition to render the marriage state truly happy. Any lady who has spirit enough to break though the idle customs of the age, and not give trouble out of mere curiosity, inclined to answer this, may leave a line for O. P, at the Moira Hotel, Sackville-street, shall receive immediate answer, and be waited on in person, at any time and place she shall appoint. The most inviolable secrecy, and honour will be punctually observed.

A single gentleman, in a very good way of business, and can make 200 per cent, advantage of it, and free from debts, about twenty-six years of age, and is what the flatterer calls genteel, and rather handsome, of a chearful disposition, and a very affable temper, not at all giving to drinking, gaming, or any other vice that a lady can take umbrage at; one that would rather endeavour to get a fortune than spend one, has been in most parts of England, and is very well acquainted with London, and no stranger to the fair sex, but entirely so to any one he would prefer for a wife. As he has not been so happy as to meet with a

lady that suits his disposition, as yet; a chearful disposition, and free from modern vices; one that is of the church of England, and has no objection to going there on the Sabbath, and to take some care for future happiness; one that would think herself rather happier in her husband's company, than at public places; one that would more consult the interest of her family than the glass in a morning; to be neat in person and apparel; and as to the lady's person it will be more agreeable to have it what the world calls agreeable than a beauty; with any fortune not less than 500*l.* at her own disposal, except she has good interest, then less will be agreeable. Any lady this may suit, will be waited on by directing a line to C. H at the Coffee-room, Royal Arcade.

Inviolable secrecy may be depended on, as the gentleman does not choose a seven years siege.

A person of character, candour, and honour, who has an entire knowledge of the world, and has great intimacy with both sexes among the nobility, gentry, and persons of credit and reputation; and as it often happens that many deserving persons of both sexes are deprived of the opportunity of entering into the state of matrimony, by being unacquainted with the merits of each other, therefore, upon directing a line for Mr. Woods, 6, Anderson's court, Greek-street, of any one's intention of entering into the above state, to the advantage of each: secrecy and honour will be observed, in bringing to a conclusion such their intention.

Any person who shall send a letter, is desired to order the bearer to put it into the letter-box for

fear it my be mislaid; and it is desired that none but those who are sincere would make any application on the above subject.

TO THE GENTLEMEN!

I am a young lady whose whole dependance is on my person and accomplishments, and as I would willingly be married to a man of fortune, a description of both may be necessary.—In the first place, I have a sweet figure, charming teeth, and the finest eyes in the world; my face has a good deal of wholesome flesh and blood about it, and I fancy myself possessed of a constitution very unfavourable to the physicians.—Then as for my accomplishments, I can sing all Moore's Melodies, having a natural taste for extravagance and pleasure, am passionately fond of running into debt, and an utter aversion to going to church.—I am, in the strict sense of the word, a bewitching girl, and very happily calculated to break a husband's heart.—If any gentleman therefore, has the least inclination to be made a beggar, he can by no means apply to any person more devoted to his service:—but then I expect a considerable settlement for making a nobleman happy, I could not think of less than two thousand a year, although fifteen hundred might possibly be accepted from a commoner.—You may perhaps laugh, gentlemen, at hearing me talk of making the man miserable who shall honour me with his hand, as an argument in my favour; but you do not remember, that the more universal any custom is, the more fashionable it must be considered; and that making each other wretched, is one of the most polite accomplishments amongst all the married people of distinction.—Not but that I can preserve appearances tolerably well; I could say, "My life!" to a

husband, at the same winking at another man in company; and call him "A dear creature!" at the very time I was convinced he was the greatest brute in the universe.

Instance of Sagacity in a Sheep.

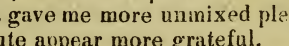
The following instance of sagacity in an animal, not distinguished for that quality, is worthy of the attention of the public, it is strictly true, and would have appeared before, had it been less extraordinary:—

Walking with a lady through some meadows between two villages, of the names of Upper and Lower Slaughter, in the county of Gloucester, the path lay within about one hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow: we were about half way over it when a ewe came up to us and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face, and then ran off towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behaviour, but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it; and, bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular; she then ran off as before in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her till she reached the brook, where she stood still.

After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed yet more earnest, if possible, than before. I then determined to endeavour to discover the motive for such singular behaviour: I followed the ewe towards the brook—seeing me advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when we came to the brook, she

peeped over the edge of a hillock, into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard from a quadruped.

Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb standing close under the hillock, with the water nearly over its back. I instantly drew it out, when the fond mother began to lick, and give it suck, and looking up to me, uttered several sounds very different from those she had uttered before, and evidently expressed satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not those thanks, for I never performed one action in my life that gave me more unmixed pleasure; nor did ever brute appear more grateful.



Friendly Act of Dean Swift.

When Dean Swift was at Sir Arthur Acheson's, at Market Hill, in the county of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him, as having been a remarkable loyalist in the reigns of Charles II. James II. and William III. who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government, although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, the Dean made him a handsome present; but said, at the same time, 'This trifle, Sir, cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life for supporting yourself with independency in your old age."

To this Captain Creichton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all

my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours "—"Sir (replied the Dean) I have heard much of your adventures: that they are fresh in your memory: that you can tell them with great humour: and that you have taken memoranda of them in writing." The Captain answered, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." "Well then, Sir, (rejoined the Dean,) get your manuscripts, read them to me, tell me none but genuine stories; and I will place them in order of time for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own."

The Captain soon after waited on the Dean with his papers, and related to him many adventures, which the Dean was so kind as to put in chronological order, to correct the stile, and make a small book of them, entitled, "The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton." A subscription was immediately set on foot, by the Dean's interest and recommendation, which raised for the Captain above 200*l.* and made the remaining part of his life very happy and easy.

Anecdote of Montesquieu; or a Father redeemed from Slavery by his Son.

A young man, named Robert, was sitting alone in his boat in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger stepped in, and took his seat near him, but quickly rose again; observing that since the master was not present, he would take another boat. "This, Sir, is mine," said Robert: "would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the basin, and enjoy the coolness

of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—"Nor am I: yet on sundays and holydays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What! covetous at your age! your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour."—"Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well; perhaps I am mistaken. Let us take our little cruise of pleasure; and acquaint me with your history.

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus. "I perceive young man, you are sad. What grieves you thus?"—"My father groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage; but in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, in Asia, to superintend in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern.—The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair; and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refused to release him for less than two thousand crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best. My mother and sisters work day and night. I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller; and, as you perceive, make the most I can, of sundays and holydays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead: but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and an only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez; and my father's name is Robert, at Tetuan as at Marseilles."—Robert, overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes, sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes; and venture to predict their termination."

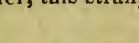
Night drew on apace. The stranger, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse containing sixteen guineas with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks passed after this adventure; and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner; tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them, with tears of gratitude for the fifty guineas they had caused to be remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, for his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, the mother, suspecting that her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal and affection. "Two hundred and fifty pounds," continued she, "is the sum we wanted; and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How, can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once, whatever may be the consequence."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him. "No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am not

your deliverer: but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that had passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, the father again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. Some time afterwards, on a Sunday morning, as the son was walking on the quay, he discovered his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as his guardian angel, as the preserver of a father and a family, to share the happiness he had been the means of producing.

The stranger again disappeared in the crowd —but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.



The Dance of Animals.

The dance of animals, which was not unknown to antiquity, admitted in the *corps de ballet*, dogs, bears, apes, and elephants, but horses exceeded all the rest in the *gracefulness* of their steps.— Pliny says that the Sybarites were the first who associated this quadruped to their ball. The experiment, however, proved fatal to them, for in a war with the Crotoniatæ, the enemy having instructed their trumpeters to sound the usual charge in a pitched battle, the horses of the Sybarites fell to dancing, instead of advancing to the charge, and were, with their riders, cut to pieces. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse which danced to music; and, at the command of

his master, would dissemble death, lie motionless with his arms extended, and allow himself to be dragged about until some words were uttered, on which he instantly sprang on his feet. Mr. Astley had once in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, presented to him by the late Duke of Leeds. This animal for a number of years, officiated in the character of a waiter, in the course of the performances at the Amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he has been seen to bring into the riding school a tea-table and its appendages, which feat has been followed up by fetching a chair or stool, or what else soever might be wanted. His achievements generally terminated by taking a kettle of boiling water from a blazing fire. Mr. Trevor, of Horncastle, has a horse, which is, at times, let loose in a yard adjoining the stable, where there stands a pump and a water trough. The horse, he observes, is endowed with the cunning of pumping its own water to drink. As the pump is frequently used by many persons in the course of every day, it is supposed the animal has learned the art by noticing them. Since the yard which surrounds the pump is always open to public inspection, many persons have observed this horse lifting up the handle with its nose, and then pressing it down in the same way.

Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

BIRTHS.

On the 22d, the Wife of David Connor, of Cooly Keith, Powerscourt, was safely delivered of three Sons.—On the 3d inst. at Firr Oak Lodge, the Hon. Lady Paget, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 7th inst. Joseph Meara of Highthorn, in the Co. Dublin, Esq. to Julia, third daughter of the late John O'Meara, of Ballykilcavan in the Queen's Co.—At Huish, Devon, the Right Hon. Lord Rolle, to the Hon. Louisa Trefusis, sister of Lord Clinton.

DEATHS.

In the 98th year of his age, Mr. Hugh Keirnan, father of Bryan Keirnan, formerly of Capel-st.—On the 6th inst. at Drumeree, County Westmeath, Mrs. Smyth, wife of Mr. Smyth Member for the County.—Rev. Thos. Power, of Waterford.

D.r Kind gives the Soldier a Guinea.

Eng.d for the Marvellous Magazine.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 16.

THE MILITARY MENDICANT,

Or, Benevolence Repaid.

——"I wish thee success," said a clergyman, putting something into an old soldier's hand—"Adieu!"—"Heaven return it thee!" exclaimed the soldier, with a look that spoke more to the heart than all the expressions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife curtsied. "God bless you both!" said the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in silence, till he turned out of sight. "What is it?" enquired the soldier's wife. "A guinea!" replied the soldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper; and putting it into a greasy vellum pocket-book, the repository of his humble treasures. It had been his companion in all his adventures, from childhood—and a faithful one. He esteemed it as a friend; and, unlike modern friends, it kept every secret with which it was entrusted inviolate. It contained--the pride of his heart—a memorial, in his own hand-writing, of all the battles he had fought, the wounds he had received; up to that day on which the ruthless ball tore away the very arm which had so often wielded the instruments of vengeance against the enemies of his country

from his scared body. Here the heroic narrative was deficient; but the remaining stump vouched for him--how much more impressively! Through this misfortune he obtained his discharge; that, too, was preserved, a companion to his memorial, to which it was affixed, signed by all his officers, a testimony of his *honourable* conduct. It was the consciousness of having merited this, that transfused a gleam of happiness over all his despondencies; over these faithful memorials he frequently shed a tear, which sweetened the hour of distress, and bestowed a consolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of Sensibility at the refined touch of Virtue.

"A guinea;" said the soldier. "A guinea! God bless him for it!" uttered his wife. "Amen!" rejoined the soldier. Would to Heaven that so hearty an *Amen* closed the prayers of the whole world!

"There are *some* good people left in the world," observed the wife. "Heaven forbid there should not!" answered the husband—and on they jogged, till an humble house of entertainment presented to them a welcome sight. They approached it joyfully; and turned in, to satisfy their moderate wants, and rest their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themselves, modestly, at a distance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper kindly offered his seat: the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, who muttered something about *vagrants* and *passes!*

The soldier heard, but noticed it not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreshment, with a wish to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magic

charm: a clean cloth was instantly spread; a steak put on the fire; and the landlord insisted that the chimney-corner should be resigned to his military guest, who begged no one might be disturbed for him The landlord was positive: forced both him and his wife on to the bench; swore every one ought to have a proper respect for the *King's cloth;* drank both *that* and his *Majesty*, out of a brimmer which was just brought for the soldier; and assured the company, that he had once carried arms himself; but, having an opportunity to settle, he thought it best to sleep in a whole skin, and so *bought* his discharge.

This was all just—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was, that he had been a private in a marching regiment; but, respecting the manner in which he left it, he had made a small mistake—perhaps, his memory was bad—perhaps, he wished to keep his own secret—or, perhaps, he had told this story so often, that he himself began to be persuaded of it's verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! "For what?" askest thou. Peace, untoward spirit of Curiosity! seek not to bring to light the misdeeds of thy brother, which time has kindly left in oblivion!—Alas! I am guiltier than thyself. I set thee an example. How frail is man! how vain his reasoning.

The two travellers began their little repast. The landlord joined them. The soldier smiled him a chearful welcome. The mug was twice filled; and the table soon cleared. They all gathered close around the fire; and the soldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea.*

The landlord *dare said*, beside that guinea, the parson had not above another in the world.—"Gemmen," for they were all strangers, "it is

the curate of our parish, and a more *worthier* soul never lived! He has a wife and four children; and has but fifty pound a year to maintain them, though the rectorship is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yesterday; and so the curate came here to hire one of my horses—I keeps two, gemmen—to go to the Squire's to beg for the living; and he has all the parish's good words and prayers with him."—"Heaven grant he may succeed!" emphatically interrupted the soldier. "So says I!" rejoined mine host; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the soldier's ale—"But, nevertheless, gemmen, I fears as how he wo'n't; for his honour the Squire, though they says something as how the estate i'n't rightfully his—but I wouldn't have it known I spoke of it—I scorns to meddle with other folks's affairs—besides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it. And so, as I was saying, gemmen, the Squire has often's the time been heard to say that he would sell the *parsontation;* and I am sure Dr. Kind can't buy it: for, as I said, he is but poor—and that was the reason I wouldn't take any thing of him for the lent of my horse—and he had the best too—though he does'n't buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then, to be sure, he is parson of the parish, and does'n't get drunk. Here's his health, gemmen!" seizing a pot that stood next him, and calling his wife to replenish the soldier's, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the soldier produced his guinea for change. Boniface, and his rib, having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were seven shillings deficient. "What the devil hast done with all thy silver?" cried Boniface. "Why, my dear," replied she, meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half-guinea for the hire of the horse?" This

rather confused our *disinterested* host: but, not being easily put out of countenance, and thinking silence best, he took no other notice of the circumstance, than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very significantly, at the same time, to withdraw. The company had sat for some time, enjoying themselves in silence, here and there interrupted by a trite observation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly proposed; but objected to, at first, by Boniface, who observed as how it spoiled good company. However, finding it necessary to conform to the humour of his customers, he determined to lose nothing by the temporary suspension from drinking; and, having emptied the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with "She couldn't get change, though she had been at a dozen places!"—to fill all again, and stood up with the rest, The piper began; and at it they went, if not with skill, at least with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy! The piper had scarcely thrice repeated his strain, when in came the landlady, and informed her spouse, that Mr. Martin was come for his horse, which they had lent the doctor in the morning, She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confused; and stammered out, that as how it had wanted shoeing, and so he had sent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had said, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thousand pardons; and while the owner assured him, that had he lent it to any one else, he would never have excused him, the divine entered. The landlord swore for joy, and ran out to receive the horse; and the Doctor and Mr. Martin shook hands, and were retiring into the parlour, when the former espied the objects of his benevolence; and, apologizing to his friend, requested their company also. Thinking it their

duty not to refuse, they modestly obeyed; and, a chearful bowl being instantly filled, they all sat down to enjoy it.

The soldier was agitated concerning the success of his benefactor: it was not busy solicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was silent on the subject; and the soldier, persuaded of his success by the uniform chearfulness of his manners, set his own heart at rest.

Distress generally excites *curiosity*—seldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man; and it was a laudable motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a desire of being acquainted with his history. The soldier readily gratified him.

His name, he said, was Roach; his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her husband. At fourteen, he lost his mother; and, at sixteen his father. He fought by his side; saw him fall; and had the pleasure of revenging him on the man who slew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raised only to a halbert.

Mr. Martin expressed surprize—merit is ever modest. "I deserved no more," was the reply. He proceeded.

He had been thrice imprisoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland. "But I trusted in God!" said the hero. "And he delivered thee," returned the divine.——During an interval between the two last imprisonments he had suffered for the second time since he was two years of age he saw England. He then married; and his wife

had been his constant companion in all his succeeding troubles. At fifty, he lost his arm in the lamentable war that separated England and America: at Bunker's Hill he received the fatal shot; and, with the united testimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was sent to finish his days in the mother country. He applied for the pension. Merit is not always successful: he was modest; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain!

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich farmer: to him they went, and lived with him, labouring for their maintenance, four years. He then died; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were industrious, they were frugal: but prosperity is not always the reward of industry, and the frugal are sometimes sparing in vain. The hand of Providence seemed against them; but the ways of Heaven are inscrutable! Their cattle died; their crops failed! Their all was nearly gone; when the honest pair called their creditors together, and surrendered to them the little that remained; and, taking an affectionate farewell of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to assist them, set off for London, to sue once more for the pension; fearing, at the same time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days chearfully; when they lost the purse which held the pittance they had to support them on their journey! But they were resigned: they had begged through the fifth; and, on the sixth, they were met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks; and the clergyman insisted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty.

Mr. Martin apologizing, enquired of the soldier where his father fell? "At Dettingin!" Had he no relation living? None, that he knew of. He had once a brother, christened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addressed to him an account of his father's fate; but did not himself see Ireland till six years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but, from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter concerning his father. "He did!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the soldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the serjeant.—"No!" deeply sighed Mr. Martin, "He was my intimate friend. About six months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the service of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal so attached him to his employer, who now settled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a servant, but made him his companion and confident; dying about eight years since, bequeathed him an estate in this county, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the presentation of the parish living."

Here the clergyman seemed rather discomposed. The soldier observed it. Mr. Martin went on—

"About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. I assisted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain; and accidentally discovering a cousin of your aunt's, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years since, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds to me, he made him his sole heir: with a proviso, that if ever you could be found, the whole estate was to

be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum. Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requisite proofs before the proper persons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the strong resemblance you bear to your brother, is testimony enough for me; but there are others to be satisfied."

"Praised be Heaven!" exclaimed the good Doctor. The soldier's wife was transported—she wept for joy.

The soldier bore his good fortune with admirable serenity. "I should have received more pleasure from this news," said he, "had not my cousin forestalled me in the wish of my heart, and prevented me from expressing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living."—"*Give* you the living, Dr. Kind?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "He had bargained for it with Mr. Double."—"He has not broken the contract, I can assure you," replied Dr. Kind. "Is it not yours, then?" hastily cried the soldier. "But it shall—it shall be!" And he took several turns, or rather quick marches, across the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his register from Ireland, and every necessary voucher for his identity, were procured. He asserted his claim; every one was satisfied with it's equity, except his cousin; he took possession; solicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and in presenting the rectory to the benevolent doctor, experienced the sublimest gratification of a noble heart, from the consciousness of having, by promoting the independence of Virtue, discharged the obligations of Gratitude.

Original Anecdote of Professor Junker, of the University of Halle.

Many who were personally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote:—

Being professor of Anatomy, he once procured for dissection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet which opened into his own apartment.

The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest.

It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that, by some mistake, the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack, which contained the two bodies, was rent through the middle. He approached, and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He trembling looking round the closet, and—observed the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him.

.....

The Professor then retired, step by step, with his eyes still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand, until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up, and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion, the lateness of the hour, the deep silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither however, he was pursued; and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

Repeated cries of "leave me? leave me!" released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, "Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me,"

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer, who he really was, and made a motion, in order to call up some of the family, "You will then destroy me," exclaimed the Criminal. "If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life.

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night gown, and, having made him take off a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet.

"It would have been a truly singular exhibition," observed Junker, "to have seen me at that late hour, engaged in a tête à tête with a dead man, decked out in a night gown."

The poor wretch informed him that he had enlisted, as a soldier, but that having no attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had unfortunately entrusted his secret to a kind of crimp; a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman, in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman had discovered his retreat to the officers of police, &c. &c. &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house and keep the affair a secret; and to turn him out of doors, was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed the man in some of his old cloathes, covered him with a cloak, and, at an early hour, set out for the country with his *protegé*.

On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person who was dying in the suburbs.

He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange, by a man well dressed and of the best appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city.

The merchant, in a polite tone, enquired whether he was not professor Junker, of Halle; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner.—The Professor consented.

Having reached the Merchant's house, he was shewn into an elegant apartment, and introduced to his beautiful wife, and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment at meeting so cordial a reception from a family with whom he thought he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant, taking him into his counting-house, said, "You do not recollect me?" —"Not at all."—"But I will recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerably expert at accounts; my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a Merchant' clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love.

"On his retiring from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments. Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal."

Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility, can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

Singular Character.

A French gentleman, in a description of his late journey to England, speaks as follows of a person he met with in town, and who is probably well-known to most people who perambulate the streets of that metropolis. "Among other things remarkable," says he, "that I met with in London, was a very pains-taking poor man, who, though he is well known to the public, is not so much distinguished as he seems to deserve: for though nature has crippled his legs, she has given into his hands an unusual perfection in the art of writing; as when the weather is fine, he always inscribes or adorns the pavement with some moral sentence, and a great variety of flourishes. Thus it may be said of him, that he goes about doing good, and he that runneth may read. Almost every street bears a testimony to his moral character; and though he is habitually a shufler, no person's plain dealing can be more evident. Even the stones obey him! Yet so insensible are his countrymen to his merits, that these doctrinal stones cannot make any lasting impression upon them, unless thrown with violence at their heads! As for me, I have such an opinion of him, that were I premier of Great Britain, I should reward him with the appointment of the chief embellisher of all the state manuscripts."

Remarkable Instances of Gratitude.

Roderieus Davalus, lieutenant general of the Spanish cavalry, was in the year 425, accused of treasonable practices, in corresponding with the Moors; his steward Alcarus Nunnius Ferrerius, was apprehended, but acquitted himself, though his master and other considerable persons, were

sentenced to perpetual banishment. Ferrarius being at liberty made it the whole business of his life to succour and relieve his master. He sold all his goods, and what else he had gained by the bounty of his master, and having mustered up the sum of 8000 crowns; he put it into wicker hottles, loaded an ass with it, cloathed his son in ragged apparel to drive the beast, and sent it to his master.

Sir William Fitz-Williams, once a servant to Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards alderman of London, retiring from thence to Milkton in Northamptonshire, gave a kind entertainment to the cardinal, when he was fallen into the king's displeasure, and was in disgrace at court; which some busy courtier misrepresenting, he was sent for in custody by Henry VIII. who demanded of him, how he durst affront his authority, in entertaining the Cardinal who was an enemy to the government? Sir William, modestly answered, "that what he had done was not in contempt of his majesty's authority, but an act of gratitude to his master, by whose particular favour and bounty he had arrived to a plentiful estate, and hoped, that a testimony of his duty and thankfulness to his master in necessity, should not be imputed to him as a crime. The king was so well satisfied with this answer, that he gave him commendations for what he had done, and as a mark of his favour, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and made him a privy counsellor.

Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant, descended from a noble family in Italy, had gained a plentiful fortune, of which he was liberal to all in necessity, which being well known to others, though concealed by himself, a young man a stranger, addressed him at Florence, to ask his charity, Signor Frescobald, seeing something in his countenance more than ordinary, over-

looked his tattered cloaths, and compassionating his circumstances; asked him what he was, and of what country? I am, said he, a native of England, my name is Thomas Cromwel, and my father is a poor sheer-man. I left my country to seek my fortune, came with the French army that was routed at Gatylion, where I was page to a horseman, and carried his pike and burgenet after him.

Frescobald commisserating his necessities, and having a particular respect for the English nation, cloathed him genteely, took him into his house till he had recovered strength by better diet, and at his taking leave, mounted him on a good horse, with sixteen ducats of gold in his pocket. Cromwel expressed his thankfulness in a very sensible manner, and returned by land, towards England; where being arrived, he was preferred into the service of Cardinal Wolsey, and after his death, worked himself so effectually into the favour of King Henry VIII. that he made him a baron, viscount, earl of Essex, and after passing through several other considerable offices, made him lord high chancellor of England.

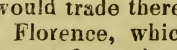
While these things were transacting, Signior Frescobald, having repeated losses by sea and land, was reduced to poverty; and calling to mind, (without ever thinking of Cromwel,) that some English merchants were indebted to him in the sum of fifteen thousand ducats, he came to London to look after them. Travelling in pursuit of this affair, he fortunately met with the lord chancellor, as he was riding to court, who knowing him to be the same gentleman who had done him such great kindnesses in Italy, he immediately alighted, embraced him in his arms, and scarce refrained to express his joy by shedding tears, asked him if he was not Signior Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant? Yes, Sir, said he,

and your lordship's most humble servant. My servant, said the chancellor! No, you are my special friend, who relieved my wants, laid the foundation of my greatness, and as such a dear and obliging friend and benefactor I receive you: I conjure you, my dear friend, to oblige me this day with your company at my house, and take dinner with me; which in expectation of I take my leave of you for the present.

Signior Frescobald was surprized and astonished with admiration, who this great man should be, that acknowledged such obligations, and so passionately expressed a kindness for him; but contemplating a while his voice, his mien and carriage, he concluded it to be Cromwel, whom he had relieved at Florence, and therefore not a little overjoyed, went to his house, and attended his coming. His lordship came soon after, and was no sooner dismounted, but he again caressed his quondam benefactor, and holding him by the hand, turned to the lord high admiral, and other noblemen in company, saying, "don't your lordships wonder that I am so glad to see this gentleman?" This is he that first contributed to my advancement; and then told them the whole story. Then holding him still by the hand, led him into the drawing-room, and placed him next himself at table. The lords being gone, the chancellor made use of this opportunity to know what affair had brought him to England. Frescobald in few words, gave him the true state of his circumstances: to which Cromwel, replied, I am sorry for your misfortunes, and will make them as easy to you as I can, by bearing a share in your afflictions like a true friend. But because men ought to be just before they are kind, 'tis fit I should repay the debt I owe you. Then taking him by the hand, he led him into his closet, locked the door, and opening a coffer, first took

out sixteen ducats, delivering them to Frescobald, and said, "my friend, here is the money you lent me at Florence, with ten pieces you laid out for my apparel, and ten more you paid for my horse; but considering you are a merchant and might have made some advantage by this money in the way of trade, take these four bags, in every one of which is four hundred ducats, and enjoy them as the free gift of your friend;" the modesty of Frescobald would have refused, but the other forced them upon him.

This being done, he obliged him to give him the names of all his debtors, and the sums they owed; which account he transmitted to one of his servants, with a charge to find out the men, and oblige them to pay him in fifteen days, under the penalty of his displeasure; the servant so well discharged his duty, that in a short time the entire sum was paid. All this time Signior Frescobald lodged in the chancellor's house, where he was entertained according to his merits, with repeated solicitations for his continuance in England, offering him the loan of sixty thousand ducats for four years, if he would trade there. But he desired to return to Florence, which he did, with extraordinary favours from the lord Cromwel, which greatly enriched him; however he enjoyed his wealth but a short time, for he died in the very year of his return to Italy.



Remarkable Anecdotes of Ingratitude,

Two young men of Sparta, taking a journey to consult the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos, chanced to lodge at the house of an hospitable person in Leuctra, named Scedasus, who had two beautiful daughters, whom these young men seemed to be much in love with, and therefore resolved on their

return to lodge at the same house, and attempt to seduce them. Accordingly they came, and finding Scedasus was absent, though they had a kind entertainment from his daughters, yet they could not forbear tempting them to dishonesty, and not prevailing by their courtships, they forced them both; and to conceal it, added murder, threw them into a pit, and made their escape.

Scedasus coming home not long after, and missing them, searched the house, and enquired in the town, but all to no purpose. At length a little dog belonging to the family, continued whining about him, running out of doors and in again, seeming to invite him to follow him, which Scedasus did, the dog led him to a pit, into which his daughters were thrown. He drew out his daughters, and being informed that the two Spartans had been at his house again, he concluded they were the murderers. To revenge his daughters blood, he went to Sparta, and demanded justice of the Ephori, the king, and the people, but could have no redress. Whereupon with eyes and hands lift up to Heaven, he poured out his complaints to the Gods, vented maledictions against the city, and stabbed himself.

Basilius Macedo the emperor, exercising himself in hunting, a sport he took delight in, a great stag running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of his horns in the emperor's girdle, and pulling him from his horse, dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life, which a gentleman of his retinue perceiving, drew his sword, and cut the emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person; but observe what reward he had for his pains: he was sentenced to lose his head, for putting his sword so near the body of the emperor, and suffered death accordingly.

Humphrey Bannister, and his father, were both servants to and raised by the duke of Buckingham, who being obliged to abscond, by an unfortunate accident befalling the army he had raised against the Usurper Richard III. He without footman or page, retired to Bannister's house, near Shrewsbury, as to a place he had all the reason in the world to expect security. But the perfidious traitor Bannister, upon the king's proclamation, promising a thousand pounds reward to him that should apprehend the duke, like an ungrateful villain, betrayed his master to John Merton, High Sheriff of Shropshire, who sent him under a strong guard to Salisbury, where the king then was, and there in the market-place the duke was beheaded. But divine vengeance pursued the traitor Bannister, for demanding the thousand pounds, that was the price of his master's blood, King Richard refused to pay it him, saying, "he that would be false to so good a master, ought not to be encouraged." However, though he lost his reward from the King, Heaven paid him home; for he was soon after hanged for manslaughter; his eldest son run mad, and died in a hog-stie; his second son became deformed and lame, and his third son was drowned in a small puddle of water. His eldest daughter had a child by one of his carters, and his second was seized with a leprosy, whereof she died.

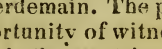
Fatal Effects of Passion.

A very deep tragedy was performed at York barracks, on the evening of Christmas day. Two privates of the 15th Hussars, previously conspicuous for long attachment to each other, respect for military discipline, and regard for moral conduct, met as usual in a room—in which there were

as visitors another private and two women. Sudden as the sweep of a whirlwind, some unexpected topic of contention arose. The two friends instantly became agitated and infuriated - in less than two minutes, one of the two reeled back, fell and breathed no more.

The agony of the Survivor was as great as the extent of his crime. And yet from the evidence obtained by the Inquest held on the body of the deceased, it would appear that his misfortune was greater than his guilt. It was rather a shove than a blow which caused his companion to fall: for on the examination of the body by the professional gentlemen, no external marks of injury were observed; nor in either of the cavities of the chest or the body were extraneous appearances to be traced; but within the skull considerable effusion was discovered, which producing coagulated blood, caused apoplexy, and instant death.

The jury found their verdict accordingly, by acquitting the accused; holding in view also the suddenness of the quarrel, and the provocation given by the deceased.



Feats of Agility and Legerdemain.

The natives of China and Hindostan must be allowed to surpass all the rest of the world in feats of agility and legerdemain. The public have of late years had an opportunity of witnessing exhibitions by Jugglers from both countries; but surprising as some of their performances were, they are far surpassed by what is every day to be seen in India.

Two men will throw spears at each other, at about fifteen feet distant, as forcibly as they can; one will ward off his adversary's dart by another, which he carries upright in both hands, and the other receives his opponent's javelin every throw, under one of his arms. Four persons will hold a linen cloth, stretched out; a man will run over it so lightly, as not to force it out of the holder's hands.

Two sabres being placed parallel upon the ground, with their edges upwards, a man will run once over their edges so lightly as not to cut himself. The same man will step upon the point of a sword fixed upright, and then jump through a barrel, held horizontally, about 5 feet high.

A sword and four daggers are placed upon the ground, the edges and points upwards, no further from each other than will admit of a man's head; a man then fixes a scimitar upright, sits down behind it, and at a bound, throws himself over the scimitar, pitches his head exactly in the space between the daggers, and turns over clear of them.

A common rope is stretched upon two pair of crossed spars, about twenty feet distant, and fourteen from the ground. A man piles six waterpots upon his head, and thus accoutred, ascends the rope by means of the spars, or of a sloping cord on the outside of them; the rope is not quite tight, but left with a slack of about three feet; he then, with a balance-pole in his hand, walks backward and forward, and swings the rope to its extent without letting a single pot fall.

Five earthen pots are placed above each other on a man's head. A young girl mounts upon the uppermost, and the man dances about with the pots and the girl thus balanced.

A man will take a small brass pan, and twirl it round upon the end of a short-pointed stick, then toss it high in the air, catch it again in any part on the point of the stick; still continuing to turn it round; he will then tie another stick to the first, and a third to the second, each tie forming a kind of circular hinge; then rest the bottom stick upon his nose or chin, each stick moving round upon its joint, and the pan still twirling round upon its centre, on the top of all, the whole keeping in equilibrium.

A cap with a broad stiff rim is fitted to a man's head, to which are tied about twenty strings, terminated each by small nooses. In his left hand he holds a small basket, or brass pan, containing 20 eggs; then turning round with a quick but regular motion, (as the Turkish dervises are represented to do in religious rites) he fastens successively with his right hand, an egg into each of the nooses, still turning round. When they are all fastened, he accelerates his rotation, till the eggs circulate as swiftly as the flier of a jack — After this, he rather slackens his motion, unites the eggs, one by one, returns them into the basket, and stops; the strings measure from three to four feet, and are of unequal lengths, lest the eggs should accidently clash.

A man will place upon his head three pieces of wood, like double-headed shot, each a foot in length, one over the other; upon the highest piece he adds a broos dish, upon the dish four wooden pillars, each about five inches in height; upon the pillars a small plank; upon the plank stands a girl upright. With all these apparatus in due balance, he will dance three or four times round the room.

Another will place a straw on his nose in the open air, balance it first there, and then on a very

little bit of stick in his mouth, remove it several times from one place to the other.

In tumbling, the Indians do not excel so much as in other feats; but at an exhibition some time ago at Calcutta, there was an old fellow, who deemed it expedient, after springing over an enormous elephant, and then over five camels abreast, to apologize for his inability, lamenting with a sigh, that there was a time when, in presence of Nadir Shah, he could vault indeed; but now, alas, age and infirmity (having since broken a leg and an arm) have nearly incapacitated him.

Dumb Prophets.

In the Isle of Man, persons born deaf and dumb are frequently the objects of superstitious reverence; so much so, that if a man labouring under this misfortune walks aboard a vessel, and chalks the mast, not a native sailor will put to sea while the spell is supposed to continue. If dumb men were always good judges of the weather, and were always willing to exert their skill, such a superstition might be very useful; and, at any rate, the reader will regret that the following affecting circumstance did not occur in the Isle of Man.

During the prevalence of the late tremendous gales, the masters and mates of a number of vessels which were laid up in a certain harbour, met, and came to the resolution that it would be highly improper to put to sea until the weather moderated. But, in the mean time, the price of coals had risen considerably in the North of Ireland, and the owners of the said vessels were naturally anxious to avail themselves of this favourable turn in the market.

Accordingly, several captains were almost compelled to put to sea; and, in particular, one poor fellow, who had long resisted the entreaties of his superior. The Captain, though no coward, urged that it would be a mere "tempting of Providence" to venture out in such tremendous weather, and that the chances were as fifty to one that he and all his crew would go to the bottom. Still the owner insisted that there was little danger, and at last offered to sail the vessel himself. This argument had the desired effect.

The skipper immediately mustered a crew, and prepared to brave all the dangers of a coasting voyage. The rashness of the attempt, however, naturally excited a good deal of interest, and as the crew dropped down to the quay, each with his little bundle of necessaries under his arm, it was observed that all of them were intercepted by a dumb man, who held by their jackets, and screamed, pointed, and gesticulated in a most extraordinary manner. When the captain, in particular, arrived, the poor dumb monitor appeared to be almost frantic with grief, and clung round his body with such force, that it required no slight effort to shake him off. And even after the men had got on board, and were preparing to get under weigh, *dumby* grasped the rope that connected the vessel with the shore, and attempted to oppose, by his own exertions the united strength of the whole crew: and when baffled in this last attempt, he uttered two or three most piercing yells, and continued counting his fingers till the vessel was out of sight.

He then slowly withdrew, pausing at intervals to look back on the ocean, and leaving the spectators a good deal astonished at this unlooked-for interference on the part of a stranger, whom they had never seen before, and have never heard of since.

The sea ran mountains high, and as the night approached, the storm raged with tenfold fury. Of course the most serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the ship, and in the course of a few posts, the news arrived that the ———, after being a few hours at sea, had struck on a reef of rocks, where the whole of the crew perished, with the exception of one man.

This intelligence, which was unhappily soon confirmed, spread a deep gloom over the port, from whence the vessel sailed, and the superstitious alleged that the dumb man was *fey*, and had foretold, by the counting of his fingers, the exact time that the vessel would *live*, before being swallowed up by the waves.

Physicians of ancient Egypt.

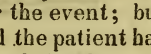
It was their custom to expose the sick to public view, that such persons as passed by, if they had been afflicted with the like disorders, and had found out remedies by which they had effected their cures, or obtained ease, might give their advice. This was the practice in the most early times.

The Egyptians, after they had invented *hieroglyphics*, obliged those who had been attacked with any distemper, to represent how, and by what means they had been cured. These memoirs were placed in their temples, and every one had a right to consult them; afterwards, when the number of receipts were increased, they caused them to be put in order, and charged particular persons with the care of them, who studied their different

compositions, and their virtues, and were in process of time consulted on critical occasions.

This seems to be the origin of the profession of a *physician*. We are told there has been no country, where physicians were, so numerous as in Egypt, which is easily accounted for, when we know that every disorder had its particular physician: the Egyptians thought that the life and study of one man was not sufficient to acquire a perfect knowledge in the different parts of a science so extensive, and therefore they obliged each professor to make one disorder his entire study.

The Egyptians used likewise every means to prevent distempers, and regularly appropriated three successive days in every month for taking medicine, though in perfect health. Every thing concerning medicine was entered in certain sacred books, and the physicians were obliged to conform exactly to certain precepts therein contained, not being permitted to make the least change. If they could not restore the patient by following the method enjoined, they were by no means answerable for the event; but if they used any other means, and the patient happened to die, they were punished with death.



Remarkable Prophecy.

The following remarkable Prophecy is fulfilling at or near these times, as delivered long ago by Johannes Amatus, in his Prophetical Pleiades, which runs thus: "I foresee," says he, "great wars and combats, with extraordinary shedding of blood, occasioned by the civil discords of the great men of the kingdoms; I do see wars, the

fury whereof shall last some time; provinces divested of their people, and many strong holds and noble houses shall be in ruins, and the cities shall be forsaken by their inhabitants, and in divers places the ground shall lie untilled. There shall be a great slaughter of the people, and many chief persons shall be brought to ruin; there shall be nothing but deceit and fraud among them, whereupon shall ensue the aforesaid great commotions among the kingdoms and the people of the world.

There shall be likewise great mutations and changes of kings and rulers; the right hand of the world shall fear the left, and the North shall prevail against the South. Yes: thou Versailles, which thou (meaning Louis XIV.) hast made for the glory of thy name, I will throw to the ground, and all your insolent inscriptions, figures, and abominable pictures: and Paris, Paris, that imperial city, I will afflict it dreadfully; yea, I will afflict the Royal Family: yes, I will avenge the iniquity of the King upon his grand-children.

Remarkable Narrative.

Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childbed; on her decease, lady Everand, her sister, desired to have the care of the child; and accordingly she was by her brought up, and carefully educated, till she was marriageable. A match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was prevented in the following extraordinary manner:—

Upon a Thursday night, after she was in bed, she thought she saw a light in her room; she

knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and enquired of her why she left the candle burning in her chamber? The maid said, she had left none; and that there was no light in the room but that in her hand; then she said it was the fire that gave a light; but the maid replied, that the fire was quite out, and said it was probably a dream; accordingly she thought it might be so, and composed herself again to go to sleep. About two o'clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between the curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, and that she was happy, and by twelve o'clock that day she would be with her. Hereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, dressed herself, and went into her closet, from whence she did not return till nine o'clock: when she brought with her a letter directed to her father, and delivered it to her aunt. lady Everand, telling her all that had happened to her, and desiring that as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. The lady naturally thought that she was insane; and sent directly to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of illness, or any signs of death; yet notwithstanding, the lady would needs have her blooded, which was done accordingly.

When the young lady had patiently let them do what they pleased, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; prayers ended, she called for her guitar and psalm book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, played and sung most admirably, as was taken notice of by her music-master. But when it drew near to the hour of twelve, she rose up, and sat herself down in another chair with arms, and, presently heaving a strong gasp or two, immediately expired, and was quickly cold to the great wonder of all present.

She died at Waltham, in Essex, and her letter was sent immediately to her father, Sir Charles Lee, at his house in Warwickshire. He was so affected at the sudden death of his only daughter, that he came not till after she was interred. On his arrival, he caused her corpse to be taken up, and to be buried by her mother as she desired him at Edmonton.

This was in the year 1662, and is as exactly as related by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, who had it from Sir Charles Lee himself.

The late Colonel Daniel on Gaming.

The late Colonel Daniel (who took great pleasure in giving advice to young officers, guiding them in their military functions, &c.) whenever he was upon this article of gaming, used always to tell the following story of himself, as a warning to others; and to show that a little resolution may conquer this absurd passion:—

During Queen Anne's wars, he was an ensign in the English army, then in Spain: but he was so absolutely possessed of this evil, that all duty, and every thing else which prevented his gratifying that darling passion, was grievous to him. He scarce allowed himself time to rest; or, if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears. His meals were neglected; or, if he attended them, he looked upon that as so much lost time, swallowed his meat with precipitancy, and hurried to the gaming-table again. In one word, he was a professed gamester. For some time fortune was his friend; and he was so successful, that he has often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself upon them, in order that it might be said of him,

"He wallowed in gold." Such was his life for a considerable time; but, as he often said (and we may presume, every considerate man will join with him) "it was the most miserable part of it." After some time he was ordered on the recruiting duty; and at Barcelona he raised 150 recruits for the regiment; though even this business was left entirely to his serjeant, that he might be more at leisure to attend his darling passion.

After some changes of good and ill luck, fortune declared so openly against him, that in one unlucky run he was totally stripped of the last farthing. In this distress he applied to the captain of the same regiment with himself for a loan of ten guineas; which was refused with these words: "What! lend money to a professed gamester! No, Sir; I must be excused; for of necessity, I must lose either my money or my friend. I therefore chuse to keep my money."

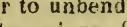
After this taunting refusal he retired to his lodging; where he threw himself on the bed, to give his thoughts and his sorrows a momentary rest during the heat of the day. A gnat, or some such insect happening to bite him, he awoke; when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself to him in strong colours: without money; and no prospect how to get any, to subsist himself, and his recruits, to join the regiment, who were then at a great distance from him; and should they desert, for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering for disappointing the Queen's service. He had no friend! for he whom he had esteemed such had not only refused to assist him, but had added taunts to his refusal. He had no acquaintance there; and strangers, he knew, would not let him have so large a sum as was adequate to his real necessity.

This naturally led him to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gamester; and this he presently perceived was idleness. He had now found the cause; but the cure was still wanting. How was this to be effected, so as to preclude a relapse? Something must be done; some method pursued so effectually to employ his time, as to prevent his having any to throw away on gaming. In this state of mind, it occurred to him that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of; and this he determined to purchase, as a post most likely to find him a sufficient and laudable way of passing his time. He had letters of credit, to draw for what sum he pleased for his promotion in the army; but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagance. Thus far all was well; but the main difficulty remained; and he must get to the regiment before he could take any steps toward the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it with. While he was thus endeavouring to fall upon some expedient to extricate himself out of this dilemna, his friend, the captain, who had refused him in the morning, came to pay him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the anxiety he plainly perceived he was in? The colonel then told him all that he had been thinking upon that head; and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutancy as soon as he could join the regiment.

His friend then getting up, and embracing him, said, "My dear Daniel! I refused you in the morning in that abrupt manner, in order to bring you to a sense of the dangerous situation you were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of the way of life in which you are engaged. Pursue the laudable resolution you have made; for be assured, that *idleness and gaming are the ruin of youth.* My interest, advice, and purse,

are now at your command. There, take it, and please yourself with what is necessary to subsist yourself and the recruits." This presently brought the colonel off the bed; and the afternoon's behaviour entirely obliterated the harshness of the morning's refusal. He now viewed the captain in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed and found him such. In short, the colonel set out with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applause for his success; which, as well as his commission, he had well nigh lost by one morning's folly.

He immediately solicited for, and purchased the adjutancy; and from that day never touched cards or dice but (as they ought to be used) merely for diversion, or to unbend the mind after too close an attention to serious affairs.



Rollin the Historian.

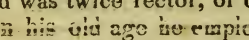
The good conduct of a child often decides his station in life, and puts him in the way of fortune, Charles Rollin was born at Paris in the year 1661, and being only the son of a poor cutler, he seemed destined to pass his days at a forge.

A Benedictine, whose mess he had often served, charmed with the sweetness of his disposition, persuaded the parents of the child to allow him to study, and he likewise obtained a bursary for him at the College de Places, Young Rollin shewed his sense of the obligation by the progress he made; and seldom failed to obtain, by his compositions, the first place in his class. Among his class-fellows he connected himself particularly with the two sons of M. Le Pelletier. This minister, who knew the advantages of education, observed the connexion with the greatest plea-

sure, and saw the advantage which his sons might derive from it.

When young Rollin was Dux, which happened very often, he sent him the same gratification he was accustomed to send to his own children, and they loved him although he was their rival. They often led him to the house of their father, and even carried him to his mother when he wished to see her, and waited for him in their carriage. One day when Rollin's mother observed that he, without ceremony, took the first place in the coach, she was for reprimanding him for want of respect; but the preceptor informed her, that M. Pelletier had made a regulation that they should always arrange themselves in the coach according to the order of the class.

Rollin owed his talents to the university, and to it he consecreted them. After his first appointment, he continued professor during the rest of his life, and was twice rector, or chief of the university. In his old age he employed his leisure time in composing some valuable works, which have perpetuated his memory; amongst which are the Ancient and Roman Histories, and a treatise on the manner of teaching and studying the Belles Lettres.



The Extraordinary Hanging Bridge.

At Schaffhausen, a frontier town of Switzerland, there is a bridge over the Rhine, remarkable for the beauty and singularity of its construction.—Of this curious piece of architecture we meet with the following account:—

"The river is extremely rapid, and had already destroyed several bridges of stone, built upon

arches of the strongest construction; when a carpenter of Appenzel undertook to throw a wooden one, of a single arch, across the river, which is near three hundred feet wide. The magistrates, however insisted, that it should consist of two arches, and that he should make use for that purpose of the middle pier of the old bridge, which remained entire. Accordingly, the architect was obliged to obey: but he has contrived it in such a manner, that the bridge is not at all supported by the middle pier: and it would certainly have been equally safe, and considerably more beautiful, had it consisted solely of one arch. But how shall I attempt to give you an idea of it? I, who am totally unskilled in architecture, and who have not the least knowledge of drawing. Take however the following description, and excuse its inaccuracy:—

"It is a wooden bridge, of which the sides and top are covered, and the road over is almost perfectly level: it is what the German call a hængewerk, or hanging bridge; the road not being carried, as usual, over the top of an arch; but, if I may use the expression, is let down into the middle of it, and there suspended. The middle pier is not absolutely in a right line with the side ones, that rest upon the shore; as it forms with them a very obtuse angle pointing down the stream, being eight feet out of the linear direction: the distance of this middle pier from the shore that lies towards the town, is one hundred and seventy-one feet, and from the other side, one hundred and ninety-three; in all, three hundred and sixty-four feet; making in appearance two arches of a surprising width, and forming the most beautiful perspective imaginable when viewed at some distance. A man of the slightest weight walking upon it, feels it tremble under him; and yet waggons heavily laden pass over it without danger: and although in the latter instance, the bridge

seems almost to crack with the pressure, it does not appear to have suffered the least damage. It has been compared, and very justly, to a tight rope, which trembles when it is struck, but still preserves its first and equal tension. I went under this bridge, close to the middle pier, in order to examine its mechanism; and though not the least of a mechanic, I could not help being struck with the elegant simplicity of the architecture. I was not capable of determining whether it rests upon the middle pier, but most judges agree that it does not. When one observes the greatness of the plan, and the boldness of the construction, one is astonished that the architect was a common carpenter, without the least proficiency in learning, totally ignorant of mechanics. The name of this extraordinary man was Ulric Gruhenman, an obscure drunken fellow of Tuffen, a small village in the canton of Appenzel. Possessed of uncommon natural abilities, and a surprising turn for the practical part of mechanics, he raised himself to great eminence in his profession: and may justly be considered as one of the most ingenious architects of the present century. This bridge was finished in less than three years, and cost ninety thousand florins, about 8000*l.* sterling."

Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

BIRTHS.

On Wednesday the 2d inst. the lady of Rich. Farrell, Esq. of a daughter.—In Marlboro'-street, the lady of the Rev. G. N. Wright, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday morning in St. Georges' Church, by the Rev. A. Smith Adamson, Christopher James Labatt, Esq. to MaryJane Leet, second daughter of Ambrose Leet, Esq. of Grenville-st.—On the 5th, in St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Wm. Dickinson, Lieut. Robt Wall, R.N. to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Theobald Wolfe, of Black Hall, Co. Kildare, Esq.—On the 14th at Springfield, Philip Molloy, Esq. to Mary Anne, second daughter of Morough O'Brien Butler, of Bansagh, in the County of Tipperary, Esq.

DEATHS.

On Sunday morning, in Ely-place, aged 24, Lady Anne Jocelyn, only sister of the Earl of Roden.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 17.

A SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

THE Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs, by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom, meeting him on a journey, determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the road side. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given to him by way of text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:—

"Beloved, let me crave your attention—I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT; I cannot divide it into words, it

being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one: I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M—A —L—T.

"M, my beloved, is Moral,—A, is Allegorical, —L, Literal,—T, Theological.

"The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, masters,—A, all of you,—L, listen,—T, to my text.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt, which you cantabs make,—M, your master,—A, your apparel,—L, your liberty,—and T, your trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letter,—M, much,—A, ale,—L, Little,—T, trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds: first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are,—in some,—M, murder,—in others,—A, adultery,—in all,—L, looseness of life,—and in some,—T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come,—are,—M, misery,—A, anguish,—L, lamentation,—and,—T, torment. And so much for this time and text.

"I shall improve this: first, by way of exhortation,—M, masters,—A, all of you,—L, leave off,—T, tippling; or secondly, by way of excommunication,—M. masters,—A, all of you,—L, look for,—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the innkeeper's benefactor, his

wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

"Now to," &c.

He then concluded in the usual form; and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon than by any serious discourse they had ever heard.

A remarkable Instance of the fatal Effects of Duelling.

In the month of January, 1627, Count de Boutteville, and the celebrated de Frette, having fought between Point and Saint Germain-en-Laye, Boutteville's second was killed in combat, by Doinville, the second of la Frette.

After this duel, Boutteville fearing that he should be arrested, retired into Flanders, to the court of the Archduchess. The Marquis de Beuvron, who was desirous of avenging the death of his friend Thorigny, killed by Boutteville, having learned, that he resided at Brussels, he hastened thither with his Squire, Buquet, to find him; but being both known immediately upon their arrival, notwithstanding their disguise, guards were appointed to watch them closely, in order to prevent any farther mischief. Boutteville, upon this, having protested to the Archduchess, that he would never fight in her territories, the Marquis of Spinola was commissioned by that Princess, to endeavour to reconcile the two antagonists. He there-

fore invited Boutteville, des Chapelles, and Beuvron to dinner, at his hotel, where a number of people of the first quality were assembled, in presence of whom each of the parties, after a cordial embrace, solemnly promised, that he would never do any thing which might give the least offence to the other.

Some days after this reconciliation, Boutteville, who was probably sincere, having repaired to Nancy, received no less than eight different letters from Beuvron, in which he informed him, that being too prudent to go and meet him in Lorraine, he begged he would be so obliging as to approach Paris. Des Chapelles* wrote also to Beuvron, "you make a great deal of noise, Sir, giving out every where, that you intend to fight; but this I shall never believe till I see you in action."

The Archduchess, in the mean time, had requested letters of remission for Boutteville; but the King declared, that he could not in conscience grant them, and that all he had in his power to do to oblige his aunt, was not to give orders for his being arrested, unless he returned to court, or to Paris.

When Boutteville was informed of this refusal, he said, he would fight in Paris, and even in the *Place Royale;* and having posted thither with all speed, sent word to Beuvron, that he was ready to give him satisfaction. At nine in the evening, they repaired to the *Place Royale*, where Beuvron said to Boutteville, "Let us now settle our quarrel, without putting our friends to pain."——

* Des Chapelles was one of the most desperate duellists of that period. Blot, the famous song writer, speaks of him in the following couplet. "Pluto enchanted with his arrival in hell, made him a Captain of his Guards."

"By no means," replied Boutteville, "I wish the sun to be witness to our actions. Besides, I am under a particular engagement with two friends, who wish to be of the party, and were I to fail, I should be obliged to give them satisfaction also; Des Chapelles is one of them, and la Berthe is the other. For this reason, let us meet here to morrow about three in the afternoon, and do you. Sir, endeavour to bring with you two friends."

When Beuvron quitted his antagonist, he ran to St. Martin's in the fields, to President de Mesmes, in order to speak with the Marquis d'Amboise, son-in-law of that magistrate, whom he found ill, and very weak through loss of blood. "What a misfortune," said Beuvron! The opportunity you so much wished for, is now arrived. Boutteville expects me to-morrow with two friends. The Count des Chapelles, whom you are desirous of seeing with his sword in his hand, is one of them, but weakened as you are, you must not think of it." "Not think of it," cried d'Amboise! "were I certain of expiring the next moment, I would be of the party."

Next morning the combatants met, and after each of them had been examined by a gentleman, to see that none of them had private armour, each took his adversary.—Boutteville attacked Beuvron; des Chapelles Bussy-d'Amboise; la Berthe Buquet, and the combat began with swords and poignards. Boutteville and Beuvron, rushing forward and seizing one another by the collar, threw their swords on the ground, and held their poignards elevated without striking. At length, Boutteville, as they say, first proposed to put an end to the combat, and they reciprocally begged their lives from one another. Bussy d'Amboise, however, was not so fortunate; des Chapelles gave

him a mortal wound in the breast, and la Berthe was also wounded dangerously by the Squire of Beuvron.

A duel so public, and of which thousands had been spectators, having soon reached the ears of the king, Louis XIII. an order was sent to the Grand Prevot, to seize Boutteville and des Chapelles, but they had betaken themselves to flight, as well as Beuvron and Buquet, who retired to England.

The two former, less prudent, or less diligent, were arrested at *Vitry-le-Brulé*, conducted on foot as far as *Vitry le-Francois*, and there put into an apartment closely guarded, where they passed seven days, during which they appeared to be very quiet, and amused themselves in playing at piquet.

When they arrived at Paris, and were shut up in the Bastile, commissaries were appointed to interrogate them. Boutteville confessed every thing ingeniously, but des Chapelles did not shew the same candour.

Madame de Boutteville, alarmed for the fate of her husband, threw herself at the King's feet, in order to solicit for his pardon. The Prince and Princess of Condé, the Duke and Duchess of Montmorency, the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, Cardinal de la Valette, and the Count d' Alais, all endeavoured to second her petition, and to excite the Monarch's pity, but without effect. His Majesty remained inflexible, and the parliament received orders to bring the two criminals to trial.

The Bishop of Nantz, who had liberty to see them, attended them regularly, and prepared them for death. "Madame," said the Count de Bout-

teville to the lady of the President de Mesmes, in a letter which he wrote to her, "Were I not truly sensible of the crime I have committed against God, and of the wrong which I have done to you, I should not have taken the liberty to request you to do the greatest act of piety which can proceed from a generous and Christian mind, which is, Madam, to forgive me, for having torn from you your dear and only child, not by hatred, or a desire of revenge, having never had any cause but to esteem him, but through a vain and false idea of worldly honour, which I must confess, is contrary both to the law of God and to natural reason. Be satisfied with my blood, which I shall shed for the expiation of my crime; I hope divine justice will be so, and that you will not call for the vengeance of Heaven against me, while by my prayers, I endeavour to repair the injury you have received from an unhappy wretch, who dies, Madam, yours, &c."

At the same time, he sent the following letter to Madame de Boutteville:—

"The Bishop of Nantz will tell you, my dear wife, in what disposition of mind I am about to quit the world, and I flatter myself, that it will afford you some consolation for the loss you must sustain. You will consider with him, which may be best for the safety of my soul, and take care to pay whatever debts I may owe. Prayers may be of much service to me; but the principal thing will be to satisfy my creditors, Adieu.—I will not tell you how much I love you, lest that might increase your affliction."

On the 11th of June, Boutteville and des Chapelles were conducted to the Palais.— Boutteville appeared first in the Grand Chamber, and was interrogated, after which des Chapelles was brought in, and having answered some questions

put to him by the First President, he begged permission of the Judges to say a few words, and having obtained it, addressed them as follows:—

"Gentlemen, since you have done me the favour to assemble here on my account, and since my crime has brought me into your presence, I must beg two things of you: the first is, that justice may be satisfied in my person, and the second, that you would shew mercy towards my cousin.—Though I am sensible, that you are not ignorant of his merit, for all France is sensible of it, yet as I have the honour of knowing him more intimately, I can with justice assert, that it is superior to that which the applauses of the public give him; a regard to his family, and the services which his ancestors have done to the kingdom, ought also to make you incline to the side of mercy. It appears to me, that by saving an excellent officer and a valiant general, you will contribute to the good of the public, and prevent the lamentations of posterity, who undoubtedly will be sensible of this loss. His passion for duelling will grow cool with age, and a man like him, who has no other object but the glory of the state, and of his prince, may be employed on every occasion. With regard to myself, I expect from your justice what is due to the action I have committed, for I do not pretend to plead any excuse, but only to beg you would consider the family, the merit, and the actions of my cousin Boutteville."

Next day about eleven in the forenoon, their sentence was read to them, which had been passed the evening before, and which was, that they should both be beheaded.—The Princess of Condé, the Duchess de Montmorency, the Duchess of Angoulême, the Countess de Boutteville, and several other ladies, hastened to the Louvre, to speak to the King, who consented, but with great

difficulty, to see them. All the ladies threw themselves at his feet, and implored mercy. The Countess de Boutteville fainted, and the rest burst into tears, while the King, who was rather teazed than softened by their solicitations, said to the Princess of Condé, "I feel as much for their fate as you, but my conscience forbids me to pardon them."

About five in the evening the two criminals having arrived at the place where they were to go through the last scene, the executioner cut Boutteville's hair behind, and the latter putting his hand towards his beard, the Bishop of Nantz said to him, "Did you not promise, my son, to think no more of the things of this world, and yet you think of them still!" He was then asked whether he would have his eyes covered with a bandage, but he replied in the negative, and a moment after his head was separated from his body.

Des Chapelles, who had remained in the cart, and who had his back turned towards the scaffold, having learned that Boutteville had satisfied justice, cried out, "My cousin is dead, let us pray to God for his soul." When he mounted the scaffold, perceiving Boutteville's body, he said, "This then is the body of my cousin!" Then resting upon the arm of a young ecclesiastic, who was near, he kneeled down, rose up again, and having laid his head upon the block, submitted to the fate of his unhappy companion.

After the death of the Count des Chapelles, many letters were handed about at Paris, which he had written to different people the evening before his execution. That which he wrote to Madam de Boutteville was as follows:—

"My dear Cousin, were you less virtuous, I should not attempt to give you consolation. You

have lost every thing that you could lose, but all France loses with you. Your husband was still young, but he could not have acquired more honour in this world. What could you expect from his courage, but an untimely end? You enjoyed him only amidst continual fear and terror, and God, who as by a miracle always preserved his life, gives you this powerful consolation, that he hath taken him from you in order to bring him to himself.——Rejoice, then, Madam, if you sincerely love him, as I am convinced you do. Let not your grief make you abandon your children, who have need of being educated under your protection. Teach them what you know so well, to live in the world in the bosom of virtue. Change not your condition, if you wish to be the most esteemed female of the age, as your husband was the most esteemed of men. Dear Cousin, I give you part of the consolation, which I shall find in accompanying him, and I recommend to you with my whole soul, my poor mother.—May God bless and comfort her! I am, &c."

To Duellists.

Gaston, Marquis de Renny, an illustrious nobleman, was a soldier and a christian, and had the peculiar felicity to reconcile the seeming opposition between those different characters. He had a command in the French army, and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service. The marquis returned for answer, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong; or if he could not convince him, as ready to ask his pardon. The other, not satisfied with this reply,

insisted upon his meeting him with the sword; to which the Marquis sent this answer:—

"That he was resolved not to do it, since God and his king had forbidden it; otherwise he would have him know, that all the endeavours he had used to pacify him, did not proceed from any fear of him, but of Almighty God and his displeasure; that he should go every day about his usual business, and if he did assault him, he would make him repent it."

The angry man, not able to provoke him to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword, and attacked the Marquis, who soon wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant who attended him.—But then did this truly christian nobleman shew the difference betwixt a brutish and a christian courage; for he led them to his tent, refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and the swords to be restored to them, dismissed them with christian and friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards, even to his nearest friends.

It was an usual saying with him, that there was more true courage and generosity in bearing and forgiving an injury for the love of God, than in requiting it with another; in suffering rather than revenging; because the thing was rather more difficult: that bulls and bears had courage enough, but it was a brutal courage; whereas that of men should be such as became reasonable creatures and christians.

Extraordinary Dream, and corresponding Event.

Adam Rogers, a creditable and decent person, highly esteemed for his good sense and integrity; kept a public-house at Portlaw, a small hamlet, about nine or ten miles from Waterford, in Ireland.

This man imagined, one night, that he saw two men at a particular green spot, on the adjoining mountain, the one diminitive and sickly, the other strong and corpulent. The former he thought murdered the other, and, consequently, awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible, that he continued much affected by them. The next morning he related them to his wife, and also to several neighbours. Some time after he went out coursing with grey-hounds, accompanied amongst others, by Mr. Browne, the Roman catholic priest of the parish. He soon stopped at a particular green spot on the mountain, and calling to Mr. Browne, pointed it out to him, and told him that such was the green spot he fancied he saw in his dream. During the remainder of the day he thought nothing more about it.

Next morning he was extremely startled at seeing two strangers enter his house, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He immediately ran into an inner room, and desired his wife to take particular notice, for they were precisely the two men that he had seen in his vision. When they had consulted with one another, their apprehensions were alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. After the strangers had taken some refreshment, and were about to depart, in order to prosecute their journey, Rogers earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the little man from quitting his house,

and going out with his fellow-traveller. He assured him, that if he would remain with him that day, he would accompany him to Carrick the next morning, that being the town to which the two travellers were proceeding. He was unwilling, and ashamed to tell the real cause of his being so solicitous to separate him from his companion: but as he observed that Hickey (the name of the little man) seemed to be quiet and gentle in his deportment, and had money about him; and that the other had a ferocious and forbidding countenance, the dream operated more powerfully on his mind.

He dreaded that something fatal would happen, and wished at all events to keep them asunder. However the humane precautions of Rogers proved ineffectual; for Caulfield (such was the other's name) prevailed upon Hickey to continue with him on their way to Carrick, declaring that as they had so long travelled together, he could not leave him until he was safely arrived at the habitation of his friends. The wife of Rogers was much dissatisfied, when she found they were gone, and blamed her husband exceedingly for not being absolutely peremptory in detaining Hickey.

About an hour after they left Portlaw, in a lonely part of the mountain, just near the place observed by Rogers in his dream, Caulfield took the opportunity of murdering his companion. It appeared afterwards, from his own account of the horrid transaction, that, as they were getting over a ditch, he struck Hickey on the back part of his head with a stone, and when he fell down into the trench, in consequence of the blow, Caulfield gave him several stabs with a knife, and cut his throat so deeply, that the head was observed to be almost severed from the body. He then

rifled Hickey's pockets of all the money in them, took part of his clothes, and every thing else of value about him, and afterwards, proceeded on his way to Carrick. He had not been long gone, when the body, still warm, was discovered by some labourers who were returning to their work from dinner.

The report of the murder soon reached Portlaw. Rogers and his wife went to the place, and instantly knew the body of him whom they had in vain endeavoured to dissuade from going on with his treacherous companion. They at once declared their suspicions that the murder was perpetrated by the fellow-traveller of the deceased. An immediate search was made, and Caulfield was apprehended at Waterford the second day after. He was brought to trial the ensuing assizes, and convicted of the fact.

It appeared, on the trial, amongst other circumstances, that when he arrived at Carrick, he hired a horse, and a boy to conduct him, not by the usual road, but by that which runs on the north side of the river Suir, to Waterford, intending to take his passage in the first ship from thence to Newfoundland. The boy took notice of some blood on his shirt, and Caulfield gave him half a crown to promise not to speak of it. Rogers proved not only that Hickey was seen last in company with Caulfield, but that a pair of new shoes which Hickey wore had been found on the feet of Caulfield when he was apprehended; and that a pair of old shoes which he had on at Roger's house, were found upon Hickey's feet when the body was found. He described, with great exactness, every article of their clothes. The prisoner, in cross-examining this witness, shrewdly asked him, why he, who kept a public-house, should take such particular notice of the dress of a stranger accidentally calling there; Rogers replied

that he had a very particular reason, but was ashamed to mention it.

The court and prisoner, however, insisting on his declaring it, he gave a circumstantial narrative of his dream, called upon Mr. Browne, the priest, then in the court, to corroborate his testimony, and said, that his wife had severely reproached him for permitting Hickey to leave their house, when he knew that in the short footway to Carrick, they must necessarily pass by the green spot in the mountain, which he had seen in his vision.

A number of witnesses came forward, and the proofs were so strong, that the jury without hesitation found the prisoner guilty. It was remarked, as a singularity, that he happened to be tried by his namesake, Sir George Caulfield, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which office he resigned in the summer of the year 1760.

After sentence, Caulfield, confessed the fact. It appeared, that Hickey had been in the West-Indies two-and-twenty years, but falling into a bad state of health, he had returned to his native country, Ireland, bringing with him some money his industry had acquired. The vessel on board of which he took his passage, was by stress of weather driven into Minehead. He there met with Frederick Caulfield, an Irish sailor, who was poor, and much distressed for clothes and common necessaries. Hickey compassionating his poverty, and finding he was his countryman, relieved his wants, and an intimacy commenced between them.

They agreed to go to Ireland together; and it was remarked on their passage, that Caulfield spoke contemptuously, and often said, it was a

pity such a puny fellow as Hickey should have money, while he himself was without a shilling. They landed at Waterford, at which place they stayed some time, Caulfield being all the time supported by Hickey, who bought there some clothes for him.

The assizes being held in the town during that time, it was afterwards recollected that they were both at the court-house, and attended the whole trial of a shoemaker, who was convicted of the murder of his wife. But this made no impression on the hardened heart of Caulfield, for the next day he perpetrated the same crime, on the road between Waterford and Carrick-on-Suir, near which town Hickey's relations lived.

He walked to the gallows with a firm step and undaunted countenance. He spoke to the multitude who surrounded him: and in the course of his address, mentioned that he had been bred at a charter-school, from which he was taken as an apprenticed servant, by William Izod, Esq. of the county of Kilkenny. From this station he ran away on being corrected for some faults, and had been absent from Ireland six years.

He confessed, also, that he had several times intended to murder Hickey on the road between Waterford and Portlaw; which though in general not a road much frequented, yet people at that time continually coming in sight, prevented him.

Singular Adventure of the Count de Beaumont.

The Nobleman this adventure happened to, was well known at the French court, under the name of the Count de Beaumont. He was brave, even fearless, and had distinguished himself on all occasions, especially in the last war when he served as Brigadier. This nobleman having obtained leave to pass the winter at one of his country seats, set out with his equipage about the month of October, which was very rainy that year. As soon as he reached the frontiers, he assumed the privileges of his rank and title. His harbinger always set out some hours before him, to fix his lodging, and fit it for the arrival of his master.

One day, when the rains had so spoiled the roads, that the coach and equipage of the Count could not reach the town he had promised to lodge in, his Marshal stopped at a little beggarly village, situated at the bottom of a valley, almost a desert, and always full of water; and appointed the Count's lodging at the Curate's who was very poor. The poverty of this house was the same as in other houses, excepting that it was something less inconvenient; for there was scarce any shelter from the wind and rain.

When the Count arrived, he was received and complimented by the good Curate, who displayed all his eloquence, to thank him for the honour he did him in coming to lodge in his humble hut, and, in his way, made an hundred excuses that his cottage was so ill provided to entertain so great a man. The Count, who was unacquainted with the place, thanked him for his speech, and, after having assured him that he would not incommode him, ordered his postillion to proceed. The Curate, who perhaps wished no better, thought it

his duty to use some entreaties to stop him, assuring him, that as poor as his house was, it was the most convenient in the village.

The Marshal returned in the midst of these ceremonies, and joined his entreaties to those of the Curate, protesting that he had visited all the houses, one by one, and had found none comparable to this. "Very well," says the Count, "but why may not I lodge in that castle which I see there, at the other end of the village? whoever lives there, I suppose won't refuse me a chamber; go thither in my name; I'll alight here, and wait for an answer."

"My Lord," says the Curate, "that castle is not inhabited: this land has been for sale many years; most of the aparments are without doors; however, some rooms are still neat enough, and there are some old moveables." "I don't want so much," says the Count, "it is at least a shelter, and there I'll have my bed made." "I would have it done before, my Lord," says the Marshal, "if I had not been told that you would have been in danger there, because this castle is possesssed by spirits and hobgoblins, who make a horrid din there every night. They told me but this very minute that the witches held their last meeting there, and that the master of it, who is in some foreign country, has let his house to the devil."—"What! are you drunk?" says the Count, in anger: "you talk like a fool—have done with this stuff; I'll lie in the castle; get my bed ready immediately, and in the mean time, I'll sup with Monsieur the Curate."—They were forced to obey.

During this interval, the Count desired the Curate's company, and an account whence those foolish reports took their rise. The Curate was a good little man, but as ignorant as possible, and

extremely credulous. He had every fabulous circumstance by heart, and recited tales of frightful apparitions of every kind, in order to divert the Count from going to the castle. The valet too made his remonstrances in vain—they made no impression. He threw himself at his master's feet, to beg him not to expose himself; but dissuasion only confirmed his resolves of going to the castle.

He set out, and his valet lighted him with a link. The poor fellow, who was naturally credulous, had his head full of stories, which he had picked up in the town; for every one had his tale, and the whole village attested the truth of them: so that he went with his master, as if he had been to an execution.

His fears increased as he approached the castle. It was on old building moated round, adorned with several ruinous turrets, which made the place disagreeable enough in itself; and its appearance was adapted to inspire that secret horror which generally attends the view of magnificent ruins. Besides, by the desertion of its masters, this old pile was become the retreat of bats and screech owls. The cries and flutters of these nocturnal animals so terrified the poor fellow, that he thought he had a thousand spirits at his elbow already. But the Count encouraging him by his reasons and example, they came to the chamber where the bed was prepared. Though it was the neatest and noblest apartment, the door could not be shut on the inside. The Count undressed; but, before he lay down, he tied his pistols to his belt, and hung his arms over the bolster. He ordered two lighted candles to be placed in the chimney, and kept two by his bed-side. After these precautions, he went to bed, not quite undressed; and his man lay upon a mattrass brought thither on purpose.

The Count, notwithstanding his bravery, could not sleep: a certain restlessness, consistent with the truest valour, threw him involuntarily into melancholy reflections on the hazards which he perhaps unnecessarily exposed himself to. He had passed two hours thus unnecessarily, and was going to compose himself, when, about mid-night, he fancied he heard a harsh and hollow noise in the furthest part of the castle, and it was too distant to be distinct. He conceived that this noise must be made by something alive, because, as well as he could follow it by the ear, it went round the castle. He thought it at first to be some beast grazing thereabout with a bell at its neck; but soon changed his opinion: the noise cleared it up as it came near. The Count heard distinctly the steps of one marching gravely, and the rattling of a chain pretty heavy, as he judged by the noise it made on the pavement. This frightful noise entering the apartments, seemed to come directly to the Count's chamber. He then thought he ought to stand upon his guard, and slipping on his gown and slippers, he threw his belt over his shoulders, and returned into bed, ready for all events.

In the mean time, the noise redoubling upon the staircase, awaked the valet, who, to drown his fears, had gorged himself with wine overnight. The Count could scarce keep him from crying out; for, notwithstanding his drunkenness, he was still sensible of fear; but the Count threatening to break his head with his pistol, if he cried out, he lay still.

The hobgoblin continuing his walks, went through the neighbouring rooms; and having made his tour, groaning most lamentably, he went up two pair of stairs, where the dragging of his chain made a most terrible din. This horrible noise, far from intimidating the Count, made him suspect some trick; for he was not at all credulous.

Says he to himself, "If they want to murder me, these ceremonies are needless: to be sure, then, they want to frighten me; for I shall never believe that the Devil, or any inhabitant of the other world, is come hither purposely to carry on this farce. Let us see then (continues he) the conclusion of this comedy."

The moment he made this reflection, the spirit pushed the door violently, and entered the chamber. His figure was hideous; he seemed all hairy, like a bear, and loaded with chains, which he struck against the walls with horrible groans. He advanced solemnly towards the mattrass where the servant lay. The fellow, not daring to cry out, for fear of angering his master, had wrapped himself in his great coat, thinking death unavoidable, either from his master, or from the ghost; which at last lifting up the chains, rattled them at the poor wretch's ear, and frightened him into a swoon.

The Count having quietly observed this procedure through his curtains, and hearing his man cry out, thought the spectre had offered violence to him. He jumped out of bed, with his pistol in his hand, and, seizing the candle, ran towards the spirit, crying, "Murder! Murder!" as loud as he could.

The ghost, without surprize, turned himself gravely to look at the Count, and, shaking his chains, said to him, "Follow me, little Mortal!" —The undaunted Count, equally desirous of unravelling this business, and troubled at the loss of his servant, whom he thought dead, followed the spectre close, and went down stairs after him, keeping his pistol always in his hand; resolving, however, not to discharge it but in extremity.— The spectre came into the court, which he crossed with some precipitation. The Count still

pursued him through the darkness and horrors of a dismal night. At last they came to the entrance of a very narrow vaulted gallery. There the Count entered too; but there the spirit disappeared, and seemed to bury itself in the bowels of the earth with a terrible cry. A violent wind, which came from under ground, put out the Count's candle, which had survived the open air of the court; and thus he remained in a strange place, and in horrid darkness.

The Count, transported by his warmth, let off his pistol, advancing forward, and immediately felt himself sink into the region of spectres, to punish his incredulity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Useless Invention.

Alexander, with the exception of his crotchet of conquering, wanted not good sense; he loved the arts and sciences, and all who were distinguished by their talents, might find in his court an asylum against Fortune; who, even then, was at war with Wit.

A Virtuoso came one day to make before him an exhibition of a wonderful art which he had just discovered—he had acquired by long study and laborious practice, the rare talent of casting a grain of millet through the eye of a bodkin—and he now came to a full display of his powers before the Macedonian court.—The monarch was struck with admiration, and the artist was counting his thousands by anticipation; when the king presented to him a bundle of bodkins, and a sack of mil-

let; with an exhortation to pursue his studies to the perfection of so invaluable an art. Such was the recompense which Alexander awarded to an invention, which, however curious in itself, was of no utility to mankind.

Bossuet, a French Bishop.

James Benigne Bossuet, was born at Dijon, in the year 1627. The great talents of Bossuet for orratory, displayed themselves at a very early period; and, fond of declaiming, he made little speeches, in which the judicious might already discover the seeds of that strength of mind, for which he was afterwards distinguished. He was presented as a prodigy at the famous hotel of Rambouillet, and there delivered a sermon upon a given subject, which he preached to a numerous and select assembly, and really spoke as if he had prepared it. The preacher was then only sixteen years of age, and it was eleven o'clock at night, which caused Voiture, who was so ready in playing upon words, to say, "That he had never heard any one preach so early and so late."

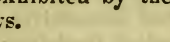
Bossuet died in 1704, aged 77.

The Lion of Florence.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a Lion escaped from the *Menagerie* of the Grand Duke, and ran through the streets of Florence, spreading every where the utmost terror and dismay. A woman, flying from his fury, with her

infant in her arms, dropt it in her fright, when it was immediately seized upon by the Lion. Frantic at the disaster, she threw herself on her knees before the animal, and implored, with all the energy and expression of a mother in despair, the life of her child. The Lion stopped, fixed his eyes upon her, placed the infant upon the ground, without having done it the smallest injury, and departed.

Such is the pathetic trait chosen by M. Monsiau for the subject of his picture, which attracted, during its exhibition, peculiar notice, no less from the talent exhibited by the artist, than the interest it conveys.



A Curious Ceremony.

A Ceremony, representing a peculiar tenure, for lands situate in the parish of Broughton, in Lincolnshire, takes place at the Church every Palm Sunday.—A person enters the church-yard with a green silk purse, containing ten shillings, and a silver penny, tied at the end of a cart whip, which he smacks thrice in the porch and continues there till the second lesson begins; when he goes into the church, and smacks the whip three times over the clergyman's head. After kneeling before the desk, during the reading of the lesson, he presents the minister with the purse, and then retiring to the choir, waits the remainder of the service.

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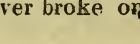
An Epitaph upon Johnny Armstrong.

Here lies the mortal part of poor Johnny Armstrong,
Who from his setting out in life
Gave an early promise of what he afterwards perform'd,
He enter'd upon the service of the field
With incredible intrepidity,
And run for a few years
Almost an uninterrupted course of victories.
He got the start of every thing that oppos'd him.
Was more expeditious than Cæsar,
And was never known to insult those he had conquered
Or detract from those who were superior to himself.
His temper was always equal,
Never too much elated with success,
Or dejected in distress:
His numerous contests testify the former,
And the scarcity of his defeats is sufficient to certify the latter.
He wanted no other spur,
Than his own ambition and thirst of glory:
If they at any time hurry'd him on too rashly,
He could patiently bear the curb of him,
Who was set over him.
To sum up his public character in a few words;
If any body ever was,
He certainly was out out by nature for the field,
In which service he persever'd to his dying day,
A credit to his master, and an honour to his country.

Reader, however you may admire his public character, his private life will more charm you. All his good qualities were entirely the gift of nature; and like a true *Houyhnhnm*, he never spoke the thing which was not. Want of humanity was never objected to him by such as properly considered the rank of life he filled. He was moderate, neither costly, nor mean in his diet; sober even to abstinence, for he was never known to drink a glass of wine in his life; or eat of more than one, or two things at most at a meal; so

virtuous that he never knew woman. He was rather tall in his person, of excellent parts, well proportioned, and of a beautiful complexion. If he had any religion, it was the religion of nature; but the whole tenor of his life shews he was no atheist. And if he did not live in the observance of all the commandments, it is but justice to his ashes to say, he never broke one of them to his dying day.



The Island of Dalkey.

Our ancestors seems to have been better apprised of the value of Dalkey Harbour, from the use they formerly made of it, than we are at this day. —It is safe and convenient for ships trading to Ireland; where they avoided the danger of the open bay of Dublin, and lay secure in ten fathoms water, sheltered from the north-east wind, and ready to sail at any hour. —Markets and fairs were established here to favour the foreigners who resorted thither for trade, and an exemplification of the grant of these in the 22d Edward IV. A. D. 1482, appears in Harris's collection.—Castles were built to protect the inhabitants, and for the better collecting and receiving the public revenue.

In 1538, Sir Edward Bellingham landed at Dalkey on Whitsun-eve, and two days after received the sword of State.

Sir Anthony St. Leger did the same in 1553; and in 1558, the Earl of Sussex shipped his army there, and sailed to the Isle of Raghlin to oppose the Scottish highlanders, who flocked over in great numbers to this kingdom, and like the old Bri-

bancoons, were mercenary Soldiers, ready to engage in any cause: these were called Rutees or Routes, and hence the old English word Route, (a tumultuous assembly) which was given to a tract in the county of Antrim, where these Scots settled.

The island of Dalkey, divided from the main land by a narrow strait, is small but extremely pleasant: on it are the remains of a church, and Kistvaens with human bones were discovered near the shore.

Vegetable Diet.

More than sixty individuals in London, have for above three years subsisted wholly on vegetables, fruits, and distilled water, enjoying during that period robust health, and exemption from those maladies, which, under the direction of Dr. Lambe led to their adoption of this simple regimen. The Editor of the London Monthly Magazine, from considerations of a different nature, has abstained from all animal food for three and thirty years; but Dr. Lambe carries his abstinence still further, by abstaining from all stimulants which excite thirst, so that we are told he does not drink a pint of any liquid in a month.

Thomas Bastard, Esq. Fellow of New College, 1588, wrote the following Epigram on his three wives:—

Though marriage by most folks be reckon'd a curse,
Three wives did I marry for better or worse;
The first for her person—the next for her purse—
And the third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

Account of the famous Birds Nests, brought from Java, or the Malay coast.

The bird who makes this nest is called Wallee, or Boerong Daya, and sometimes Lawit in the Malay language. It is of the size of a Swallow, with a large bill, and sharp claws; the tail is as long as the rest of the body, and is of a dark greenish colour, inclining to grey, its whole length from the bill to the tail is four and a half inches.

In the neighbourhood of Batavia are two places to which great numbers of these birds resort.—The first is called Calappa Nongal, and the second Sampia. They are two inaccessible rocks, full of holes and crevices, some of which are big enough for a man to enter; these rocks are quite covered with trees, bushes, and thickets, and the rocks themselves are a white marble.

In these holes and crevices they make their nests in horizontal rows, one against the other; they leave no spot unoccupied, provided it be only a dry one, for as soon as they perceive the least wet approaching their nests, they abandon them immediately, and build others in a dryer place. These birds fly at day break with a great noise from their nests, and mount immediately out of sight, to seek their food, but in the rainy season they keep nearer home; at four o'clock in the afternoon, or thereabout, they return to their nests, from whence they do not stir until the next morning: they feed chiefly on insects that hover about pools and standing waters. Kites are their greatest enemies.

They prepare their nests from a part of their own excrements, and not from the foam of the sea, as some has falsely imagined, being never seen on the sea-shore.

There are different sorts of nests; those found at Calappa and Nongal are grey, and of less value than those of Sampia, and both these are not to be compared to those that are taken at the neighbouring islands of Sornoten and Borneo.

The colour and value depend entirely on the insects the birds eat, and on the lonesomeness of the rock where they have built their nests.

To prepare the nest and finish it, takes them up about two months, and then they lay two eggs which are hatched in fifteen or sixteen days. As soon as their young is able to fly, is the time for taking their nests, which is generally done every four months, and by a people who are brought up to it from their childhood. The method used by them is to descend by a ladder of Rattans, which is let down from the top of the rocks, and from thence they pick the nests wherever they find them; sometimes rafts are let down for the same purpose. In this dangerous employment many break their necks, and particularly the thieves who can only steal them in the night, a very strict watch being kept in the day time by centinels placed at a small distance from the rocks.

The mountaineers who are the people made use of, never begin their trade among the rocks, till they have killed a buffalo, and said their prayers, after which they are led by superstition to rub themselves with scented oil, and throw benjamin and other aromatics into the fire, to appease the genii of the rocks.

After the nests are taken away, nothing remains but to dry and clean them: they are often sold for from 800 to 1400 Rxds. a Picol, each Picol being 125lb. the value depends entirely on its fineness and whiteness. They are thought a great luxury at the Eastern tables.

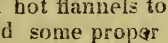
Resuscitation of John Faulkner, a Child of six years old, by Mr. Tobias Browne.

It being my intention to avoid prolixity, and confine myself to a concise statement of the direct facts; the uncle of the child, after a servitude of nine years at Bath, was discharged from the family, *in consequence of his mind being deranged* (the effect of a severe illness,) upon which he came up to his brother, John Faulkner, No. 15, Adam-st. Mary-le-Bone, for protection and support, which were kindly afforded him. On monday afternoon, the 10th inst. he quitted the house, taking with him his brother's son, a child of six years old, and strayed to Camberwell and its environs. The child, being exhausted with fatigue, and also in want of nutriment, exposed to the cold and a heavy rain, became unable to walk; he, therefore, took him up, and threw him over his back, *suspending him by the heels.* In this situation they were discovered, in the high road, by the watchman, about 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The man being remonstrated with, he changed the position of the child, took him into his arms, and went away. About six the same morning, he was seen near the Red Cap, on Camberwell-green, by Mr. Spencer, a bricklayer of the village, with the child *again suspended at his back*, apparently dead. This unusual sight induced him to call some of the neighbours to his aid; and the man being taken into custody with the *apparently lifeless child* to the public-house, where the body was received with the utmost humanity and tender concern. It was half-past seven when I got there, and examined the apparent dead child.

"*State of the body.*—His extremities cold; his eyes fixed; the arterial circulation gone; vitality apparently extinct. Under such depressed circumstances, there could hardly be a hope entertained of re-animation; however, I determined

to attempt it according to the methods and by the means prescribed in the formula of our most excellent institution.—The resuscitative process was most assiduously employed for full thirty minutes before the least signs of life could be discovered; at length a feeble and irregular pulsation was produced; which continuing gradually to get stronger, I insinuated a small quantity of volatile spirits into the stomach, which brought on repeated spasms of a very short duration.

From that time, *the powers of life* increasing, an irregular convulsive motion of the extremities came on; soon after which he rapidly recovered, and was taken in hot flannels to the work-house, where he received some proper nourishment and humane attention; he then slept near an hour and a half, when waking greatly relieved, he again took refreshment, and was soon after conveyed to his friends, who had been in the most painful state of mind respecting both him and his uncle. The parental feelings on this occasion may be conceived, but not easily described."



A Curious Affinity.

There are now residing in one house in the parish of Kirby, in Lincolnshire, four husbands and four wives, a grandfather, and grandmother, two fathers and two mothers, four sons and four daughters, three brothers and four sisters, two uncles and three aunts, one grandson, and one nephew; and all these characters are comprised in ten persons.

.....

The School of Magic.

A Canon of Compostello had long been puzzled to determine to what art or science he should apply himself in his mature years. Honours, wealth and affluence were the objects of his wishes; but a life of active exertion was not at all adapted to his taste At length he decided in favour of magic. With the knowledge of this art he conceived that after some difficulties which he would soon be enabled to surmount, subservient spirits would accomplish all his desires, without any efforts of his own. He immediately inquired for a skilful magician, and was recommended to a certain Don Rodriguez, at Toledo, as the most eminent necromancer of the age. Without loss of time he set out for Toledo, went to Don Rodriguez, and requested the favour of his instruction.

The canon had figured to himself a man with a magic girdle and long staff, a countenance frightfully austere, and a beard a yard in length; but he found only a venerable and affable old man, resembling in dress and person the rest of the sons of Adam. Having explained the nature of his errand, Don Rodriguez calmly replied:—"You are welcome to my house as my disciple and my son. The art to which you have resolved to devote yourself, is indeed the most sublime of all; but it requires in him who wishes to make himself thoroughly master of it a pure heart. Have you this?" "I hope so."

"I must take your word for it. The powers of nature are obedient to spirits, but there is only one Being that knows the heart. I shall in the next place ask you, whether you will be grateful to me if I initiate you into the mysteries of wisdom?" "My life should be at your service."

.....

"I am not quite so exhorbitant in my demands. But you know that you are canon of an ancient and distinguished cathedral; you cannot fail to obtain promotion to higher dignities: in this case would you bear your instructor in grateful remembrance?"

"If you ask this question in earnest, what a worthless wretch you must consider me! From this hour all my property and influence shall be at your command."

The canon here added a multitude of protestations, which seemed at length to convince the old man of his sincerity. He rose from his seat and called his cook: she came. "Keep two partridges in readiness," said he, "but do not put them on the spit till you receive further orders: And now, my dear son," continued he, turning to the canon, "come along with me." At these words he conducted his new disciple into an apartment full of books, and instruments, and commenced his instructions.

Scarcely had he begun, when two men from Compostello, entered, and delivered a letter to the canon. It was from the bishop, his uncle, who had fallen sick since his departure, requesting him to return with all possible dispatch, if he wished to receive his last blessing. The nephew, who lamented the interruption of his lesson, much more than the illness of his uncle, thought that he might very well dispence with his benediction; he therefore excused himself upon the plea of business of extreme importance, and the two messengers returned from their fruitless errand. Four days afterwards they came back, and assured him, that he must set out without delay, as his uncle was dead, and the chapter had elected him to fill the vacant episcopal chair.

No sooner did Rodriguez hear this, than he intreated his pupil to confer the canonry which he had hitherto held, on one of his sons. With a thousand excuses, the new bishop declined for this time complying with his request: begged Don Rodriguez to permit him to appoint his brother to the vacant place, and proposed that he should remove with him to Compostello, and bring his son to that city, proposing faithfully to provide handsomely for the young man on the first opportunity.

The old man accepted the offer.—They set out, and had not long been at Compostello, when a message and bulls arrived from his holiness. The new bishop imagined that the latter related to his confirmation in his new dignity, but what was his astonishment to find that the holy father, on account of his extraordinary merits, offered him the archbishopric of Toloso, with the liberty of appointing his successor. He was, to be sure, somewhat puzzled to find out what were the extraordinary merits to which his holiness aluded, but yet he thought he should be exceedingly to blame to refuse the offer on account of this ignorance. He therefore accepted it, and had scarcely done so, when Rodriguez again appeared, and most humbly requested him to think of his son for the vacant bishopric.

His disciple acknowledged that he had promised to provide for his son, but he assured him that previous obligations imposed on him the necessity of giving this bishopric to a paternal uncle —— "Come with me to Tolosa," continued he, "and I shall not there want opportunities of acquitting myself of my debt with usury."

The good old man was again satisfied; they went to Tolosa, where Don Rodriguez spared no pains to instruct the new bishop in his art. He

made a great proficiency; all hearts were devoted to him; and in two years a new embassy arrived from Rome, bringing a cardinal's hat, and likewise the permission to transfer the archbishopric to whomsoever he thought fit.

Again Don Rodriguez appeared, and spoke with more confidence than on the two former occasions; he represented the patience with which he had waited, and the services he had in the mean time rendered, appealing at the same time to the explicit promise he had received. His eminence seemed extremely embarrassed; he confessed the justice of the remonstrance of Don Rodriguez; but yet he had one more maternal uncle left whose urgent intreaties, as well as the duty in general of providing for his family, he could not resist—"But come with me to Rome," concluded he; "I shall certainly there find abundant means of testifying my gratitude to your son."

Again Rodriguez complied. The new cardinal acquired at Rome universal respect. The Pope did nothing till he had asked his advice; but his holiness was attacked by a disease which proved mortal. The concleve was assembled, the arts of Don Rodriguez was successfully exerted, and with an unanimity of which there was no precedent, the late canon of Compostello was elected the supreme head of Christendom.

Scarce was the triple tiara placed with due solemnity upon his head, when Don Rodriguez again appeared before him, repeated the request which he had already thrice preferred, and guessed from the significant shake of the head as soon as he began to speak, that he would receive the same answer.—This ruffled the otherwise placid temper of the old man, who assured his holiness that he was weary of these everlasting appli-

cations, and was determined to be no longer imposed upon by empty promises; that he well knew what he had deserved, and he should now expect the holy father to fulfil the promise he had made at Toledo, or to give him a plump denial at once.

This boldness exasperated the Pope—"Professor of the black art!" cried he, "I know too what you have deserved--the scaffold. Begone from my sight. Too long have I shewn indulgence to your tricks. If I find you in Rome tomorrow, I will deliver you to the holy inquisition, which shall bestow on you a fit reward for a heretic and magician."

At these words Don Rodriguez turned calmly round: "Cook," said he, opening the door, "you need only put down one partridge, for I shall sup alone."—The charm was instantly dissolved. His holiness was again transformed into the mere canon of Compostello, and perceived that this long series of years, dignities, and events, had been the effect of the art of Don Rodriguez; and that he now stood tried and convicted of ingratitude before a man who was much too wise to throw away his instructions upon him.

Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

BIRTHS.

At the Lord Bishop of Down's Gt. George's-st. the lady of N. Alexander, Esq. of a daughter.—On the 20th inst. the lady of Geo. Knox, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Thomas's Church John Millsworth Mills, Esq. to Eliza youngest daughter of Robert Pigott, Esq.

DEATHS.

After an illness of ten years, in which time she was bled upwards of 500 times, Mary, only daughter of Wm. Moore, Esq. of Grimes Hill, near Kirby, Lonsdale.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 18.

EXTRAORDINARY WARNING TO THE LATE LORD LYTTLETON.

On Thursday morning the 25th of November, 1799, his lordship mentioned at breakfast to Mrs. Flood (a lady who lived with him as a companion to the Misses Amphletts, his nieces) that he had passed a very restless night, for he thought he heard a fluttering noise in the room, and immediately after, he fancied he saw a beautiful lady, dressed in white with a bird on her hand, who desired he would settle his affairs, for that he had but a short time to live. On his enquiring how long, the vision answered, *Not three days.* His lordship mentioned his dream frequently, but with an affected air of careless indifference, which only shewed that it made a stronger impression on his mind than he choose to acknowledge. On the ensuing Saturday evening he pulled out his watch, observed that it was half-past ten, and that he had still an hour and a half longer to live, and jocosely chucking under the chin one of the young ladies, (his nieces,) danced about the room, and asked her if she did not think he would *jockey* the ghost, get over it, and live beyond the time predicted for his death? But soon after he

went to bed, complained of an uneasiness in his stomach, and while his servant was mixing a cup of rhubarb and peppermint water, a medicine which he frequently took, suddenly expired!

It was remarkable, likewise, that his lordship endeavoured to account for his having dreamed of the bird, by saying, but a few days before, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in the green-house, and which he had set at liberty.

The vision, or dream, which his lordship related, was a real matter of fact, as has been attested by many of his losdship's friends, and that he died at the hour that the vision had forewarned him of, is certainly true. It is said his lordship eat a good supper the evening before his death, and, that instead of making any serious preparations for the awful event, he endeavoured, by all the gaiety and forced efforts of his spirits, either to screen himself from supposed cowardice, or to evade, if possible, the dreadful menace; but in vain! for he died at the predicted hour.

Lord Lyttleton was intimate with Mr. Andrews, and, as a mark of his esteem, left him two thousand pounds. This gentleman had a very extraordinary dream on the night that nobleman and friend of his died.

Mr. Andrews was then at Dartford, and did not know that Lord Lyttleton was then returned from Ireland, where he had resided for some time: of course he was entirely ignorant of his lordship's dream. Having been in bed about an hour, and a light in his room, he thought his lordship stood before him dressed in a damask night-gown, which he usually wore in the morning, and said, '*Andrews it is all over with me!*' The idea impressed Mr. Andrews so strongly, that

knowing Lord Lyttleton was fond of frightening persons in the dark, and often had done so at his house at Hagley, in Worcestershire, he concluded he had come to Dartford, by some means got into his room, and was practising his usual tricks. He called to him, therefore, by his name, and not finding him return an answer, he got up, and to his great surprize, found the chamber door locked. Still doubtful whether what he had heard and seen was a dream, he looked at his watch, to know how long he had been in bed, and it wanted only a few minutes to twelve o'clock. In the morning he told the family this extraordinary dream, and intimated his fears that something had happened to his lordship. When he returned to town, he found a letter from Lord Westcote, acquainting him with Lord Lyttleton's death; the time of it exactly corresponding with that when Mr. Andrews heard him say, 'It is all over with me!'

Singular Adventure of the Count De Beaumont.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Dangerous as his fall was, he received no hurt by it. The pit was not very deep; and though the manner of his descent was frightful, he could not possibly be killed by it; it was a board so nicely poised, that a foot treading upon either end of it, sunk it immediately, and the person slid down with rapidity on a heap of straw and hay, so that the fall was broke.

As soon as the Count was in this subterraneous place, he saw himself enclosed by a company of spirits in human shape, whom his fall had drawn round him. He judged by their looks that they breathed, and were somewhat surprized at his unexpected visit, as he was too, to find himself so

surrounded. They did not give him time to recollect himself, or to gaze upon them: they blindfolded and disarmed him, and led him to a neighbouring cavern, where they shut him up.

The Count had his wits about him, and in spite of his trouble. he immediately conceived that these were chemists, in full search of the Philosopher's Stone, or perhaps clippers or coiners; or, perhaps both; however, he could never make the discovery; but the precautions they took to conceal their employment from him, their situation so near the frontiers, whence they might easily quit the realm at the least alarm, and the frightful noise they made every night in the castle, to drive away the curious and impertinent, persuaded him that they pursued some dangerous employ. This consideration taught the Count all the horrible danger which he had thrown himself into; and how soon he was on the brink of danger. From this place of confinement he plainly heard them consulting what to do with him: all voted his death, but one; who, with more humanity, was for sending him back, after a discovery of his quality. Though the Count thought his death inevitable, yet he begged to speak to them before they took their last resolution. They led him out of his dungeon into the midst of their assembly, and permitted him to speak.

'I understand gentlemen,' said he to them, 'how much reason you have to get rid of me.—My indiscretion deserves death, and I accept it; but give me leave to represent to you, that your ruin must inevitably follow it. I think myself obliged to declare my name and quality: I am the Count de Beaumont, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's forces: I was going from the army to my own estate. The bad weather kept me in this village, where I have all my equipage; my valet, who lay at my bed's foot, must have made his

escape, and apprized my people of my adventure; they will certainly search into it; and be assured, that if they don't find me, they will pull down the castle, to find out what is become of me. Consider it, gentlemen, I don't design to threaten you; but however necessary soever my death may appear to your security, I think myself obliged to assure you, that it will certainly ruin you. If you doubt my quality, the letters in my pocket, with orders from his Majesty, will confirm my testimony.'

The Count produced his letters, and while those Cyclops examined them, he added, 'Sirs, I am a gentleman, and can keep a secret, without desiring to enquire into your's; and I swear by my faith and honour I won't betray you.' This speech, which he made with that dignity which never abandons great men in distress, astonished them all. They sent him back to his cave, to renew their deliberations.

They now gave into softer counsels; though some still persisted in advising his death, but those were the fewer number, and spoke with less vehemence. The debates, which the Count heard distinctly, would have alarmed a heart less brave than his; for besides the idea of death, which was always present, every one framed a different punishment, and made him feel all the horrors of it. Even death itself, is indeed far preferable to the cruel vicissitude of hope and despair. The Count however, calmly waited for his sentence. The votes were unanimous in his favour; they brought him out again. One of the subterraneous crew pronounced him at liberty, on condition he swore an inviolable secrecy, and would leave the village and his servants in that notion of spirits which they had already entertained; and that when he was out of the province, he would not mention the adventure. After these oaths, they gave him

his arms and letters, except one, which they kept. They made him drink some glasses of wine: the whole company drank to his health, and, after having made him sensible what a risque they ran in sparing his life, they opened the trap door, and two guides led him towards his apartment. As soon as he was upon the stair-case, the guides took off his bandage, and returned to their cavern.

The Count returned to his chamber, amazed at his adventure; but had like to have met with a more terrible one from his valet. The poor fellow, quite sobered by his fears, was in despair when he missed the Count. He concluded that the spirits had strangled him, according to the stories of the night before. Full of grief for his dear master, he even mistook him, when he entered, and taking him for the spectre, let fly his pistol at him. By the direction of providence the pistol missed, and the Count made himself known. The poor servant was ready to die with shame and horror at the misfortune he had escaped, and implored his master's forgiveness. The Count, without staying to hear him, bid him follow him; for he thought quitting the castle a better security than the mutual oaths in the cavern, since it was possible they might recant their's. They went together, and waited for day light in the avenue leading to the village; and the Count told his man, that having followed the spectre with his arms in his hand, after several rounds it buried itself in a sort of well, which he was almost decoyed into, and that he had much ado to find his room again. When it was day he went to the Curate, and told him the same story, which soon spread itself through the village; and having sent for his bed and his clothes, he then continued his journey.

Several years passed before the Count mentioned his adventure; and he had never divulged it,

without the express permission which he afterwards received. One day, when he was at his country seat, they told him a man wanted to communicate to him an important affair, and that he could not stay nor come into the castle. The Count, surprized at the message, sent for the messenger, and ordered his people to enquire whence he came. The messenger again answered, that he must not come in, nor wait, nor name his masters; and notwithstanding all their persuasions, he persisted in staying upon the draw-bridge.

The Count, who was at dinner, communicated this extraordinary message to the gentlemen at table with him, and asked their advice. Some found reasons to distrust where there was so much mystery, and were for securing the messenger; but the majority advised the Count to go and speak with him, for fear of losing some advice of consequence to his safety, and offered to accompany him. The council prevailed: the Count rose from the table, and, with all the gentlemen, went to the bridge, where the messenger waited. When the messenger saw him, he cried out, fear nothing, Sir; and, to prove that I have no ill design, I discharge my arms. Immediately he fired off his pistols towards the fields. Then the Count approaching, the messenger, without dismounting, put into his hands two noble Spanish horses, which he led; and delivering a packet, said to him, 'This, Sir, will inform you further; I have finished my commission, and my orders oblige me to depart.' At the end of this speech, he spurred his horse, and went off in full gallop: nor could they ever find out where he retired to.

The Count wondered at this commission, and was impatient to know the authors and the motives of it. He gave the gentleman next him the horses to hold, and opened the letter. He found it wrote in various characters, and after having very well

considered it, he read it aloud. It was to this effect:—

'We thank you, Sir, for having hitherto preserved a secret in our favour, and we have sent these two horses as instances of our gratitude. We have sent to you an important letter, which you left such a day, and such a year, at the castle of ———. It may put you in mind of a strange adventure which happened to you there. We have happily concluded our affair, and returned to our own homes. We disengage you from your oaths and your secret: we shall tell your adventure ourselves, and give you permission to publish it. Adieu, generous Count.—This comes from the six gentlemen who put you into such a fright in the cellars of the castle of ———.'

After reading this letter, the Count yet doubted whether he ought to divulge the secret; but at the instance of the gentlemen then with him, he told them his singular adventure, and took a pleasure in repeating it on all occasions.

Anecdote of Frederick the Great.

No officer of the guards at Portsdam, dared go to Berlin without the king's leave. A masquerade was one day given at Berlin, where the king was expected, and he thought that every officer would have asked leave at the parade to go to it, but no one advanced for that purpose, and his majesty much surprized that no one should ask, supposed they meant to come in cog; upon which he resolved to watch narrowly every mask of whom he had the smallest suspicion. On entering the masquerade, he looked round, and soon perceived a mask, whom he knew by his height to be one of his guards. The king, therefore, sent several of his

attendants to find out this mask, but all to no purpose. He was, however, resolved to know who he was, and went himself masked, and asked him:—'Are you not lieutenant G.'—'Yes, I am; but I am here without the king's leave and *he is a scoundrel that tells where I am.*' This is a common expression in the Prussian army, and means, keep the secret, or forfeit your honour. The king was thus bound to silence, but determined to punish the officer for being at the masquerade without leave; upon which he spoke to an officer of the rifle corps, which the mask observing, left the saloon, mounted his horse, and galloped back to Portsdam, undressed, hid his domino, and went to bed. He had not been long there, when the commanding officer arrived, came to his bedside and found him apparently fast asleep.

The king, the next morning, on the parade, sure of success, after having given the parole, asked in a peremptory tone of voice, if the colonel had executed his order, and what officer he had to report absent last night. The colonel answered, 'None, that he had found them all in bed.'

When the king saw his scheme had miscarried, he walked up and down, and stopped before the officer in question, and whispering in his ear, said, 'I make you a captain, but you are a *hunds-foott*, (a scoundrel) if you tell it to any body.' As soon as the king was gone, they all came round the officer, and asked what the king had said to him, but he would not tell, and replied, 'Nothing! nothing.'

After a twelvemonth was passed, and not a word had transpired, finding the officer kept the secret, the king sent him a commission dated a year back.'

Population of the World.

According to a statistical chart, published in a Neapolitan Journal, the universal population of the Globe, is, 632,000,000:—thus subdivided 172,000,000 in Europe,—330,000,000 in Asia,—70,000,000 in Africa,—40,000,000 in America,—twenty millions in other parts.

Estimate by approximation,—in Europe, births per annum 6,371,870; per diem 17,453; hour 727; minutue 62; second 1.

Deaths per annum 5 653,822; per diem 13,360; hour 577; minute 66; second 1.

In the entire Globe.—Births per annum 23,407,407: per diem 64,130; hour 2,672; minute 148; second 8.

Deaths per annum 13,588,235; per diem 50,927; hour 2,122; minute 135; second 7.

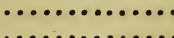
Persons arrived at the age of 100, in 1800, according to Larrey. There were at Cairo 35 individuals who had attained to the age of 100 and upwards. In Spain in the last age were to be seen at St. Jean de Page, a town of Gallicia, 13 old persons, the youngest of whom was 110, and the oldest 127; their ages made together 1,499 years. England is generally accounted to contain 5,100 individuals of 100 years old. At the commencement of the present century, there were in Ireland 41 individuals from the age of 95 to 104, in a population of only 47,000 souls. In Russia amongst 891,652 dead, in 1814 there were 3,531 individuals from 100 to 132 years of age, In Hungary, the family of Jean Kevin, has furnished an example of the most extraordinary longevity; the father lived 172 years, his wife

164 years, they were married 142 years, and the youngest of their children was 115. Daniel Bernaulli, calculated that the inoculation of the small pox has been the means of prolonging human life, by three years; and the new observations of Davillard, gave the same result from vaccination.

By the late population report, the following curious fact is elicited:—

Men 100 years and upwards.	
England	57
Wales	3
Scotland	40
Total	100

Women 100 years and upwards.	
England	111
Wales	18
Scotland	62
Total	191



Boscobel House.

On the borders between Staffordshire and Shropshire, in a large wood, stands Boscobel House, (or White Ladies, as some call it,) where the Pendrils lived who preserved King Charles II. after Worcester battle; and famous for the royal oak. The grand daughter of that William Pendril, in the year 1761, resided in that house, which is most curiously constructed, it formerly being a nunnery in possession of the family of the Cooksey's; the garret was the chapel, the floor of which being matted completely, prevented any suspicion of a little cavity, with a trap door over the stair-case, where the king was hid: his bed

was artfully placed behind some wainscot and shut up so very close as to escape observation. A descendant of the Cookseys' still keeps the gloves and garters his Majesty left behind him on that eventful day.

A bow shot from the house, just by a horse track passing through the wood, stood the royal-oak, into which the King and Colonel Carlos climbed, by means of the hen-roost ladder, when they thought it no longer safe to stay in the house: the family reaching them victuals with a nut-hook, —whilst the King and Colonel were on the tree, a party of the enemy's horse sent to search the house, came whistling and talking just under the tree, an owl at that moment flew from an adjoining tree, and hovering along the ground as if her wings were broken, drew the soldiers attention, and they merrily pursued her, to the great satisfaction of the King, who in the greatest perturbation beheld the scene.

The tree is now enclosed within a brick wall, the inside whereof is covered with laurel; of which we may say as Ovid did of that of the Augustan Palace, '*Mediamque tuebere quercum.*' for the oak is in the middle, almost cut away by travellers, where curiosity leads them to see it; close by its side grows a young thriving plant from one of its acorns. After the restoration, the King reviewing the place with very different emotions from what he felt when there before: gathered some of the acorns and set them in St. James's Park, and used to water them himself. To reward Pendril, he gave him £200 per annum which gift is still in the family.

A Novel and Attrocious Character.

During the awful prevalence of the plague in the north-east of Spain, in the autumn of 1821, a foreigner, who was variously said to be a Jew, a Turk, an American, and a renegado, but whose acknowledged vocation was that of a merchant, in which capacity he had amassed a large property, visited the devoted city of Barcelona. A letter from thence gives the following account of this singular attrocious character:—

"This man, who, from his long white beard, might have been taken for a Patriarch: had been an eye-witness of all the plagues that had desolated, of late years, the Turkish empire. As soon as he heard that a pestilence had broken out in any city, he immediately hastened to it. He used to account for these extraordinary journies, by the advantage which he found in such desolated countries in purchasing his goods at a lower rate than usual; but still it seemed inexplicable how lust of gold could so far overcome the love of life, and how the old man, who was already so rich, should continually expose himself to almost inevitable death. Questions put to the strange traveller were never answered clearly. When he arrived at such a theatre of death he wrapped himself from head to foot in tarred linen, covered his hands with black leather gloves, his face with a glass mask, and thus guarded against infection, and provided with a stick, which had an iron hook at the end, he entered the infected houses. There he possessed himself of whatever he found, seized on hidden treasures and the most valuable utensils, and tore their jewels from the bodies of the dead. More than once he is said to have hastened the effects of the pestilence, and to have given the death-blow to the victims whose cries would have interrupted him in perpetrating his

robberies. If chance led him into a house which was still free from the contagion, he announced himself as a physician, and woe to those who confided in his skill. Loaded with treasures he always returned to Venice, where, admired by every body on account of the success of his enterprize, he waited for the signal for fresh booty, like the carrion vulture.

"The news of the distress of Barcelona became glad tidings for this wretch, and he had already carried on his horrid trade among us for a fortnight, when he was detected in the very act of stabbing a patient who was quite delirous. This patient was a young French merchant, who was greatly beloved at Barcelona on account of his integrity. He had just lost his wife and two sons, and was himself struggling against the distemper, which had hitherto spared this courageous young man, who most tenderly devoted himself to his family. He was murdered almost in the arms of his countryman, Captain R. who was near his friend in an adjoining room.—Hearing the door open, he hastened back to the patient; sees the villain stab his friend to the heart, rushes on him, seizes him, and throws him on the ground after a very hard struggle, in which the old wretch shewed much more strength than could have been expected. "Sir," cried the old wretch, finding himself overpowered, "surely you will not kill me." "Villain what hast thou done?" "But he was so ill." "And those things which you had already stolen?" "I thought every body was dead, give me my life; I will make you a rich man." "You dare offer me your blood stained gold?" "Sir, be without fear; I possess several remedies against the plague; I will give you as many sequins as you can carry." "And were you to offer me two arrobas?"—"You shall have ten," said the murderer, and received the Captain's sword through his heart.

The Magistrates seized the body of the pretended Israelite, and had it hung at the corner of Regomin-street. They also sent officers to the house in which he had lived, and ordered all they found there to be sold for the benefit of the poor.

Account of the Wonderful Longevity of Henry Jenkins, who died at North Allerton, in Yorkshire, aged 169.

Henry Jenkins, of the parish of Bolton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, till he was 169 years of age. He was sworn a witness in a cause to 120 years, which the judge reproving him for, he said he was then butler to the Lord Conyers; and it was reported, that his name was found in an old register of the Lord Conyers' menial servants.

Mrs. Anne Saville has given the following account of this extraordinary long liver: When I came, said she, to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day on his coming to beg alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was, he paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 3; I asked him, what kings he remembered? he said, Henry the VIIIth. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flodden field. I asked whether the king was there? he said no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then? he said, I believe I might be between 10 or 12; for, said he, I was sent to North-Allerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used,

the earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable, that this Jenkins could neither write nor read. There were also four or five in the same parish, that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man, ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said: he told me then too, that he was butler to Lord Conyers, and remembered the abbot of Fountains abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life, December 8, 1760, at Allerton upon Swale, in Yorkshire. The battle of Flodden-field was fought September, 9, 1513, and he was then about 12 years old. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, viz. 16 years longer than old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of this postdiluvian world.

The story of old Parr is a well-known fact: he was brought out of Derbyshire to the court in the time of King Charles the First, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years of age; and might have (as was thought) gone further, if the change from country air and diet to that of the town had not carried him off, perhaps untimely, at that very age.

The Countess of Desmond is another striking instance of this kind. She was the daughter of the Fitzgeralds of Drumana, in the county of Waterford; and married, in the reign of King Edward IV. James, the fourteenth Earl of Desmond; was in England in the same reign, and danced at court with his brother Richard, then Duke of Gloucester. She was then a widow; for Sir Walter Raleigh says they held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since that time. She lived to the age

of some years above a hundred and forty, and died in the reign of James I. It appears that she retained her full vigour in a very advanced time of life; the ruin of the house of Desmond reduced her to poverty, and obliged her to take a journey from Bristol to London, to solicit relief from the court, at a time she was above a hundred and forty. She also twice or thrice renewed her teeth.

Some time in the reign of King James I. a morrice-dance was exhibited in Herefordshire, consisting of twelve persons, whose ages, added together, amounted to twelve hundred years.

I met with a man who begged his bread, and was a hundred and twenty-four years old. He told me that he had been a soldier in the Cales' voyage under the earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account; that after his return he fell to labour in his own parish; that he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled, he had to beg. His food was generally milk, bread, and cheese, and his liquor was procured him from the best spring in the parish. He had a neighbour who was three years older than himself, and had been his fellow soldier at Cales: but he had been in a good service, and had something to live on now he was old."

Accidents are not in our power to govern: so that our best cares for life and health, consist in the discreet and temperate government of diet and exercise; in both which all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine; whereof the first glass must pass for health, the second for good humour, the third for our friends, but the fourth is for our enemies."

A QUESTION
PROPOSED BY A LADY TO A GENTLEMAN:

"*Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary Man in the World?*"

THE GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER.

Because he has more business upon *earth* than any man living, and always likes to have *good ground* for what he does, he is master of his own *thyme*, is blessed with *content*, and can give *balm* to the afflicted. He raises his *celery* every year, without being obliged to the *penny-royal*. He is proprietor of the *mint*, and it is a bad year indeed, that does not bring him in a *plumb*. He is no great friend to the marriage act, because his principal delight is to see a multitude of *pears*. When he walks in his territories, he meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state: nay he has even the *sultan* in his power, and is superior to the *sages*. He is every day cultivating and enriching his *parts*, and he is a great encourager of *coxcombs*; yet he himself has such a contempt for dress, that his wig is often a perfect *scare-crow*: he can make more *beds* than an inn-keeper, and has in them brighter *lillies* than are to be seen in a court. As all his *beds* are more fruitful than king Priam's, no wonder his nursery is fuller than the Foundling Hospital; though it is liable to an odd accident, for it may sometimes be reduced to *ashes* without being burnt, and water will not prevent it, but *shrub* may; of this he has a great quantity, which all the nobility purchase of him, though it is notoriously known, they could never make a drop of punch of any *shrub* he sold them. There is one particular quality in the nature of his *beds*, that they are never the worse, but rather the better, if he chance to water or even dung in them; which, I am ashamed to say, he often does, though

many *pots* are standing by his *bed-side: raking* is more his business than his diversion, and this which brings ruin to many, is of great service to his health and fortune. Several distempers that affect others, are by no means hurtful to him: he walks more easy and steady for the *gravel*, and thrives best in a great *consumption*. He *inoculates* with certainty of success, and never lost a *suckling* by cutting of teeth. There never was an instance of sore throats or fevers, infecting his nursery. He makes no use of James's powder, but has great quantities of *bark*. He is a man of such surprizing abilities, that he keeps *the devil in a bush*, and has been seen often in private with the *monk's hood*, without ever being suspected of inclining more to that, than to the *turk's-cap*, and though he greatly prefers this to the *crown imperial*, yet he brings more *bon-chretiens* to perfection, than any popish confessor. He is remarkable for *honesty*, and deals much in the *admirable*, and it is no wonder the man who reaches the *star of Bethlehem*, should have the *marvel of Peru*, his favourites are beauties of the most distinguished kinds, with *damask roses*, *eye-bright*, *cowslips*, and the *teton de Venus*, and though he enjoys these by turns in *high bloom*. his wife has *heart's ease* enough, and never wishes for *weeds;* in short, madam, he can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than you, and of more *laurels* than the late duke of Marlborough, but *his greatest pride*, and the world's greatest *envy* is, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.

Account of the Extraordinary Dexterity of William Kingston, who was born without Arms or Hands.

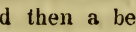
In order to give the public a satisfactory account of William Kingston, I went to Ditcheat last Monday, and the next morning got him to break-

fast with me at Mr. Goodfellow's, and had ocular proofs of his dexterity.

He highly entertained us at breakfast, by putting his half-naked foot upon the table as he sat, and carrying his tea and toast between his great and second toe to his mouth, with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand, and his toes fingers. I put half a sheet of paper upon the floor, with a pen and inkhorn. He threw off his shoes as he sat, took the inkhorn in the toes of his left foot, and held the pen in those of his right. He then wrote three lines as well as most ordinary writers, and as swiftly. He writes out all his own bills and other accounts. He then shewed me how he shaves himself with a razor in his toes: and he can comb his own hair. He can dress and undress himself, except buttoning his clothes. He feeds himself, and can bring both his meat or his broth to his mouth, by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He cleans his own shoes: can clean the knives, light the fire, and do almost every other domestic business as well as another man. He can make hen-coops. He is a farmer by occupation. He can milk his own cows with his toes, and cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. Last winter he had eight heifers constantly to fodder.—The last summer he made all his own hay-ricks. He can do all the business of the hay-field (except mowing) as fast and as well, with only his feet, as others can with rakes and forks. He goes to the field and catches his horse. He saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. If he has a sheep among his flock that ails any thing, he can separate it from the rest, drive it into a corner and catch it when nobody else can. He then examines it, and applies a remedy to it. He is so strong in his teeth, that he can lift ten pecks of beans with his teeth. He can throw a great sledge hammer as far with his feet as other men can with

their hands. In a word, he can nearly do as much without, as others can with their arms.

He began the world with a hen and chicken. With the profit of these he purchased an ewe.—The sale of these procured him a ragged colt (as he expressed it) and then a better. After this he raised a better and a few sheep, and now occupies a small farm.



Viz. Videlicit, or the Giblet Pie.

A gentleman being deputed to make choice of a house, and to order an annual dinner for a party, determined upon one pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames, in the village of Mortlake. Having agreed with the landlord as to terms, and the precise dishes that were to be placed on the table, the gentleman informed him, that, in the event of the party being likewise satisfied, he would transmit him a letter, by post, naming the day, &c. Their consent being signified, the gentleman accordingly wrote, merely stating, that on such a day he might expect the company, to the number of twenty-two, at so much per head; and to guard against any misunderstanding, thought it prudent to recapitulate the dishes previously agreed upon, beginning, 'viz. Fish, veal, ham, &c.'

By return of post the landlord returned the following curious answer:—

'Sir, I received your commands but I don't know what you means by Vidilecit as I didnt hear you mention it when you was at Mortlake

every thing else shall be obeyed. Yours to command,

EDW. B——D.

O—S—p Mortlake July 4.'

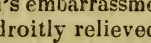
This letter, of course, afforded considerable mirth to the party who perused it—but it appeared to the gentleman strange that the landlord should be incapable of understanding the contraction, and yet write the word at length, though improperly spelt. The following dialogue, however, which actually took place upon the receipt of the letter, at which time the landlord, his wife, and a waiter, were in the bar, will best elucidate the subject:—

'Why, wife, did you ever hear me mention such a dish as *viz* when the gentleman was down here ordering the dinner?'—'Lord, husband, no; what is *viz*?' A gentleman, who had just paid the waiter for his morning beverage, hearing the last question, politely answered, 'It means *Videlicet*, madam,' and passed on. Here the host was again at a pause, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'And what is *Videlicet*? I never heard of such a dish in all my life.' 'Nor I, husband, though I have lived in the first families—aye, and where every kind of made dish has been sent to table.' 'Thomas, do you know what is *Videlicet*?' 'No, sir; but I suppose it's some of those new-fangled dishes that the French are so fond of. I'll ask in the kitchen.' The inquiries in the kitchen were equally unsuccessful; but, Thomas, upon recollection, thought he had heard of a fish of that name. To the beach the landlord immediately proceeded; all the river fishermen were, in turn, applied to, but all were equally positive that *Videlicet* did not grow in the river Thames, or else they must have caught him—perhaps it might be a salt-water fish; but that opinion was not supported by the landlady, who declared that, if *Videlicet* was any thing,

it was a made dish; and, not to expose their ignorance, they agreed to apologize, and make no further inquiries.

On the day of the dinner, which, to the landlords credit, was excellent, the idea of *viz* was not forgotten; the inquiries for it were so frequent, that the landlord, who waited in person, thought proper, with many apologies, to express his regret that he had not been able to procure it in time—the letter came too late—the notice was so short—but, desirous to oblige, he had placed on the table, in its stead, a giblet pie.

This explanation produced such an involuntary, such a general burst of laughter, that all sensibly felt for the landlord's embarrassment from which, however, he was adroitly relieved by one of the party observing, 'Why, really, Mr. B. I admire your substitution: your giblet pie is excellent, and so like *Videlicet*, that I shall never eat of the one without thinking upon the other.'



How to Tame a Turbulent Husband.

A tradesman who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he had brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprized her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to

beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. 'Stop,' said she, 'I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. 'Get out of my house,' said he, 'and let us share our goods.' 'Readily,' said she, 'I am willing to leave you;' and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window-curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property: but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: 'My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous.' In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard, all these famous tatlers publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The

ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so. '*Take care of the trunk,*' to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

Earthquake at Aleppo.

A letter from Constantinople, dated September 3, describes this event in the following manner:—

'Aleppo, one of the most beautiful cities of the Ottoman Empire, has been visited by an earthquake, resembling those which laid waste to Lisbon and Calabria in the last century. The first and most severe shock occurred on the 13th of August, about ten in the evening, and instantly buried thousands of the inhabitants under the ruins of their elegant mansions of stone, some of which deserve the name of palaces. Several other shocks succeeded, and even on the 16th shocks were still experienced, some of which were severe. Two-thirds of the houses of this populous* city are in ruins, and along with them an immense quantity of valuable goods of all kinds from Persia and India have been destroyed.

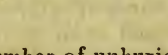
'According to the first accounts of this event, which through alarm may have been exaggerated, the number of the sufferers amounts to from 25 to 30,000 Among them is one of the best men in the city, the Imperial Consul-General, the Cheva-

* The number of houses of this city is stated at 40,000, and of the inhabitants at 200,000,

lier Esdras Von Piecotto. Having escaped the danger of being buried under the ruins of his own house, he hastened with some of his family towards the gate of the city; but as he was passing a Khan, a new shock occurred, and a wall fell down which buried him and those with him. Tartars who have arrived from Damascus report that they saw the whole population of Aleppo encamped in the environs. They state that several other towns in the Pachalat of Aleppo and Tripoli, particularly Antioch and Laodicea, have been destroyed by this earthquake. The Captain of a French ship also has reported that two rocks at the time of the earthquake had risen from the sea in the neighbourhood of Cyprus, which is almost under the same latitude as Aleppo.

'As soon as the Arabs and the Bedouins of the Syrian desert obtained information of the calamity which had befallen Aleppo, they hastened in hordes to exercise their trade of plunder in that immense grave. Behren Pacha, however, drove them back, and also executed several Janisaries who had committed depredations among the dead and ruins.

'The great number of unburied bodies in this extremely hot period of the year, has produced pestilential effluvia, and obliged the unfortunate inhabitants to seek for refuge in some remote district.'

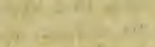


The Cossack.

The Cossack lies dowu along-side of his horse, and never thinks of refreshment for himself until he has relieved the wants of his dumb companion. The animal becomes so habituated to his master, that he runs to him when he hears his whistle.—

The following occurrence concerning them is told at the Hague:—

'A Cossack intercepted a French officer, stripped him of his coat, and, in trying how it would fit, found some difficulty in either getting it off or on; the other man taking advantage of his perplexity, leaped on his horse, and bade him *Bon jour*. The Cossack only smiled at this, had recourse to his whistle, and had him back in a twinkling, when in addition to bidding him good day, he gave him rather an unwelcome salute with his spear.



The Husband and his two Wives.

When a holy zeal to drive the infidels from Palestine, had seized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east, Gleichen, a German count, also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to Asia. Without describing his great and heroic atchievements, suffice it to say, that the bravest knights of christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the heroes faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the Infidels, and became the slave to a Mahometan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to Gleichen's care.

The unfortunate count was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilies and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs; often did she see him weep whilst praying,

and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. Modesty, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathized in his sorrows.

At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished Count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty. All this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave her father and native land, and fly with him to Europe. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. The Count was her all. She hastened away, brought a key, opened a private door leading to the fields, and fled with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favoured their flight. They arrived safely in the country of the Count. His vassals joyfully greeted their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity beheld his companion, whose face was concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle the countess rushed into his embrace; 'My dear wife,' said he, 'for the pleasure of seeing me again you have to thank her:' pointing to his deliverer; 'she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land.'

The Count covered his streaming eyes with his hands. The beauteous Saracen dropped her veil; and throwing herself at the feet of the Countess, exclaimed, 'I am thy vassal!' 'Thou art my sister,' replied the Countess, raising and embracing

her. 'My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart.' The Count astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, pressed her to his heart, all three were united in one embrace, and they vowed to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the Pope himself confirmed it. The Count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness; and he, with his two faithful wives, were, after their death, laid in one grave in the church of the Benedictine convent at Erfurth. It is covered with a large stone, on which the chisel of sensibility has represented them. Their tomb is still shewn by the monks to the inquisitive traveller.

The Palace of the Prince of Palagonia.

This Palace, which, for its singularity, certainly is not to be parralleled on the face of the earth; belongs to the Prince of Palagonia, a nobleman of immense fortune, who has devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the wildest writers of romance or knight errantry.

The amazing crowd of statues that surround the house, appear, at a distance, like a little army drawn up for its defence; but when you get amongst them, and every one assumes its true likeness, you imagine you have got into the regions of delusion and enchantment; for of all that immense group, there is not one made to represent any object in nature; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination that created them, less astonishing than its wonderful fertility. It would require a volume to describe the whole, and a sad volume indeed it would make. He has put the heads of men to the bodies of every sort

of animal, and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six animals, that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He puts the head of a lion to the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, the tail of a fox.—On the back of this monster, he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a tush of horns; they beat the beast in the Revelations all to nothing. There is no kind of horn in the world that he has not collected; and his pleasure is, to see them all flourishing upon the same head. This is a strange species of madness; and it is truly unaccountable, that he has not been shut up many years ago: but he is perfectly innocent, and troubles nobody by the indulgence of his phrenzy. On the contrary, he gives bread to a number of statuaries, and other workmen, whom he rewards in proportion as they can bring their imaginations to coincide with his own; or, in other words, according to the hideousness of the monsters they produce. It would be idle and tiresome to be particular in an account of these absurdities. The statues that adorn, or rather deform the great avenue, and surround the Court of the Palace, amount already to 600; notwithstanding which, it might be truly said, that he has not broke the second Commandment; for all that number, there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. The old ornaments which were put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to have been in a good taste. They have all been knocked to pieces, and laid together in a heap, to make room for this new creation.

The inside of this enchanted castle corresponds exactly with the out; it is in every respect as whimsical and fantastical; and you cannot turn yourself to any side, where you are not stared in

the face by some hideous figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs; which instead of plaister or stucco, are composed entirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these produce (as each of them make a full angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying-glass; so that when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of three or four hundred walking above. The whole of the doors are likewise covered over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass of different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and side-boards, are crowded with pyramids, and pillars of tea-pots, caudle cups, bowls, cups, saucers, &c. strongly cemented together: some of these columns are not without their beauty: one of them has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its capital; the shaft of the column, upwards of four feet long, is composed entirely of tea-pots of different sizes, diminished gradually from the base to the capital. The profusion of china that has been employed in forming these columns is incredible; I dare say, there is not less than forty pillars and pyramids formed in this fantastic manner.

Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables of different colours, that look like so many tomb-stones. Some of these are richly wrought with lapis lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable stones: their fine polish is now gone, and they only appear like common marble. The place of these beautiful tables he has supplied by a new set of his own invention, some of which are not without their merit. These are made of the finest tortoise-shell, mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety of other metals; and are mounted on fine stands of solid brass.

The windows of this enchanted Castle are composed of a variety of glass of every different colour, mixed without any sort of order or regularity. Blue, red, green, yellow, purple, violet.—So that at each window, you may have the heavens and the earth of whatever colour you chuse, only by looking through the pane that pleases you.

The house clock is cased in the body of a statue; the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately, and making a hideous appearance.

His bed-chamber and dressing-room, are like two apartments in Noah's Ark; there is scarce a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, of their respective colours. There are a great many busts too, that are not less singularly imagined. Some of these make a very handsome profile on one side; turn to the other, and you have a skeleton. Here you see a nurse with a child in her arms; its back is exactly that of an infant; its face is that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

For some minutes we can laugh at these follies, but indignation and contempt soon get the better of your mirth, and the laugh is turned into a sneer. I own I was soon tired of them; though some things are so strangely fancied, that it may well excuse a little mirth, even from the most rigid Cynic.

The family statues are charming; they have been done from some old pictures, and make a most venerable appearance. He has dressed them out from head to foot, in new and elegant suits of marble; and indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous than any thing you can conceive.—Their shoes are all of black marble, their stockings

generally of red; their clothes are of different colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich lace of giall, antique. The periwigs of the men, and head-dresses of the ladies, are of fine white; so are their shirts, with long flowing ruffles of alabaster. The walls of the house are covered with some fine basso relievos of white marble, in a good taste; these he could not well take out, or alter, so he has only added immense frames to them. Each frame is composed of four large marble tables.

The author and owner of this ingenious collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seems to be afraid of every body he speaks to; (but what surprized me) I have heard him talk speciously enough on several occasions. He is one of the richest subjects in the island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than twenty thousand pounds in the creation of this world of monsters and chimeras. He certainly might have fallen upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate. However it gives bread to a number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent master. His house at Palermo is a good deal in the same style; his carriages are covered with plates of brass, so that I really believe some of them are musket proof.

The government has had serious thoughts of demolishing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his house; but as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this would certainly break his heart, they have as yet forborne. However, the seeing of them by women with child, is said to have been already attended with very unfortunate circumstances; several living monsters having been brought forth in the neighbourhood. The ladies complain, that they can no longer take an airing in the Bagaria, because some hideous form always haunts their imagination for some time

after; their husbands too, it is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of horns.

Wanted.—A Wife.

The following notice was distributed at the doors of Edmonton Church, on the 10th ultimo, after a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Hawker: —'A tradesman, of domestic habits and a retired life, between thirty and forty years of age, who has been some time in a respectable trade in London, by which he has acquired of this world's goods from 2,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*; but, from his situation in life, has not had an opportunity of settling himself with a companion of similar habits —(he trusts he will be found of an accommodating disposition, and determined to make every one with whom he has to do, comfortable to the utmost of his power)—is desirous of meeting with a female of similar habits and circumstances in life, well versed in domestic concerns, good tempered, obliging to her friends, yet not extravagant or given to much company; neat in her apppearance —of light complexion; but, above all, having the grace of GOD in her heart, and believing JESUS CHRIST to be *all in all* to poor miserable sinners.

The limits of this paper will not admit of any further description; but should this meet the eye of any one influenced by the same spirit that dictated the above, have no doubt of spending the present state in comfort, and the eternal in everlasting happiness.—A line, addressed to A. B. C. 46, Wellington street, Goswell-street-road, appointing an interview any day in October next, will be attended to with all secresy.

Strange Cure for the Tooth-Ache.

Few corporal maladies have received less attention from physicians than the tooth-ache, perhaps for the same reason that the Parisian barber was unwilling to meddle with Sterne's wig, 'it was either above or below his skill." Ignorance and chance have however supplied us with a copious list of nostrums for this complaint, of which few were ever known to effect a radical cure. To such of your readers who may suffer from the tooth-ache, no apology will be necessary for recommending to their notice an easy operation, which has proved an effectual remedy to some of my friends: it is nothing more than burning with a sharp instrument the inner ridge of the cartilage of the ear, which divides the external cavity, and is united with the outer ridge called the helix. A slight incision is made near the middle of this inner ridge: the operation, when once seen, is more easy to perform than describe; it is attended with little pain, the ear heals in a few days, and the patient is said to be secure from any future return of the complaint; this has been the case with those I have been acquainted with, on whom the operation had been performed several years since. My own short experience of nine months cannot decide much for the practice. I can only say, it has hitherto perfectly succeeded. The power of imagination may repress for a short time the sensation of pain, but few will suppose it capable of destroying the acute pangs of the tooth-ache for years. That enlightened political philosopher, Major Cartwright, informed me, that many months and years of his life had been sacrificed by this painful disorder, but he never had any return of it, after the above operation had been performed, which he believed was 30 years since.

Can any of your correspondents inform me, whether burning in the ear for the tooth-ache, be practised on the Continent, as I believe it was first introduced from thence. Can any possible connexion be traced between the cartilage of the ear, and the teeth that may explain the effect produced by this operation?

I only know two instances where it has been performed by regular medical practitioners. In general the possibility of its effecting a cure has been denied, because it could not be explained by physiologists; yet how many facts in pneumatic chemistry, electricity, &c. are we now acquainted with, which a century since would have been '*a priori*' declared impossible—because they could not have been exlpained by the imperfect systems of natural philosophy then known.

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Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

MARRIAGES.

On Monday last at Bray Church, Philip Maughan, Esq. Captain in the East India Company's Service, to Teresa, third daughter of the late Alexander Brenan of Kingstown Lodge, Co. Dublin, Esq.—On Saturday the 26th October inst. in St. Andrew's Church, Mr. Henry Bingham, Jun. of Dame-street, to Sarah, second daughter of John Hodges, Esq. of Westmoreland street.—At Clifton Church, The Venerable William Digby, Archdeacon of Elphin, to Louisa, second daughter of the late Arthur French, of French-Park, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 4th, at Grehamstown, Glascow, Wm. Gordon, aged 97; this singular individual who for 10 years past wore the same coat patched and mended, and who is said for seven years never to have used soap in washing himself: left behind him an immense quantity of keys, old and new highly burnished, a hat full of pins, 15 large screws, from 90 to 100 hammers, adze's, and gimblets: a great quantity of bottles and jars, and what may appear most singular, a room full of boys tops, peeries, whips, &c. His collection of sticks are curious,—them, with gold and silver watches, are in the possession of his Executor; for many years he wore a polished key on his thumb, and a gold watch in one pocket, and a silver one in the other.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 19.

The VICTIM of PARENTAL TYRANNY.

Antoine Augustin Thomas du F—, eldest son of the baron du F—, counsellor of the parliament of Normandy, was born on the 15th of July, 1750. His early years were embittered by the severity of his father, who was of a disposition that preferred the exercise of domestic tyranny to the blessings of social happiness, and chose rather to be dreaded than beloved. The endearing name of father conveyed no transport to his heart, which, being wrapt up in stern insensibility, was cold even to the common feelings of nature.

The baron's austerity was not indeed confined to his son, but extended to all his dependants. Formed by nature for the support of the ancient government of France, he maintained his aristocratic rights with unrelenting severity, ruled his feudal tenures with a rod of iron, and considered the lower order of people as a set of beings whose existence was tolerated merely for the use of the nobility. The poor, he believed, were only born for suffering; and he determined, as far as in him lay, not to deprive them of their natural inherit-

ance. On the whole, if it were the great purpose of human life to be hated, perhaps no person ever attained that end more completely than the baron du F—.

His son discovered early a taste for literature, and received an education suitable to his rank and fortune. As he advanced in life, the treatment he experienced from his father became more and more intolerable to him, as, far from inheriting the same character, he possessed the most amiable disposition, and the most feeling heart.

His mother, feeble alike in mind and body, submitted with the helplessness, and almost with the thoughtlessness, of a child, to the imperious will of her husband. Their family was increased by two more sons and two daughters; but these children, being several years younger than Mons. du F—. were not of an age to afford him the consolations of friendship; and the young man would have found his situation intolerable, but for the sympathy of a person, in whose society every evil was forgotten.

This person, his attachment to whom has tinctured the colour of his life, was the youngest of eight children, of a respectable family of Bourgeois at Rouen. There is great reason to believe that her father was descended from the younger branch of a noble family of the same name, and bearing the same arms. But, unhappily, some links were wanting in this chain of honourable parentage. The claim to nobility could not be traced to the entire satisfaction of the baron; who, though he would have dispensed with any moral qualities in favour of rank, considered obscure birth as a radical stain, which could not be wiped off by all the virtues under heaven. He looked upon marriage as merely a convention of interest, and children as a property, of which it was rea-

sonable for parents to make the most in their power.

The father of Mademoiselle Monique C— was a farmer, and died three months before the birth of this child; who, with seven other children, was educated with the utmost care by their mother, a woman of sense and virtue, beloved by all to whom she was known. It seemed as if this respectable woman had, after the death of her husband, only supported life for the sake of her infant family, from whom she was snatched by death, the moment her maternal cares became no longer necessary; her youngest daughter, Monique, having, at this period, just attained her twentieth year. Upon the death of her mother, Monique went to live with an aunt, with whom she remained only a very short time, being invited by Madame du F—, to whom she was well known, to come and live with her as an humble companion, to read to her when she was disposed to listen, and to enliven the sullen grandeur of the chateau, by her animating vivacity.

This young person had cultivated her excellent understanding by reading, and her heart stood in no need of cultivation. Mons. du F— found in the charms of her conversation, and in the sympathy of her friendship, the most soothing consolation under the rigour of parental tyranny. Living several years beneath the same roof, he had constant opportunities of observing her disposition and character; and the passion with which she at length inspired him, was founded on the lasting basis of esteem.

If it was ever pardonable to deviate from that law, in the code of interest and etiquette, which forbids the heart to listen to its best emotions, which, stifling every generous sentiment of pure disinterested attachment, sacrifices love at the

shrine of avarice or ambition, the virtues of Monique were such as might excuse this deviation. Yes, the character, the conduct of this amiable person, have nobly justified her lover's choice. How long might we have vainly sought, in the highest classes of society, a mind so elevated above the common mass! a mind that, endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, has had sufficient firmness to sustain, with a calm and equal spirit, every transition of fortune; the most severe trials of adversity, and perhaps, what is still more difficult to bear, the trial of high prosperity.

Mons. du F— had been taught, by his early misfortunes, that domestic happiness was the first good of life. He had already found, by experience, the insufficiency of rank and fortune to confer enjoyment; and he determined to seek it in the bosom of conjugal felicity. He determined to pass his life with her whose society now seemed essential not only to his happiness, but to his very existence.

At the solemn hour of midnight, the young couple went to a church, where they were met by a priest, whom Mons. du F— had made the confidant of his attachment, and by whom the marriage ceremony was performed.

Some time after, when the situation of his wife obliged Mons. du F— to acknowledge their marriage to his mother, she assured her son that she would willingly consent to receive his wife as her daughter, but for the dread of his father's resentment. Madame du F—, with tears of regret, parted with Monique, whom she placed under the protection of her brothers: they conducted her to Caen, where she was soon after delivered of a son.

The baron du F— was absent while these things were passing: he had been suspected of being the author of a pamphlet written against the princes of the blood, and an order was issued to seize his papers, and conduct him to the Bastile; but he found means to escape into Holland, where he remained nearly two years. Having made his peace with the ministry, he prepared to come home; but before he returned, Mons. du F— received intelligence that his father, irritated almost to madness by the information of his marriage, was making application for a *lettre de cachet*, in order to confine his daughter in-law for the rest of her life; and had also obtained power to have his son seized and imprisoned. Upon this Mons. du F— and his wife fled with precipitation to Geneva, leaving their infant at nurse near Caen. The Genevois seemed to think, that the unfortunate situation of these strangers gave them a claim to all the offices of friendship. After an interval of many years, I have never heard Mons. or Madame du F— recall the kindness they received from that amiable people, without tears of tenderness and gratitude.

Meanwhile the baron, having discovered the place of his son's retreat, obtained, in the name of the king, permission from the cantons of Berne and Friburg to arrest them at Lausanne, where they had retired for some months. The wife of Le Seigneur Baillif secretly gave the young people notice of this design, and on the thirtieth of January, 1775, they had just time to make their escape, with only a few livres in their pockets, and the clothes in which they were dressed. Mons. du F—, upon his first going to Switzerland, had lent thirty louis to a friend in distress. He now, in this moment of necessity, desired to be repaid, and was promised the money within a month: meantime, he and his wife wan-

dered from town to town, without finding any place where they could remain in security. They had spent all their small stock of money, and were almost without clothes: but at the expiration of the appointed time the thirty louis were paid, and with this fund Mons. and Madame du F— determined to take shelter in the only country which could afford them a safe asylum from persecution, and immediately set off for England, travelling through Germany, and part of Holland, to avoid passing through France.

They embarked at Rotterdam, and after a long and gloomy passage, arrived late at night at London. A young man, who was their fellow passenger, had the charity to procure them a lodging in a garret, and directed them where to purchase a few ready-made clothes. When they had remained in this lodging the time necessary for becoming parishioners, their banns were published in the church of St. Anne, Westminster, where they were married by the curate of the parish. They went to the chapel of the French ambassador, and were again married by his chaplain; after which Mons. du F — told me, * '*Les deux epoux vinrent faire maigre chair á leur petite chambre.*'

Mons. du F— endeavoured to obtain a situation at a school, to teach the French language; but before such a situation could be found, his wife was delivered of a girl. Not having sufficient money to hire a nurse, he attended her himself. At this period they endured all the horrors of absolute want. Unknown and unpitied, without help or support, in a foreign country, and in the depth of a severe winter, they almost perished with cold and hunger. The unhappy mother lay

* The new married couple kept a fast in their little apartment.

stretched upon the same bed with her new-born infant, who in vain implored her succour, want of food having dried up that source of nourishment. The woman, at whose house they lodged, and whom they had for some weeks been unable to pay, after many threatenings, at length told them that they must depart the next morning. Madame du F— was at this time scarcely able to walk across her chamber, and the ground was covered with snow. They had already exhausted every resource; they had sold their watches, their clothes, to satisfy the cravings of hunger; every mode of relief was fled, every avenue of hope was closed, and they determined to go with their infant to the suburbs of the town, and there seated on a stone, wait with patience for the deliverance of death. With what anguish did this unfortunate couple prepare to leave their last miserable retreat! With how many bitter tears did they bathe that wretched infant, whom they could no longer save from perishing!

Oh! my dear, my ever beloved friends! when I recollect that I am not at this moment indulging the melancholy cast of my own disposition, by painting imaginary distress; when I recollect not only that these were real sufferings, but that they were sustained by you! my mind is overwhelmed with its own sensations. The paper is blotted by my tears, and I can hold the pen no longer.

Mons. and Madame du F— were relieved from this extremity of distress at a moment so critical, and by means so unexpected, that it seemed the hand of Heaven visibly interposing in behalf of oppressed virtue. Early in the morning of that fatal day, when they were to leave their last sad shelter, Mons. du F— went out, and, in the utmost distraction of mind, wandered through some of the streets in the neighbourhood. He was stopped by a gentleman whom he had known at

Geneva, and who told him that he was then in search of his lodging, having a letter to deliver to him from a Genevois clergyman. Mons. du F— opened the letter, in which he was informed by his friend, that, fearing he might be involved in difficulties, he had transmitted ten guineas to a banker in town, and intreated Mons. du F— would accept that small relief, which was all he could afford, as a testimony of friendship. Mons. du F— flew to the banker's, received the money as the gift of Heaven, and then, hastening to his wife and child, bade them live a little longer.

A short time after he obtained a situation as French usher at a school; and Madame du F—, when she had a little recovered her strength, put out her infant to nurse, and procured the place of French teacher at a boarding school. They were now enabled to support their child, and to repay the generous assistance of their kind friend at Geneva. At this period they heard of the death of their son, whom they had left at Caen.

Mons. and Madame du F— passed two years in this situation, when they were again plunged into the deepest distress. A French jeweller was commissioned by the baron du F— to go to his son, and propose to him conditions of reconciliation. This man told Mons. du F— that his father was just recovered from a severe and dangerous illness, and that his eldest daughter had lately died. These things, he said, had led him to reflect, with some pain, on the severity he had exercised towards his son; that the feelings of a parent were awakened in his bosom; and that if Mons. du F— would throw himself at his father's feet, and ask forgiveness, he would not fail to obtain it, and would be allowed a pension, on which he might live with his wife in England. In confirmation of these assurances, this man produced several letters which he had received from

the baron to that effect; who, as a farther proof of his sincerity, had given this agent seven hundred pounds to put into the hands of Mons. du F— for the support of his wife and child during his absence. The agent told him, that he had not been able to bring the money to England, but would immediately give him three drafts upon a merchant of reputation in London, with whom he had connections in business; the first draft payable in three months, the second in six, and the third in nine.

Mons. du F— long deliberated upon these proposals. He knew too well the vindictive spirit of his father, not to feel some dread of putting himself into his power. But his agent continued to give him the most solemn assurances of safety; and Mons. du F— thought it was not improbable that his sister's death might have softened the mind of his father. He reflected that his marriage had disappointed those ambitious hopes of a great alliance, which his father had fondly indulged, and to whom he owed at least the reperation of hastening to implore his forgiveness when he was willing to bestow it. What also weighed strongly on his mind was the consideration that the sum which his father had ordered to be deposited for the use of his wife, would, in case any sinister accident should befal him, afford a small provision for her and his infant.

The result of these deliberations was, that Mons. du F— determined (and who can much blame his want of prudence?) he determined to confide in a father! to trust in that instinctive affection, which, far from being connected with any peculiar insensibility of mind, it requires only to be a parent to feel—an affection, which, not confined to the human heart, softens the ferociousness of the tyger, and speaks with a voice that is heard amidst the howlings of the desart.

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Mons. du F—, after the repeated promises of his father, almost considered that suspicion which still hung upon his mind as a crime. But, lest, it might be possible that this agent was commissioned to deceive him, he endeavoured to melt him into compassion for his situation. He went to the village where his child was at nurse, and, bringing her six miles in his arms, presented her to this man, telling him, that the fate of that poor infant rested upon his integrity. The man took the innocent creature in his arms, kissed her, and then, returning her, to her father, renewed all his former assurances. Mons. du F— listened and believed. Alas! how difficult is it for a good heart to suspect human nature of crimes which makes one blush for the species! How hard is it for a mind, glowing with benevolence, to believe that the bosom of another harbours the malignity of a dæmon!

Mons. du F— now fixed the time for his departure with his father's agent, who was to accompany him to Normandy. Madame du F— saw the preparations for his journey with anguish which she could ill conceal. But she felt that the delicacy of her situation forbade her interference. It was she who had made him an alien from his family, and an exile from his country. It was for her, that, renouncing rank, fortune, friends, and connections, all that is esteemed most valuable in life, he had suffered the last extremity of want, and now submitted to a state of drudgery and dependence. Would he not have a right to reproach her weakness, if she attempted to oppose his reconciliation with his father, and exerted that influence which she possessed over his mind, in order to detain him in a situation so remote from his former expectations? she was, therefore, sensible that the duty, the gratitude she owed her husband, now required, on her part, the absolute sacrifice of her own feelings: she suffered without

complaint, and endeavoured to resign herself to the will of Heaven.

The day before his departure Mons. du F— went to take leave of his little girl. At this moment a dark and melancholy presage seemed to agitate his mind. He pressed the child for a long while to his bosom, and bathed it with his tears. The nurse eagerly enquired what was the matter, and assured him that the child was perfectly well. Mons. du F— had no power to reply; he continued clasping his infant in his arms, and at length, tearing himself from her in silence, he rushed out of the house.

When the morning of his departure came, Madame du F—, addressing herself to his fellow-traveller, said to him, with a voice of supplication, 'I entrust you, sir, with my husband, with the father of my poor infant, our sole protector and support! have compassion on the widow and the orphan!' The man, casting upon her a gloomy look, gave her a cold answer, which made her soul shrink within her. When Mons. du F— got into the Brightelmstone stage, he was unable to bid her farewell; but when the carriage drove off, he put his head out of the window, and continued looking after her; while she fixed her eyes on him, and might have repeated, with Imogen.

> 'I would have broke mine eye-strings;
> Crack'd them, but to look upon him; till the diminution
> Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
> Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
> The smallness of a gnat to air; and then—
> Then turned mine eyes and wept!'

When the carriage was out of sight, she summoned all her strength, and walked with trembling steps to the school where she lived as a teacher. With much difficulty she reached the

door; but her limbs could support her no longer, and she fell down senseless at the threshold. She was carried into the house, and restored to life and the sensations of misery.

(To be continued in our next.)

Extraordinary Fortitude.

One day the Hurons having the advantage in a skirmish, made an Iroquois chief captive, and he was brought to one of the Huron villages, where the fathers assembled No sooner was he arrived, than it was decreed, in an assembly of the ancient savages, that he should be presented to one of their old chiefs, to replace his nephew, who had been killed in war, or to be disposed of as he should think proper. Brebeuf, one of the Jesuits, immediately resolved to convert him to christianity. The captive was clothed in a new beaver habit, with a curious necklace, and his temples were circled with a kind of diadem: he was surrounded by a troop of triumphant warriors, and seemed to be quite unconcerned at his fate.

When Brebeuf approached him, he perceived, that, before his fate was determined, he had been tortured. One of his hands had been crushed between two flints, and he had lost a finger. His other hand had lost two, which had been cut off by a hatchet. The joints of his arms had been burnt, and a great gash appeared upon one of them. All this had been inflicted upon the poor wretch, before he entered the Huron village; for he had no sooner arrived there than he was treated with the greatest endearments, and a young woman was assigned him for his wife. Such was

this barbarian's situation when he was converted by Brebeuf; and he was esteemed to be the first adult convert, that ever was made of the Iroquois nation; being babtized by the name of Joseph.

All this while the captive was loaded with caresses, and Brebeuf was suffered to take him to his tent every night; but his sores now became putrid and full of worms. To increase his misery, he was carried in triumph from village to village, and wherever he came he was obliged to sing, so that sometimes his voice entirely failed him; nor had he the least respite, but when he was alone with Brebeuf, or some of his missionaries. At last he was conveyed to the village where the chief lived who was to be the disposer of his fate. This captive presented himself with an air perfectly unconcerned, to his supposed uncle, who after surveying him, talked to him in the following strain:—'Nephew,' said he, 'you cannot imagine the joy I conceived, when I understood that you were to supply the place of him whom I have lost; I had already prepared a mat for you in my cabin, and it was with the utmost satisfaction, that I resolved to pass the rest of my days with you in peace; but the condition I see you in, forces me to alter my resolution.

It is plain that the tortures you suffer, must render your life insupportable to yourself, and you must think that I do you service in abridging its course. They who have mangled you in this manner, have caused your death. Take courage, therefore, my dear nephew!—Prepare yourself this evening to shew yourself a man, and that you are superior to the force of torments.' The captive heard this discourse with the greatest indifference, and only answered with a resolute voice, that it was very well. The sister of the deceased then served him with his victuals, and caressed

him in the most affectionate manner, while the old chieftan put his own pipe in his mouth, and wiped the sweat from his brow, with the most tender demonstrations of paternal love.

Towards noon the captive, at the expense of his supposed uncle, made his farewell feast, and while the inhabitants of the village were all assembled around him, he harangued them as follows:—'Brethren, I am about to die. Divert yourselves boldly around me: be convinced that I am a man, and that I neither fear death, nor all the torments you can inflict.' He then began a song, in which he was joined by the warriors who were present He was then presented with victuals, and when the feast was ended he was carried to the place of execution, which is called the cabin of blood, (or heads cut off) and always belongs to the head of the village. About eight o'clock in the evening all the savages of the village being assembled, the young men who were to be executioners of the tragedy, forming the first row round the prisoner, were exorted by one of their infernal elders to behave well, meaning thereby to put him to the most excruciating tortures. The prisoner was then seated on a mat, where his hands were tied, and then rising, he danced round the cabin, singing his death song all the time, and then replaced himself upon the mat. —Father Brebeuf favoured the world with a copy of his death song, which has been so much admired, as to have made its way through Europe, having been translated into all the modern languages:—

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin you tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

.....

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame rises fast! you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
Death comes like a friend,—he relieves me from pain;
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain.

One of the elders then took from him his robe, which he said was destined for such a chief, (naming him) of such a village, who was to cut off his head, which, with an arm, was given to such another village, to feast upon it. According to the French writers, the good father Brebeuf, encouraged the victim to suffer with the sentiments of christianity, which he did with a most amazing firmness, without dropping the least reproachable word.

He even talked of the affairs of his nation with as much indifference, as if he had been at home with his family. Eleven fires had been lighted to torment him; and the elders said it was of consequence, that he should be alive at sun-rising, for which reason his tortures were prolonged to that time, when the barbarians, fearing that he should expire without iron, (another of their barbarous superstitions) carried him out of the village, and cut off one of his feet, a hand, and

his head, which were disposed of as proposed, while his body was thrown into a caldron.

Saint Swithin's Day.

The origin of this Saint may perhaps not be unamusing to our readers:—He received his tonsure, and put on his monastic habits in the old monastery at Winchester. He was promoted to holy orders by Helmsta, Bishop of Winchester, at whose death King Ethelwolf granted him the see. He continued in it eleven years and died in 868. Swithin desired that he might be buried in the open church-yard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, and his request was complied with; but the monks on being canonized considering it disgraceful for the Saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove the body into a choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained however so violently for forty days succeeding, that the design was abandoned as heretical and blasphemous, and they honoured his memory by erecting a chapel over his grave, at which many miraculous cures of all kinds are said to have been wrought. To the above circumstance may be traced the origin of the old saying:—'That if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain forty days following;' a saying that has been often verified during the last seven or eight years.

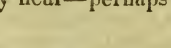
An Apology for the Use of Tea

TO A PHYSICIAN.

When first you moraliz'd on snuff
I lik'd the doctrine well enough;
Nay, own'd the application just,
And quite forbore the tempting dust.
Coffee came next to be decry'd;
Coffee, for you, was laid aside,
Or rarely and with caution us'd,
By smaller quantities infus'd.
Thus far I have comply'd, you see;
But spare, O spare my darling Tea!
Nor rank with vile and vulger juices,
The richest cordial earth produces.
As to your sex, indulgent heaven
The vine's all-chearing fruit has given;
To woman, tender and refin'd,
Tea's milder comforts are assign'd;
Our grief's to cure, our cares beguile,
And make a frowning fortune smile,
Blest plant! of virtues half divine,
Reviving nectar! female wine!
What can, like thee, our senses please,
Promote good-humour, health, and ease?
Encourage hope, prevent despair,
And smooth the furrow'd brow of care.
Charm'd by the influence benign,
Each morning shines, or seems to shine.
Soft spirits, like some warbling brook,
By gentlest agitations shook,
New life diffuse thro' every part,
Brighten the eyes, and cheer the heart;
The mind the rich repast partakes
And fancy to new joys awakes;
Our thanks in silent breathings rise,
An odour grateful to the skies.
Then, when the chearful lamp of day
Obliquely shoots a western ray,

A second banquet Tea provides,
And constant as returning tides;
Again the languid powers are griev'd;
Again we sip, and are relieved:
From the bright nymph of courtly mold,
To her whose hands the mop-staff hold.
By all this grand elixir's priz'd,
All drink their Tea, and are suffic'd.

Why then should you this gift disdain?
Which nature has not giv'n in vain;
Since half mankind, howe'er distrest,
Twice every day by Tea are blest—
Would you this foible then redress?
Turn all your satire on Excess.
Tea may be drank in proper time:
Intemperance only makes the crime;
Keep but to that, and what you say
We'll calmly hear—perhaps obey.



A Marvellous Large Wallnut Tree.

At Siffiverness, in Codicote parish, in the year 1627, was a most prodigious Walnut Tree covering 76 poles of ground; the weight of the boughs at last left the trunk to the ground. Mr. Penn, then lord of the manor, had 19 loads of planks out of it: a guns-lock-maker, at London, had as much of it as cost ten pounds for carriage. There were 30 loads more of roots and branches: this was attested by Edward Skingate before a neighbouring justice of the peace, to whom Mr. Penn declared he had been offered £50 for the tree. And Jasper Docura of the Parish, attested, that, when he was 15 years old, the compass of both his arms eight times would not reach it round.

The Origin of the Order of the Garter.

The institution of the order of the garter by King Edward III, had its original at Windsor, but was not founded on the Countess of Salisbury's garter, as Polydore Virgil asserts, but on that martial Prince's own garter, which he gave as the signal at the glorious battle of Cressi. As St. George was given for the word of the day to commemorate which, he instituted this order of knighthood.

The Zegrii, a Spanish Novel.

It was about the middle of one of those nights, which in the spring season, are so beautiful on the coast of Granada. The surface of the sea was smooth; the heavens serene. The air loaded with the fragrance of myrtle and orange trees, and with the variety of perfumes which nature lavishes in those delightful regions, was agitated by the gentle breath of the zephyr. The majestic silence of the night was interrupted only by nightingales of these charming groves.

On a sudden, the tranquility of these beautiful scenes, the residence of happiness and peace, was disturbed by the voice of war. Don Lewis de Ferez, who was walking in his garden with his family, was surprised by the discharge of fire-arms, and tumultuous cries in one of the adjacent houses. The steeples of all the village announced a descent of the corsairs of Barbary, and spread universal consternation.

Don Lewis dispatched his son to assemble the militia of the hamlet. He took to arms, left his

house under the guard of his servants, and hastened to join his vassals. They already mounted to more than one hundred; and reinforcements continually arrived. He sent assistance to the house attacked; and judging, from the general alarm, that the enemy would not fail to retreat, he repaired to a small creek, which was the only part where the pirates could have landed.

As don Lewis had foreseen, it happened: the pirates were hastening to this spot with their plunder. A discharge of fire-arms put them to flight, about eight or ten excepted, who bravely made a stand with bayonets fixed, to cover the flight of their companions. The incessant fire of the Spaniards was so effectual, that, at last, of this handful of brave men, one alone remained. He endeavoured to gain the ships; but they were already at sea, and crowding sail from the shore.

The gallant behaviour of this prisoner procured every mark of respect from don Lewis. He was conveyed to the castle with the wounded, among whom was don Michael, the son of don Lewis. This young nobleman's wound appeared, the next day, to be very alarming; in so much that the sentiments of kindness, which don Lewis had begun to conceive for his prisoner, were very sensibly changed. He entered the apartment in which he was confined: he spoke to him, but received no answer. The prisoner did not understand the Spanish language; but don Lewis spoke the Arabic with great fluency. 'Slave,' said he, 'you have wounded my son; if he die, expect to be treated without mercy.'—The slave, looking at don Lewis with an air of indifference, answered, 'Have I not already shewn you that I am not afraid to die? Go, christian; I have lost all that is dear to me, and life is no longer of moment.'—Don Lewis then asked him from what part of Barbary he came.—'From Barbary! replied he;

'I know no such country. You call my country by that name; but we also give it to the land of christians. My nation bears an immortal enmity to thine and whatever thou mayst do, thou canst not augment it.'

These bold expressions, far from irritating don Lewis, inspired him with an exalted opinion of his prisoner. He perceived that this African was not of vulgar rank. A few days after, don Michael being declared to be in a state of convalescence, the father, in the transports of his joy, was desirous to treat his prisoner with marks of particular distinction.

The two sisters of don Lewis were desirous of seeing this haughty corsair. He sent for him into their presence. They were struck with his noble air, and with his modest, yet not abject deportment. Don Lewis informed the African, that his son was no longer in danger, and that his captivity should be made as easy to him as possible. He was to be considered as a prisoner on parole, and to be treated as one of the family till happier times.—The slave thanked don Lewis for his humanity: 'All places,' said he, 'are now alike to me. There is but one alone that could afford me pleasure. But you are capable, my lord, of exalted generosity; and I would, therefore, presume to request a favour of still greater consequence in my eyes.'

Don Lewis kindly encouraging him to proceed, the African thus continued:—'Your people, my lord, have plundered me; but I do not complain: it is the custom of this kind of war. One inestimable treasure has escaped them. I may not however always be so fortunate. I may not always fall into such hands as yours; and I entreat you to take charge of the precious deposit.'—At these words, he took from his arm a bracelet on which

was a beautiful portrait. He bore it to his lips; and tears flowed from the eyes of a corsair, who seemed to be unacquainted with tears. 'This,' said he, presenting the portrait to don Lewis, 'this is my treasure. The moment I recover my liberty, I will redeem it, at whatever ransom you may fix.'

The two sisters, although unacquainted with his language, could not but observe the emotions, and understand the expressions, of a passionate heart. They looked at the portrait, and felt the most tender concern for such a faithful lover.—Don Lewis, smiling, returned his treasure. 'Keep it yourself,' said he; 'it is yours without a ransom: it shall never be taken from you.' The grateful African thanked don Lewis, as well as the lovely sisters who had appeared so much interested in his favour. The curiosity of the ladies could not be concealed, and, on their requesting to know for whom the portrait was intended, he answered, with all the expressions of the most ardent passion, that it was the very imperfect resemblance of his mistress, the adored Azida, who was more beautiful than the houris of paradise, and to whose perfections no mortal could do justice. The sisters smiled at this passionate answer, and then enquired of what country was this paragon of beauty.—'Azida,' aswered he, 'is the daughter of Ali Horuc of Tetuan. The name of Horuc is famous in the Mediteranean. He is a rough corsair, it is true; but with me he has the highest merits: he is the father of Azida.'—'You sailed from Tetuan, then,' said don Lewis.—'Yes,' answered the slave; 'but, for my part, I have no inclination for these cruizes, since we seldom meet with any but weak and defenceless enemies. But the inflexible Horuc will give his daughter to none but a sailor like himself; and what is there I could not do to obtain Azida?

In the mean time the Moorish vessels had returned to Tetuan. The news of their disaster, and of the capture of Saydan, could not be conveyed to Horuc, who was at that time confined to his bed by a severe indisposition. Azida was the first who heard the fatal news. It was too much for a mind already distracted by the supposed loss of her lover. Her female attendants were long apprehensive for her life; and it was many days before tears came at length to her relief.—'Ah! me!' said the beauteous forlorn, 'I weep! while Saydan is perhaps in chains! Is this a moment for tears, when I ought to fly to his rescue?'—She went instantly to collect her gold and jewels: she hastened to find her brother Abdallah. She could not speak; she laid her gold and jewels before him; her looks expressive of unutterable woe.'—'Do not despair, my dear sister,' said the sympathizing Abdallah: 'if the angel of death has not extended his hand over him, if he be only a slave, I will answer for his liberty. I will see about it.—A ray of hope entered the heart of Azida. She pressed the hand of her brother with the sweet violence of impatient wishes. 'Set about it!' said she; 'but it must be to-day, it must be this instant.'—Abdallah left her, to take the necessary measures for the ransom of his sister's gallant lover; but he would not take any of the gold and jewels, which she had brought for that purpose.

Abdallah applied to a Moor who had been in this disastrous cruize, and who spoke the Spanish language. This man undertook to negociate the ransom of Saydan; and as a communication subsisted between Tangier and Algesiras, he crossed without difficulty to the Spanish shore in the habit of a Spaniard.

Saydan, in the mean time, was so far happy in the delicate and generous friendship of don Lewis and his sisters, that he would scarce have thought

himself a captive, but for his absence from his adored Azida. They had frequent conversations: in these was conspicuous that generous flow of soul, in which each of them forgot the distinction of master and of captive.

'How is it possible,' said don Lewis, one day, to the African, 'that a warrior, like thee, could be brought to associate with pirates, with the enemies of mankind?'——'My lord,' answered Saydan, 'the appellation of mankind is not confined to the christians. Besides, you must be sensible, that there exists between the Mahometans of Africa and the christians a perpetual war, which short and ill-observed truces scarcely interrupt. The weak is vanquished by the strong, detained in slavery, and never restored to liberty but for a pecuniary consideration. So far we are upon equal terms.'—'What a detestable practice,' replied don Lewis, 'thus to make slaves by violence, and to sell men like abject beasts!'—'I allow,' said the African, 'that our custom of making slaves may be sometimes violent and cruel, but it is never base. Your generosity to me, my lord, has every claim to gratitude; it has every claim also to the truth; and I will appeal to yourself whether I do not state it justly. Never, then, did a vessel leave your ports, to carry vile merchandize to the western coasts of Africa, there to purchase men, and women, and children, that we never knew, that never did us wrong! Never did our vessels transport those unhappy beings to distant climes, to exist there without repose, without consolation, without hope; to die there in perpetual bondage, or under the scourge of their ruthless executioners. Never did we procure gold, the produce of the sweat, of the blood of those deplorable victims of unfeeling avarice. What can be more reproachable than this! To do the greatest possible injury to innocent men; to reduce them to this state of wretchedness, without

allowing them the means of self-defence, without running any hazard in attacking them! And to exercise this infamous practice from the basest and most contemptible motives! And yet we, who detest this conduct, we are the enemies of mankind! What strange philosophy is this! Ye enlightened, ye humane Europeans, ye are the friends of the human race, and—*ye have bowels of iron!*—For my part, my lord, I shall adhere to the nobler philosophy of the sage Mehemet Taffer, president of the great college of Fez, in which I was educated. He taught me, that a nation may be glorious in arms, splendid in riches, and illustrious for arts and talents, and yet, if inattentive to the cultivation of universal reason and justice, it shines not with real glory, and is still sunk in ignorance and barbarity. My lord, shall we judge of the Europeans by the rule of Mehemet Taffer?'

Such was the frankness with which the noble African addressed his conqueror. In other conversations, the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, and the perfidious and cruel treatment was mentioned by Saydan, and deplored by don Lewis. 'But we have been punished,' said he, 'for that false and inhuman policy. That sensible decay under which our monarchy now languishes, began precisely at the period when your ancestors were expelled.'

The Moor who had been dispatched by Abdallah, to effect the ransom of the noble Saydan, soon arrived at the castle of don Lewis. He was astonished to find the corsair in a captivity of a kind unknown at Tetuan. He presented to him letters from Abdallah and Azida. With that ecstacy did this ardent lover behold the well-known characters of his adorable mistress! It was some

time before he could open it, and read its inestimable contents:—

Azida to *Saydan.*

'Ah! Saydan! Saydan, where art thou? If the black angel have——I shudder at the thought. But if thou art still living, if the characters traced by the hand of thy faithful Azida should reach thee, receive the gold and jewels which the trusty Marcon will deliver. Give the whole for thy ransom, and leave that detested country. Return instantly with Marcon. My brother is going to send to Mantesa, to inform Hamet-Muley Zegrii, of our misfortunes. Return instantly, if thou lovest thy

AZIDA.'

Saydan hastened to obey his beauteous mistress. He repaired to Don Lewis, who, actuated by the extraordinary esteem which he entertained for his captive, had determined to take no money for his ransom. The profession of a merchant too was beneath the dignity of a noble Spaniard; and it was more consonant to his exalted sentiments to require the liberty of a certain number of christians, in proportion to the rank of Saydan. He was thinking of this proposal, when Saydan came to present the letters, with the money for his ransom. But how great was the anxiety of the African, on observing a sudden emotion of the countenance of don Lewis! 'Who art thou?' demanded he; 'what is thy name?'—'My name,' answered the slave, 'is too illustrious to be concealed. It is Saydan Zegrii.'——'What!' said don Lewis, 'art thou a Zegrii? can this be true? 'I am of a family,' replied Saydan, 'unaccustomed to falsehood, that contemptible vice of vulgar souls: I am a Zegrii.'——'I have been informed, however,' returned don Lewis, 'that Hamet Zegrii left no posterity, or that it was extinct at

Morocco' —'I am not surprized,' resumed Saydan, 'that you know the name of Hamet. He was a great man. If his sovereign had known his worth, Ferdinand and his soldiers would have perished before the walls of Granada. After the loss of that city, Hamet was determined neither to be, nor to seem to be a christian. He took refuge in Morocco. His posterity resided there for more than a century, down to my great-grand father Ibraham Zegrii, who, to shelter himself from the storms of a court agitated by excessive despotism, retired to Mantesa, in the province of Tremecen, where we have great estates, and where Hamet Muley Zegrii and I were born.'

Don Lewis offered his hand to Saydan: 'I am descended,' said he, 'from Yfouf Ferez, brother of Hamet Saydan; come and embrace a Zegrii.'— 'Art thou a Zegrii, my lord?' exclaimed Saydan: 'I believe it, I believe it. Thy conduct to me has been worthy of that name.——Don Lewis sent for his sisters. 'This is a Zegrii,' said he, presenting Saydan to them: 'he is of our family.' —The sisters received this news with equal pleasure and surprize; and the scene that ensued resembled the discovery and restoration of a friend long lost to his family.

This will not appear surprizing to those who consider, how much the Spanish nobility pride themselves upon illustrious ancestry; that a kind of sanctity is impressed upon the name of an ancient house, which entitles all that bear it to every possible respect; and that the blood of the Moorish conquerors of Spain still flows (as in this particular instance) in the veins of some of the noblest families of that country.

The situation of things was greatly changed by this unexpected discovery. It gave to Saydan the knowledge of the Spanish branch of his illustrious

family: it restored, without any stipulation, his liberty, and the certainty of seeing Azida; but to this happy event it necessarily prolonged the time. Don Lewis neither could nor would send Saydan back without rich presents, and in a situation, and with an equipage, worthy of the name of Zegrii.

The happy time at length arrived. Yet Saydan, impatient as he was to behold his beloved Azida, could not leave these excellent Zegrii without regret. It is not possible to describe a parting scene, all the characters in which had displayed that generosity of sentiment which dignifies the human mind. The son of don Lewis accompanied Saydan to Algesiras. He gave him a rich diamond ring. 'Take this,' said he, 'for the beautiful Azida. Presented by Saydan, as the gift of a Zegrii, she cannot refuse it.'—The two Zegriis parted, and the African vessel was not long in sight.

Three months afterwards, a Spaniard whom Saydan had redeemed, arrived at the castle of don Lewis. He informed him, that the vessel which had brought him to Carthagena, was laden, on his account, with a considerable freight; and he delivered to him this letter:—

'The Slave Seydan to his generous Master.

'You and yours, my lord, are incessantly in the heart of Saydan. He claims your congratulations: he is the husband of Azida. My dear master, be assured of the friendship of my brother Hamet. He has received your present. Receive ours. Besides others, which you will distribute among our illustrious relations, there are two Arabian horses, with their genealogy. We imagine that one of them will be for you, and the other for the young and noble Zegrii, don Mi-

chael. Azida wears his ring: she sends him a scarf embroidered by herself. Ah! my lord, you are not here, nor are we with you. This is the only regret with the husband of Azida. Why did fortune, in cruel sport, separate the two branches of a cedar once so lofty? May the God of all nations protect the Zegriis of Spain and of Africa; and when you look toward these shores, say, Saydan Zegrii is there; and loves us. Adieu.

Ancient Tradition of Castle Knock.

The village, which derives its name from this ruin, from its vicinity to the western end of Dublin, is too well known to require a local description; we shall therefore proceed to its antiquity. This castle was built shortly after the arrival of the English in this kingdom, in the reign of Henry II. by Earl Strongbow, who bestowed it on his friend Hugh Tyrrel, the governor of Meath, and there is reason to suppose that it continued in his family for many years: for in 1288, it was in possession of a lord of that name, who bore also the title of Castle Knock; and a similar circumstance induces us to believe that it was in their hands in 1486. This castle was at the head of an important seignory. It, and its inhabitants, were taken by Bruce on the 24th of February, 1316; but the lord and his wife were afterwards ransomed.

In June 1646, Castle Knock was taken by Colonel Monk; and in 1649 the Earl of Ormond appeared before it; but, after his defeat by the Parliamentarian Independants, it fell into the hands of Cromwell's party.

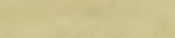
The prospect from the castle is delightful; and its situation bold and commanding. It fell into decay shortly after the restoration.

According to tradition, there was a window in this building, in which, though it was neither latticed nor glazed, a candle would remain burning in the fiercest storm. There was here an abbey, dedicated to St. Brigid, which was founded in the thirteenth century by Richard Tyrrel.

Curious Anecdote.

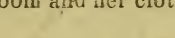
At a village called Guntershlum, in the county of Liningen, a poor peasant was apprehended by the officers of the county, in the act of taking a sort of game called salmon. This man was an excellent diver, and made a practice of taking them with his hands only. His sentence was to be confined for life, in the castle of Harlenburgh, the ancient residence of the Counts of Liningen, who styled themselves 'Counts by the grace of God.' The keeper of this Bastile being allowed the work his prisoners could do for the bread and water he was obliged to find them, set this peasant to different labours, but found in the long run that he was good for nothing but at fish catching. He was determined to take advantage of this talent—the wretch was led regularly to the river, where a chain with a great log to it, being detached to his foot, he was to dive till he caught the supply of fish wanted for the Counts table; after which his leg resumed its ornament, and he was conducted back again to the castle. This poor creature more resembling a *tame otter* than a man, continued to subsist for several years; the faculties of his mind degenerated into that in-

stinct which brutes have in pursuit of their prey, and had not his form betrayed him, might have passed for a new and curious animal of the *amphibious kind!!!*



An Extraordinary Case of Spontaneous Human Combustion.

The widow Hacquin, of Bar-le-Duc, aged 55 years, who lived quite easy upon the interest of her property in the Sinking Fund, died a few days since, in the most deplorable and astonishing manner. We presume that this death is a new example of the phenomenon called *spontaneous human combustion.* This woman who was corpulent, was, according to report in the habit of using spirituous liquors imprudently. A vase which stood near her, filled with burning coals, determined the inflamation of her body. She was burnt to a cinder inwardly. The extremities were not affected. The room and her clothing also escaped the fire.



Marvellous Explosion.

On Monday se'nnight, a Coroner's Inquest was held in broad-street, St. Gile's, before William Gell, Esq. one of the two Coroners of the county of Middlesex, on the body of Patrick Roper, an Irish labourer, who had met his death in a very singular manner.

Molly Roper, wife to the deceased, deposed, that for many years back, her husband had been

in the habit of drinking whiskey to a great extent; that at the end of every week, on receiving his wages, he retired to a public house, and remained there till his money was exhausted. That, about twelve o'clock on Saturday night, he returned home, as usual, very much inebriated. That this deponent was then in bed, and desired her husband to blow out the candle. That the deceased raised the candle to his head for the purpose;—immediately a tremendous explosion took place, and the whole room seemed filled with liquid fire. That this deponent fainted, and knows not what afterwards took place.

Henry Thompson, surgeon, deposed, that about twelve months ago he was called to attend the deceased, for a hurt he had received in his leg.—That he found the constant habit of drinking whiskey had reduced the deceased to a deplorable habit of body. That the wound in consequence, still continued open. That yesterday morning he called, as usual, to visit the deceased, and found the house in a state of great disorder. That, on entering the apartment of the deceased, a most shocking sight presented itself. The two hind quarters of the deceased had been thrown with great violence against the opposite walls. His ribs were scattered round the room. One arm, with the shoulder, was on the top of a chest of drawers; the other seemed to have been projected on the bed, and lying behind it. That his head was not in the room, but that there was a hole in the ceiling through which it appeared to have passed. This deponent further said, that he had no doubt whatever the deceased came by his death in consequence of his system being so saturated with alcohol, or spirits, as to render his breath inflamable; and that, attempting to blow out the candle, he must have taken fire and exploded.—That during his attendance on the deceased, he had observed, that the whiskey had so pervaded

his frame, that flies, in alighting on his hand, or even attempting to fly over him, fell intoxicated at his feet. Mr. Thompson likewise stated, that many instances of a similar death are mentioned in the medical books, but that the only case of the kind which had ever come within his personal knowledge, was during the Peninsular War, where an officer's wife exploded, in consequence of having drank a considerable quantity of ardent spirits.

Lawrence Meagher deposed, that his wife and he occupied the room immediately over the deceased; that late on Saturday night the bed in which they were sleeping was raised with such violence as to throw them out on the floor, one on each side. That when they had somewhat recovered from their alarm, they struck a light and examined the bed. That to their great horror and amazement, they found, on raising the feather bed, a human head forced through the paliasse. That the neck, where it had been torn from the shoulders was still bleeding. That the eyes continued to open and shut, and that the teeth still chattered. That upon regarding it attentively, they recognized the features of their poor friend Pat. Roper.

The Jury, summoned from the neighbourhood, brought in a verdict of--Died by imprudently blowing out a candle after getting comfortably drunk.

We understand that the head of this unfortunate man, preserved in *spirits*, is in the possession of a gentleman in the Old Jewry. And what is most extraordinary, if a *lighted candle* is taken near the glass that contains it, a tremulous motion is perceived in the corner of the left eye. !!!

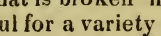
Extraordinary Case of Combustion of the Human Body.

Signora Zanzari, an aged lady of unblemished life, near Cesena, in Romanza, underwent the same fate in March, 1731; she had retired in the evening to her chamber somewhat indisposed, and in the morning was found in the middle of the room reduced to ashes, except her skull, face, three fingers and legs, which remained entire with the shoes and stockings; the ashes were light, and on pressing between the fingers vanished, leaving a gross stinking moisture behind, with which the floor was smeared. The walls and furniture of the room being covered with a moist cineritious soot, which had not only penetrated into the linen in the chests which it stained, but also the closet adjoining, and into the room over head, the walls being covered with the same viscous humour.

An attempt has been made to establish the opinion that these internal fires are caused in the entrails of the body by enflamed effluvia of the blood, by juices and fermentations in the stomach, by the many combustible matters which abound in living bodies for the uses of life, and finally by the fiery evaporations which exhale from the settlings of the spirits of wine, brandys, and other hot liquors, in the *tunica villosa* of the stomach, and other adipose or fat membranes, within which these spirits engender a kind of camphor, which in the night time in sleep by a full respiration are put in a stronger motion and more easily set on fire.

Easy Method of Breaking Glass in any required Direction.

Dip a piece of worsted thread in spirits of turpentine, wrap it round the glass in the direction you require it to be broken, and then set fire to the thread, or apply a red-hot iron round the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it while the wire remains hot; by this means glass that is broken may be fashioned and rendered useful for a variety of purposes.



Lithography, or Engraving on Stone.

The art of polyautography or multiplying designs by means of stone, though yet in its infancy, is already practised in three different ways, in all of which, blocks of a fine-grained calcareous stone are employed instead of copper. The first manner is by tracing on the stone with an ink prepared for the purpose, and with a steel pen whatever is to be printed, whether writing, music or figures.—This manner is expeditious, but serves only for outlines, or mere sketches. But it is capaple of increased utility, if a writing on paper, with the ink composed for this purpose, be transferred from the paper to the stone, from which a number of impressions may be taken off This transfer supersedes the necessity of reverse writing on the stone, and multiplies at pleasure the most correct *fac-simile.* As the printing may be begun as soon as the ink is dry, this is a rapid way of obtaining impressions. The second way of operating originated with Professor Mitterer, of Munich; he discovered that the materials of which the ink was composed, might be made into crayons, which

being traced on the stone, the drawings thus made, might be multiplied greatly. They are indeed much softer than ordinary chalk, they require time and patience in using; but they may be made to produce pleasing designs. The third mode may with propriety be called the art of engraving on stone, being executed by means of the graver. It is very much superior to the other modes, and the work is capable of yielding a greater number of prints than the others. It takes much less time than engraving on copper, and hopes are entertained that it may be brought to answer the same purposes. It will also imitate engravings on wood. —M. Cotta, who has lately purchased a share in the patent granted for practising this art, intends speedily to publish one of Schiller's Songs, the text of which will be engraved on stone with the graver. The music to which it has been set will be printed from writing with a pen: and a frontispiece designed in chalk, by M. Seele, director of the gallery at Stuttgard, will be prefixed; so that this specimen, consisting of five folio leaves, will exhibit all the three methods of engraving on stone.

Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

MARRIAGES.

On the 4th of November, in Kells Church, by the Archdeacon of Meath, Henry Keating, Esq. Captain in the Native Infantry, East India Company Service, to Maria, third daughter of John O'Neill, Esq. of Kells, Co. Meath.—In Larne, on the 7th inst. Wm. Walsh M'Neile, Esq. to Anne, second daughter of Geo. Hill, Esq.—Lately at Calle, Augusti Fumentti, Esq. Captain in his Britannic Majesty's 2d Regt. of Hanoverian Cavalry, to Catherine, daughter of Robt. Dingles, Jun. of Liverpool.

DEATHS.

On the 12th inst. at Mount Pleasant, aged 24, Mrs. Sherrock, of Dame-street.—On Saturday Evening the 2d inst. at his lodgings in Bath, in the 7 d year of his age, Col. Barry.—On Saturday last in the prime of life, Mrs. Griffith, wife to the Rev. Wm. Griffith, Curate of Ennis.—On Wednesday last of a decline, Alexander Filgate, Esq. only son of Townly Patten Filgate, of Lowther Lodge, Co. Dublin, Esq.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 20.

ANN M'QUILLIN, THE IRISH SPINSTRESS.

ANN M'Quillin, the Irish spinstress, is a native of Comber, in the barony of Castlereagh, and county of Down, six miles distant from Belfast. She is near sixty years of age, rather below the middle size, delicate in her constitution but cheerful and lively in her manners, though her health and sight are considerably impaired by intense application to the improvement of her art.

She has three sisters, who spin yarn, from 24 to 40 hanks in the pound, which she calls coarse yarn.

Her father, Charles M'Quillin, of an ancient, and respectable family; in the county of Antrim, is an old and infirm man, of excellent character, and who, through life, has been a very useful member of society. He was, for many years, an eminent writing-master; and, afterwards, when a failure of sight disqualified him for that profession, he obtained an employment in the revenue, worth 30*l.* per annum, which he held for twenty-eight

years. He is now superannuated on full pay. He is nearly blind, and totally dependant on this small annuity, and the astonishing industry of his daughters.

The name of their mother, a discreet pleasing woman, and highly respected in her station, was Wilson. She languished for several years, under a slow decline, which terminated her life, a few years ago. During her long indispostion the exertions of her daughters, added to their father's small annuity, supplied her, not only with the necessaries, but humble comforts, of declining life.

To such tender melancholy offices, the young M'Quillins were devoted, almost from infancy. Their grandmother Wilson, who died nineteen years ago, at the advanced age of 92, had been long an invalid, sinking under the pressure of years and infirmity. During this period, while the industry and chearful attention of the young M'Quillins soothed and comforted her latter days, her good sense and instructive lessons animated their industry, and laid the foundation of that character, which they still support. Mrs. Wilson was a truly respectable woman, and eminently useful in her generation. I knew her intimately from the year 1767, nearly till the time of her death. She was the best bred and best informed, *Diva Lucina*, otherwise Midwife of the county, in her day, and consequently the most generally employed in all the neighbouring families of rank and respectability. Gentlemen were not so frequently called in, as grooms of the bedchamber, then, as latterly; and when they were, it was only, like Dr. Slop in the family of Mr. Shandy, to amuse themselves, in the parlour, with the intricate disputables of religion or politics, while dame Wilson managed things above stairs, in her own way, and generally brought them to an happy issue.

In the treatment of small pox she was equally eminent. She was among the first, in the country, who adopted, recommended, and practised the Suttonian system, in which she was of great service to the public. In one important case, she may be said to have been, not only blessed, but blessable, above her rivals. To her assidious attention, judicious treatment, and well regulated application, of air, aliment, and medicine, under the direction of the late Dr. Haliday, and the superintendance of providence, during a long and alarming attack of that dangerous and loathsome disease, I have heard it generally allowed, that we are indebted for the life, talent, learning, and virtues, of the late illustrious L—d C—r—gh, whose name will ever be dear to Irishmen, as the memory of, what was once, Ireland was always dear to him!

I hope, I shall not be deemed impertinent in adding, that the wheel, on which Anne M'Quillin spins her superfine yarn, was made, before the marriage of her grandmother Wilson, and that, on her first removal to her husband's house, in the year 1716, it was one of her accompaniments. This the whole family assert, on the grandmother's own authority; and the circumstance appears to me as important, in this sketch, as the immortal Hilton's shoe-latchets Paoli's great dog, Johnson's large English oak stick, in the sketches of their respective characters.

Perhaps, it may not be amiss to mention that, Anne cannot spin her superfine yarn, except in mild weather. Frost, high winds, and excessive drought are equally unfavourable. She then spins, what she calls coarse yarn, i. e. from 24 to 30 hanks, in the pound.

A few years ago, she could spin a hank of 64 in the pound, in four days. Of the finer staple,

she can now spin a hank, in the week, if the weather be favourable. But the superfine requires nearly twice the time.

Of the manner, in which she prepares her flax, I know nothing. But, I am certain, the knowledge of it would be highly important to all concerned in the linen business, and to the country at large, as it would enable spinners to produce yarn, not only finer, but, in every respect, much better than is usually done. Under this impression, I earnestly wish that the linen drapers, and others conversant in the trade, would take this subject into their serious consideration; and, if they deem it of any real importance, that, from a regard, not only to the circumstances and merits of our unparalleled spinstress, but to the general improvement of our staple manufacture, in elegance and value, they would devise, adopt, and execute, some measure, worthy of themselves, for rewarding her past exertions. and encouraging her, not only to persevere in them, but to publish the means and process, by which she has brought her flax and yarn to such amazing perfection.

As what I have written may reach the eye of some, who may be incapable of estimating the fineness of Anne's yarn, from their ignorance of its count and measure, I add, that each hank contains 12 cuts, each cut 120 threads, and that each thread measures 2½ yards.

From this table, it is evident, that the thread of her yarn, of 64 hanks from one pound of flax, is in length.

	Miles	F.	P.	Yds.	
85 hanks	102	6	34	2	Irish measure.
	130	7	7	1	English do.
	136	4	34	2	Irish.
	173	6	36	2	English.

&105hks. per lb. not less than	168 : 6 : 0 : 0	Irish.
	214 : 6 : 7 : 0	English.

To the female nobility and gentry of Ireland, lady Dufferin has set a noble and praiseworthy example. She has repeatedly purchased yarn, had it manufactured into thread by Anne herself, and wrought into lace, in the neighbourhood of London. I have in my possession. at this moment, a specimen of the thread, manufactured from yarn, of about 70 hanks in the pound, and the lace worked for her ladyship from it, far superior to any thing of the kind, which ever was seen in this country. Would the other ladies of the land follow her steps, in the encouragement of our Irish spinstresses, they would call forth Irish ingenuity, render Irish industry active and comfortable, and by the nobility of their virtues, add real dignity to their titles.

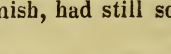
'Nobilitas sola est, atque unica Virtus.'

N. B. The hank of yarn sent to the Dublin Society, is full length and measure, and of the grist of 85½ hanks, from a pound of flax. It contains 3,600 yards of thread.

The Triumph of Love.

An officer who had been denied the favour of the blind urchin, determined to expel him from every place over which his dominion extended. Having heard, therefore, that some fair nymphs had been seen sporting near the limits of the camp, he sent secretly a detachment of old invalids,

to lead the gay tempters to prison. A young girl was the only one who could be caught. The next day he received the information, that another still bolder, had taken shelter beneath a tent. He repaired to the spot, she was tall and well made, but shame made her conceal her face; she was led to the same place of confinement as her companion. On a sudden, one of the bravest soldiers of the regiment was missed, fifteen days elapsed, and he was condemned as a deserter. As the council had just been broken, a letter came from him, addressing his thanks to the major for the blissful life he had made him lead, and declaring that the rumour of a battle had enabled glory to triumph over love, and that if he would order him to be freed, he should be the first to meet the foe. An explanation was resorted to, and it was discovered that the wily soldier personated the second damsel, and had been joined with his love by the prudence of the major, whose wisdom became the general talk of the camp, while laughter attended him whereever he walked, so that he found that Cupid whom he wished to punish, had still some severe tricks in store for him.



Depravity among Animals.

A young gentleman of fortune and fashion, lately residing as a visitor in Edinburgh, was the master of a beautiful and accomplished spaniel bitch, which, in its way, was a great adept in irregular appropriation, and had in all probability been educated to steal for the benefit of his master. It was some time ere his new master, who had bought the animal from a person who dealt in selling dogs, became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was astonished and teased by the

animal bringing home articles which she had picked up in an irregular manner. But when he perceived that the spaniel proceeded upon this system, he used to amuse his friends by causing her to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing, putting, of course, the shopkeepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty, on guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprize at the pains which must have been bestowed to qualify the animal for these practices. So soon as the master entered a shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connexion with him, but lounged about with an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner, as if she had come into the shop of her own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated, by a touch on the parcel, and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following her master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or to lie by the fire, or watch the counter, until she observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to her, and escape from the shop to join her master. It is easy to conceive for what purpose this animal's sagacity had been thus perverted, but it would be difficult to form a probable guess at the particular method of training her to this mode of speculation.

We knew well a gentleman, in the profession of the law, (to which his worth and honour rendered him an ornament) who used to give an account

of an embarrassing accident which befel him on a journey to London, and which may serve as a corollary to our tale of the spaniel. In this gentleman's youth (probably between the years 1750 and 1760) the journey betwixt Edinburgh and London was usually performed on horseback. The traveller might either ride post, or, if willing to travel more economically, he bought a horse, and sold him at the end of his journey. The gentleman of whom we speak, who was a good judge of horses as well as a good horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had sold the horse on which he rode from Scotland, so soon as he arrived in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse the evening before he set out northwards. About dusk, a handsome horse was offered to him at so cheap a rate that he was led to suspect the animal to be unsound; as he could, however, discover no blemish, and as the seller, (eager for reasons well known to himself) to conclude a bargain, readily abated even his first moderate demand, our traveller became the purchaser of a horse, in which his skill could discern no blemish, at a very cheap rate.

On the next morning he set out on his journey. His horse had excellent paces; and the first few miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveller spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune. On Finchly common, and at a place where the road run down one slight ascent and up another, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight; and the horse, by his manœuvre, plainly intimated what had been the profession of his first master. Instead of passing the one-horse chaise, he laid his shoulder close up to it, and stopt it, having no doubt that his rider would take so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation.—The clergyman, under the same mistake, produced

his purse unasked, and assured the inoffensive and surprized horseman, that it was unnecessary to draw his pistol. The traveller rallied his horse, with apologies to the venerable member of the church, whom he had unwillingly affrighted, and pursued his journey.

The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death and destruction to our countryman, though *sackless*, as he expressed it, of all offence in deed or word. In a word, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicions to which his horse's conduct gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by peace-officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as the notorious highwayman who had formerly ridden the horse in question he found himself obliged to part with the inauspicious animal for a mere trifle; and to purchase, at a pretty dear rate, a horse of less external figure and action, but of better moral habits.

Prince Betty, the Clothier's Daughter.

In the year 1717 or 1718, when Frederick Augustus II. king of Poland, then electoral prince of Saxony, in the course of his travels, came to Vienna, there lived at Wolkenstein, a clothier's daughter, whose christian name was Elizabeth, but her surname I have forgot. Her condition sat very uneasy on the girl, being obliged to work daily at the loom; besides, she had none of the most indulgent fathers; she was, therefore, ever contriving how to free herself from this bondage, and procure something more to her liking.

What she was most out of humour with was her sex, as she would frequently exclaim against Providence for not making her a man: these dispositions produced a scheme to steal out of her father's house, and in male attire to endeavour to mend her situation. A favourable opportunity at length offered for her elopement, her father who was a widower, being from home.

As he had taken with him his every day clothes, nothing remained for her but his suit of black, in which, to appear like a creditable burgher, he used to go to the sacrament or funerals; this happened to fit her, so she put on one of his shirts, and crammed two others in the pockets, and in this garb she one night left her father's house, and her dress led her to pass for an ejected schoolmaster.

After wandering through several parts of the country, where she picked up something among the gentry and clergy, she came to Augustusburg-house, where M. Gunther, surveyor of the king s fisheries, resided, a great number of the royal ponds being in that neighbourhood. When she requested his benevolence, the surveyor fancied that he saw in this ejected schoolmaster some glimpse of the electoral prince, and, in reality, between these two different persons there was a resemblance, though not very great. M. Gunther put several questions to this schoolmaster, and Miss Betty answered them with a composure and gravity which the surveyor construed to be inborn stateliness and dignity;—at length he began to surmise that this person was the electoral prince himself.

Before you laugh at the surveyor's simplicity, be pleased to recollect the sanguine hopes which the Saxons entertained of their prince: exulting in ideal prospects of the blessings which were to

distinguish his reign, when their burdens should be lightened, every grievance be redressed, and all things set upon a right footing. It is impossible to conceive what stories these hopes had given rise to, particularly that the electoral prince went about the country *incognito*, the better to inform himself of the condition of his future subjects, and thus take effectual measures for their prosperity. A report was current at this time that the prince was now actually taking a tour about the country, that he might see every thing with his own eyes, and that people might not suffer by false representations; indeed few at court gave any heed to such tattle; but the surveyor happened to be one of those who, being pleased with the story, readily believed it.

M. Gunther, in his profound sagacity, thought that if this was the electoral prince, his business was to entertain him well, as that would certainly make his fortune. The whole story proves him a man of a very narrow grasp, yet he was ambitious of making a great figure in the succeeding reign.

However, he was for proceeding warily, and taking the sham schoolmaster into his parlour, after giving him a cup of wine, he entered into talk with him on several subjects, and in every thing Miss Betty showed an acuteness and understanding which to the surveyor seemed above the sphere of a poor schoolmaster; and he imagined that with his penetrating eyes he saw a princely majesty beam forth in all her expressions and deportment; thus he became persuaded that the person before him could be no other than the electoral prince. In this conceit, without any farther hesitation, he ventured to say to Miss Betty, that if he was not much mistaken, it was a very different person from a schoolmaster whom he saw in this disguise. At this Miss Betty coloured; but her spirits revived when the surveyor,

continuing his discourse, said, that though his apparel was none of the best, in his opinion it covered a person of the highest rank. This honour she declared did not belong to her, but it was spoke with such confusion as only confirmed M. Gunther's prepossession; in a word, her blushes, with the manner of her waving any pretence to quality, left not the least doubt in him that his guest was the electoral prince of Saxony.

The surveyor thought himself extremely happy that Heaven should put so fair an opportunity into his hands of advancing himself, and that if he let it slip, he should deserve to be posted for a fool, instead of being counted a wise man, which he had always affected; and, therefore, rising up, he said, that he was not ignorant of the noble motives of his royal highness's going about the country in disguise, but that he should see his ends might be sufficiently answered, if he pleased to honour his house some time with his presence; and at the same time he made an offer of every thing in it to his royal highness.

Miss Betty, who had left her father's house to seek her fortune, and who wished for nothing more than a life of ease and merriment, thought this too good a proposal not to avail herself of it, and at the same time was sensible that her case required prudence and caution; accordingly she desired the surveyor to mention no such high titles to her, not but that she held herself much obliged to him for his kind offer. M. Gunther replied, that since it was his royal highness's pleasure, he would forbear titles, as his intention was to be unknown, but again repeated the offer of his house, and every thing in his power; and Miss Betty at last consented to spend some days there, if it would not be too great a trouble. One of the chief cautions on which she resolved in this farce was, never to say that she was the electoral

prince, but by a reserved behaviour drill him on in his chimerical imaginations; and this she pleaded before the late king and the commissioners of inquiry; and the surveyor himself did her the justice to own that she never pretended to be the prince, nor directly countenanced his supposition of her being that royal person.

The first night she lay in M. Gunther's house, his joy kept him waking; nothing was more certain with him than that it now only depended on his making a due use of his fortunate adventure to be amongst the first of the ministry in the next reign: he wisely supposed, that the greater obligations he laid the prince under, the greater would be his advancement. His fortune being considerable, he was persuaded that this was the season to sow plentifully, and the sure way to reap an exuberant harvest.

The next morning he proposed to the prince to change his apparel for that of a higher rank, as better answering his end of remaining unknown, for the meaner his appearance, the sooner would a keen eye see through the disguise: this perhaps M. Gunther meant as a compliment to his own penetration. He added, that he thought the rank of count was the best adapted to his highness's drift, as not being attended with the constraint of royalty, which hindered a personal inspection into every thing; nor, which would be the case of a low rank, did it exclude him from the company of the nobility and gentry, whose free sentiments he might thus hear, and judge of their manners. Further, M. Gunther, concluding that his royal highness might not be provided for the expense of new dresses, humbly requested him to make use of his money, which was entirely at his service.

To this offer Prince Betty made several objections, signifying that it by no means suited his views; however, at the pressing entreaty of the surveyor, intimated that he might give orders for what he thought proper. M. Gunther, without delay, ordered some rich suits to be made, hired four servants and made the prince a present of a superb coach, with six horses, which he said the prince would want for visiting the several parts of the country; and that he, the count, might be suitably provided with the grand requisite, he with the most reverential humility, humbly offered him a purse with 300 ducats, and would not desist till his highness was pleased to accept it.

Every thing being now settled, Mr. Surveyor invited all the neighbouring nobility and gentry to his house, for the entertainment of the prince, who was made known to every one under the fictitious title of a count of Holstein; but M. Gunther was not wanting privately, and with the most earnest request of secrecy, to whisper to all his visitors that his guest was no other than the electoral prince himself. Such an honour they could not but esteem a sure presage of the most glorious fortune.

These visits of the neighbouring nobility at the surveyor's house went on for near a month; all crowded thither with a view of getting into the favour of Saxony's rising sun, and his favourite, M. Von Gunther; thus for his money he, at least, had for some time the flattering pleasure of being surrounded by persons of rank, all courting his friendship; and he had already a forecast of the incense which probably would have been offered to him had his suppositions been real.

On all occasions Prince Betty topped her part; she did not in the least disgrace the title of count; and the reserve which she constantly kept up

with the country nobility passed for the stamp of royalty, that, under this inferior disguise, seemed to dignify every part of her behaviour. In short, there was not one who harboured the least doubt of M. Gunther's serious whisperings; so easy are men to be imposed on, or rather, so easy is it to play the part of the great ones of the world!

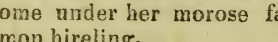
However, now comes on the *denouement* of this farce: some of the nobles having relations or friends at court with whom they corresponded, wrote word that the electoral prince was certainly at Augustusburgh in disguise. These courtiers thought that an information of this nature was not to be concealed from the king. His Majesty, who knew that his son was at Vienna, or that he was strangely imposed on, would believe nothing of the matter, yet thought it proper to take so much notice of the account as to dispatch one of the officers of his household, who knew the prince too well to be mistaken, and to make his observations on the spot. This person, on his arrival, sent in his name to Mr. Surveyor, desiring that he might be permitted to kiss the count's hands; in the mean time he had also the whispering, that the person who passed only for a count was really the electoral prince.

This officer's visit was over at first sight; he hastened back to court, and assured the king that the Augustusburgh count was no more the prince than he was. On this the king immediately sent a party of horse, with a warrant to bring Prince Betty and the surveyor of the fishery to Dresden. The king asked Prince Betty who she was? She, without the least discomposure, gave a full account of her family, sex, and all the circumstances which had occasioned her being the object of the surveyor's liberality, and the admiration of the nobles, without her having pretended to be the electoral prince. Not a letter of her account could be dis-

proved; and even Gunther himself acquiesced in the truth of her relation.

Hereupon the king pronounced this sentence:—That Prince Betty, as a due punishment of the surveyor, should keep every thing that he had given her; but that she should be confined, during life, in Waldeim house of industry, though not put to any hard labour; and that Gunther should allow her a rix dollar a day as long as she lived.

This was fulfilled in every article; she had her own clean room in the house, boarded with the keeper, and generally wore a genteel kind of amazon habit; she was ever sprightly and merry, saying that her life was a heaven to that which she led at home under her morose father, working as a common hireling.



Jean Maxwell the Galloway Sorceress.

That the long prevalent belief in witches infernal agency, &c. is not wholly extinct in Scotland, will be seen from the following abstract from a Scotch paper, of the trial of Jean Maxwell, alias the Galloway Sorceress, who was tried, found guilty and imprisoned in Kircudbright jail:—

'Jeanie Davidson was servant to Francis Scott, in Cocklic Urr, in Galloway. Hugh Rafferton, her fellow servant, had said some soft things to Jeanie, who fondly wished to bring the matter to a matrimonial consummation. Mother Maxwell, an intinerant of witchcraft notoriety, not only over Urr but through Galloway, came to Cocklick; and Jeannie availed herself of the opportunity to

state her case, and seek advice. The old sorceress in order to impress Jeanie, whom she found to be a credulous girl, with high notions of her powers of divination, told her that she had been educated at Oxford; that she was possessed of a book which had greatly improved her skill; and that she knew how to make sacrifices to the devil to render him subservient to her purposes.—Jeanie was easily convinced of her occult powers, she unbosomed her mind, and solicited information regarding her future fortune. The old hag cast the cups, and displayed some cantrips, then assuming the grimace of occult skill, thrilled the heart of Jeanie, by telling her she would have a bastard by Rafferton. Jeanie was chaste, and determined to preserve herself so; but believing in this predestination, she implored this oracle's magic aid to avert the dire disgrace. Mother Maxwell consented; she first swore the simpleton to secrecy, then annointed the hind and fore part of her head with a liquid, which Jeanie said produced a delirium, plucked out some hairs, placed them in a small box she had with her, got three shillings, with one of which she lifted three magic powders into a rag of fine linen, sewed them up, stuck them with nine pins, and directed the noviciate to wear the parcel in her bosom, for nine days, and every day at eleven o'clock before noon to change them from one end to the other.

'A shift was also procured, and Jeanie was directed to stuff it with wheat-straw into the shape of a woman, and at midnight of the next Saturday, to offer it a burnt offering to the devil, on the lee-side of the farm-house; that his infernal majesty would then honour her with a visit in the shape of a sow or a bull; and that if she faced him boldly the meeting would pass over courteously, but if she fainted he would tear her in pieces. This had the effect, Jeanie dared not

attempt it. The sorceress then told her the devil was now up, and he must be laid; and that if she would not act for herself, she should consent to be her priestess, on being supplied with the requisite, and not only lay him now, but burn the stuffed shift. A guinea note and a little lint were to form the charm, which Jeanie furnished, and after a little slight of hand, in rolling up the lint, and pretending to inclose the note, she gave the package to Jeanie, and desired her to throw it on the fire; she was then ordered to remain alone, and not to go to bed till two in the morning, under the pain of eternal vengeance. She was however allowed to read, and accordingly read her Bible, and took it to bed with her.

'Thus having succeeded in making Jean believe that she possessed great super-natural Oxford arts, and brought her mind into a state of terror, she continued to present Jean with drafts from the devil, till her stock was gone, her credit exhausted, and she had been obliged to abstract her master's property. Jean's anxiety to quiet the devil, made the witch more exorbitant in her demands, and she required that Jean should furnish a final burnt offering to consist of three pieces of flesh meat, other two notes, and Jean's duffle cloak, to enclose the oblation, and with the powerful assistance of John M'George, the devil-raiser of Urr, Satan would be sent off, Rafferton be her's and the devil would also be made to refund all he had got. A time was specified, when the sacrifice was to be ready. The demand was beyond Jeanie's means, which producing a dawn of reason, she told her mistress the case. The witch kept her appointment, and Jeanie's master who of course, had been informed, ordered matters so, that when she was preparing to carry off her booty, she was seized in the iron gripe of a constable, from whose claws her Oxford learning could not rescue her. She was lodged in Kircud-

bright Goal, brought to trial before the steward depute and a jury, found guilty. and sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months in the goal of that burgh, and to stand for an hour once every quarter of the year in the juge or pillory."

The Victim of Parental Tyranny.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST

Mons. du F— arrived at his father's chateau in Normandy, in June 1778, and was received by Mons. le baron, and all his family with the most affectionate cordiality. In much exultation of mind he dispatched a letter to Madame du F—, containing this agreeable intelligence but this was far from producing in her mind the effect he desired. A deep melancholy had seized her thoughts, and her foreboding heart refused to sympathize in his joy. Short, indeed, was its duration. He had not been many days at the chateau, when he perceived, with surprize and consternation, that his steps were continually watched by two servants, armed with fuzees.

His father now showed him an arret, which, on the fourth of June, 1776, he had obtained from the parliament of Rouen against his marriage. The baron then ordered his son to accompany him to his house at Rouen, whither they went attended by several servants. That evening when the attendants withdrew after supper, the baron, entirely throwing off the mask of civility and kindness, which he had worn in such opposition to his nature, reproached his son, in terms of the utmost bitterness, for his past conduct, inveighed against his marriage; and having exhausted every expression of rage and resentment, at length suffered him to retire to his own apartment.

There the unhappy Mons. du F—, absorbed in the most gloomy reflections, lamented in vain that fatal credulity which had led him to put himself into the power of his implacable father. At the hour of midnight his meditations were interrupted by the sound of feet approaching his chamber; and in a few moments the door was thrown open, and his father attended by a servant armed, and two * Cavaliers de Marechaussee, entered the room Resistance and supplications were alike unavailing. Mons. du F—'s papers were seized; a few louis d'ors, which constituted all the money he possessed, were taken from him; and he was conducted in the dead of the night, July the 7th, 1778, to St. Yon, a convent used as a place of confinement near Rouen, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

A week after his father entered the dungeon. You will perhaps conclude, that his hard heart felt at length, the relentings of a parent. You will at least suppose that his imagination being haunted, and his conscience tormented with the image of a son stretched on the floor of this subterraneous cell, he could support the idea no longer, and had hastened to give repose to his own mind by releasing his captive. Far different were the motives of his visit. He considered that such was his son's attachment to his wife, that so long as he believed he had left her in possession of seven hundred pounds, he would find comfort from that consideration even in the depth of his dungeon. His father therefore, hastened to remove an error from the mind of his son, which left the measure of his woes unfilled. Nor did he chuse to yield to another the office of inflicting a pang sharper than captivity; but himself informed his son, that the merchant who was to pay the seven hundred pound to his wife, was declared a bankrupt.

* Officers of Justice.

A short time after, the baron du F— commenced a suit at law against that agent of iniquity whom he had employed to deceive his son, and who, practising a refinement of treachery, of which the baron was not aware, had kept the seven hundred pounds, with which he was intrusted, and given drafts upon a merchant whom he knew would fail before the time of payment. Not being able to prosecute this affair without a power of attorney from his son, the baron applied to him for this purpose. But Mons. du F—, being firmly resolved not to deprive his wife of the chance of recovering the money for herself and her child, could by no entreaties or menaces be led to comply. In vain his father, who had consented to allow him a few books, ordered him to be deprived of that resource, and that his confinement should be rendered still more rigorous; he continued inflexible.

Mons. du F—, remained in his prison without meeting with the smallest mark of sympathy from any one of his family, though his second brother Mons de B—, was now eighteen years of age; an age at which the sordid considerations of interest, how much soever they may affect our conduct at a more advanced period of life, can seldom stifle those warm and generous feelings which seem to belong to youth. It might have been expected, that this young man would have abhorred the prospect of possessing a fortune which was the just inheritance of his brother, and which could only be obtained by detaining that brother in perpetual captivity. Even admitting that his inexorable father had prohibited his visiting the prison of his brother, his heart should have told him, that disobedience in this instance, would have been virtue; or was it not sufficient to remain a passive spectator of injustice, without becoming as he afterwards did, the agent of cruelty inflicted on a brother?

.....

Where are the words that can convey an adequate idea of the sufferings of Madame du F-- during this period? Three weeks after her husbands departure from England, she heard the general report of the town of Rouen, that the baron du F— had obtained a lettre de cachet against his son, and had thrown him into prison. This was all she heard of her husband for two years Ignorant of the place of his confinement, uncertain if he still lived, perhaps her miseries were even more poignant than his. In the dismal solitude of a prison, his pains were alleviated by the soothing reflection that he suffered for her he loved; while that very idea was to her the most bitter aggravation of distress. Her days passed in anguish which can only be conceived where it has been felt, and her nights were disturbed by the gloomy wanderings of fancy. Sometimes she saw him, in her dreams, chained to the floor of his dungeon, his bosom bathed in blood, and his countenance disfigured by death. Sometimes she saw him hastening towards her, when at the moment that he was going to embrace her, they were fiercely torn asunder. Madame du F—, was naturally of a delicate constitution, and grief of mind reduced her to such a deplorable state of weakness, that it was with infinite difficulty she performed the duties of her situation. For herself, she would have welcomed death with thankfulness; but she considered that her child now depended entirely on her labours for support and this was a motive sufficiently powerful to prompt her to the careful preservation of her own life, though it had long become a burden. The child was three years old when her father left England; recollected him perfectly; and, whenever her mother went to visit her, used to call with eagerness for her papa. The enquiry in the voice of her child of, "When shall I see my dear, dear papa?" was heard by this unhappy mother with a degree of agony which it were vain indeed to describe.

.....

Mons. du F—, was repeatedly offered his liberty, but upon conditions which he abhorred. He was required for ever to renounce his wife; who while she remained with her child in a distant country, was to receive from his father a small pension, as an equivalent for the pangs of disappointed affection, of disgrace and dishonour. With the indignation of offended virtue he spurned at these insulting propositions, and endeavoured to prepare his mind for the endurance of perpetual captivity.

Nor can imagination form an idea of a scene more dreadful than his prison, where he perceived with horror, that the greatest number of those prisoners who had been many years in confinement, had an appearance of frenzy in their looks, which shewed that reason had been too weak for the long struggle with calamity, and had at last yielded to despair. In a cell adjoining Mons. du F—'s, was an old man, who had been confined nearly forty years. His grey beard hung down to his waist, and during the day, he was chained by his neck to the wall. He was never allowed to leave his cell, and never spoke; but Mons. du F—, used to hear the rattling of his chains.

The prisoners, a few excepted, were generally brought from their cells at the hour of noon, and dined together. But this gloomy repast was served in uninterrupted silence. They were not suffered to utter one word, and the penalty of transgressing this rule, was a rigorous confinement of several weeks. As soon as this comfortless meal was finished, the prisoners were instantly obliged to return to their dungeons, in which they were locked up till the same hour the following day. Mons. du F—, in his damp and melancholy cell, passed two winters without fire, and suffered so severely from cold, that he was

obliged to wrap himself up in the few clothes which covered his bed. Nor was he allowed any light, except that which, during the short day, beamed through the small grated window in the cieling of his dungeon.

Is it not difficult to believe that these sufferings were inflicted by a father? A father! that name which I cannot trace without emotion; which conveys all the ideas of protection, of security, of tenderness; that dear relation to which in general owe their prosperity, their enjoyments, and even their virtues! Alas! the unhappy Mons. du F—, owed nothing to his father but that life, which from its earliest period, his cruelty had embittered, and which he now condemned to languish in miseries that death only could heal.

A young gentleman, who was confined in a cell on one side of Mons. du F—'s, contrived to make a small hole through the wall; and these companions in misfortune, by placing themselves close to the hole, could converse together in whispers. But the monks were not long in discovering this, and effectually deprived them of so great an indulgence, by removing them to distant cells. These unrelenting Monks, who performed with such fidelity their office of tormenting their fellow creatures, who never relaxed in one article of persecution, and adhered with scrupulous rigour to the code of cruelty were called, *"Les Freres de la sainte Charite"? One among them deserved the appellation. This good old monk used to visit the prisoners by stealth, and endeavour to administer comfort to their affliction. Often he repeated to Mons. du F—, †"Mon cher frere consolez vous; mettez votre confiance en Dieu, vos maux seront finis!"

* The Brothers of the holy Charity.

† My dear brother be comforted, place your confidence in God your afflictions will have an end.

Mons. du F— remained two years in prison without receiving any intelligence of his wife, on whose account he suffered the most distracting anxiety. He had every reason to apprehend that her frame, which had already been much enfeebled by her misfortunes, would sink beneath this additional load of misery, and that she would perhaps be rendered unable to procure that little pittance, which might preserve herself and her child from want. At length one of his fellow-prisoners, who was going to regain his liberty, took charge of a letter to Madame du F—. and flattered him with the hope of finding some means of transmitting to him an answer.

The letter paints so naturally the situation of his mind, that I have translated some extracts from it.

"My thoughts (he says) are unceasingly occupied about you, and my dear little girl. I am for ever recalling the blessed moments when I had the happiness of being near you, and at that recollection my tears refuse to be controlled. How could I consent to separate myself from what was most dear to me in the world? No motive less powerful than that of seeking your welfare, and that of my child could have determined me—and, alas, I have not accomplished this end. I know too well that you have never received that sum of money which I thought I had secured for you, and for which I risked the first blessing of life. What fills my mind with the greatest horror, in the solitude of my prison, is the fear that you are suffering difficulties in a foreign country. Here I remain ignorant of your fate, and can only offer to heaven the most ardent vows for your welfare.'

"What joy would a letter from you give me but I dare not flatter myself with the hope of such

sweet consolation. All I can assure myself of is, that though separated perhaps for ever, our souls are united by the most tender friendship and attachment, Perhaps I may not find it possible to write to you again for a long while: but be assured, that no menaces, no sufferings, no dungeons, shall ever shake my fidelity to you; and that I shall love you to the last hour of my existence. I find a consolation in the reflection that it is for you I suffer. If providence ever permits us to meet again, that moment will efface the remembrance of all my calamities. Live, my dearest wife, in that hope. I conjure you preserve your life for my sake, and for the sake of our dear little girl! embrace her tenderly for me, and desire her also to embrace you for her poor papa. I need not recommend my child to the care of so tender a mother; but I conjure you to inspire her mind with the deepest sense of religion. If she is born to inherit the misfortunes of her father, this will be her best source of consolation.

"Whatever offers may be made you by my father, I exhort you never have the weakness to listen to them, but preserve your rights and those of my dear little girl, which perhaps may one day be of some value. If you are still at Mrs. D—'s boarding school, tell her that I recommend my wife and child to her compassion. But what am I saying? I am ignorant if you are still with her, ignorant whether the dearest object of my affection still live! but I trust that providence has preserved you. Adieu! may God Almighty bless you and my child, I never cease imploring him to have pity on the widow and the orphan in a land of strangers."

You my dear friend, who have felt the tender attachments of love and friendship, and the painful anxieties which absence occasions, even amidst

scenes of variety and pleasure; who understand the value at which tidings from those we love is computed in the arithmetic of the heart; who have heard with almost uncontrolable emotion, the post-man's rap at the door; have trembling seen the well-known hand which excited sensations that almost deprived you of power to break the seal which seemed the talisman of happiness; you can judge of the feelings of Mons. du F— when he received by means of the same friend who had conveyed his letter, an answer from his wife. But the person who brought the letter to his dungeon, dreading the risk of a discovery, insisted that after having read it, he should return it to him immediately. Mons. du F— pressed the letter to his heart, bathed it with his tears, and implored the indulgence of keeping it at least till the next morning. He was allowed to do so, and read it till every word was imprinted on his memory; and after enjoying the sad luxury of holding it that night on his bosom, was forced the next morning to relinquish his treasure.

On the 10th of October, 1780, the baron du F— came to the convent, and ordered the Monks to bring his son from his dungeon to the parlour, and leave them together. With the utmost reluctance Mons. du F— obeyed this summons, having long lost all hope of softening the obdurate heart of his father. When the monks withdrew, the baron began upbraiding him, in the most bitter terms, for his obstinate resistance to his will, which he informed him, had availed nothing, as he had gained his suit at law, and recovered the seven hundred pounds. Mons. du F— replied, that the pain he felt from this intelligence would have been far more acute, had his wife been deprived with his concurrence of the money which was promised for her subsistence, and on the reliance of which promise he had been tempted to leave England. His father then enquired

if he still persisted in his adherence to the disgraceful connexion he had formed; to which his son answered, that not merely were his affections interested, but that his honour obliged him to maintain with inviolable fidelity, a solemn and sacred engagement. The rage of the baron at these words became unbounded. He stamped the ground with his feet; he aimed a stroke at his son, who taking advantage of this moment of phrenzy, determined to attempt his escape, and rushing out of the apartment, and avoiding that side of the convent which the monks inhabited, he endeavoured to find his way to the garden, but missed the passage which led to it. He then flew up a stair case, from which he heard the voice of his father calling for assistance. Finding that all the doors which he passed were shut, he continued ascending till he reached the top of the building, where meeting with no other opening than a hole made in the sloping roof to let in light to a garret, he climbed up with much difficulty, and then putting his feet through the hole, and letting his body out by degrees, he supported himself for a moment on the roof, and deliberated on what he was about to do. But his mind was at this crisis, wrought up to a pitch of desperation, which mocked the suggestions of fear. He quitted his hold, and flinging himself from a height of nearly fifty feet became insensible before he reached the ground, where he lay weltering in his blood, and to all appearance dead,

He had fallen on the high road leading from Rouen to Caen. Some people who were passing gathered round him, and one person having washed the blood from his face, instantly recognized his features, and exclaimed to the astonished croud, that he was the eldest son of the baron du F—. Upon examining his body, it was found that he had broken his arm, his thigh, his ancle

bone, and his heel, besides having received many violent bruises. He still remained in a state of insensibility; and while these charitable strangers were using their efforts to restore him to life the monks hastened from their convent, snatched their victim from those good Samaritans who would have poured oil and wine into his wounds, and carried him to the infirmary of the convent, where he remained some weeks before he recovered his senses; after which he lay stretched upon a bed for three months, suffering agonies of pain.

His father who had been the jailor, and almost the murderer of his son, heard of these sufferings without remorse, nor did he ever see him more. But though he was sufficiently obdurate to bear unmoved the calamities he had inflicted on his child, though he could check the upbraidings of his own conscience, he could not silence the voice of public indignation. The report that Mons. du F— had been found lying on the road bathed in blood, and had in that condition been dragged to the prison of St. Yon, was soon spread through the town of Rouen. Every one sympathised in the fate of this unfortunate young man, and execrated the tyranny of his unrelenting father.

The universal clamour reached the ear of his brother Mons. de B—, who now, for the first time out of respect to the public opinion, took a measure which his heart had never dictated during the long captivity of his brother, that of visiting him in his prison. Mons. de B—'s design in these visits was merely to appease the public; for small indeed was the consolation they afforded to his brother. He did not come to bathe with his tears the bed where that unhappy young man lay stretched in pain and anguish to lament the severity of his father; to offer him

all the consolation of fraternal tenderness:—he came to warn him against indulging a hope of ever regaining his liberty—he came to pierce his soul with "hard unkindness, altered eye, which mocks the tear it forced to flow."

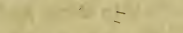
I will not attempt to describe the wretchedness of Madame du F—, when she heard the report of her husband's situation. Your heart will conceive what she suffered far better than I can relate it. Three months after his fall, Mons. du F— contrived, through the assistance of the charitable old Monk, to send her a few lines written with his left hand.

"My fall," he says, "has made my captivity known, and has led the whole town of Rouen to take an interest in my misfortunes. Perhaps I shall have reason to bless the accident, which may possibly prove the means of procuring me my liberty, and uniting me again to you!—In the mean time, I trust that providence will watch with paternal goodness over the two objects of my most tender affection. Do not, my dearest wife, suffer the thonghts of my situationto prey too much upon your mind. My arm is almost well; my thigh and foot are not quite cured; but I am getting better.

"I could not suppress my tears on reading that part of your letter, wherein you tell me that my dear little girl often asks for papa—Kiss her for me a thousand times. and tell her that her papa is always thinking of her and her dear mama. I am well convinced that you will give her the best education your little pittance can afford. But above all I beseech you inspire her young mind with sentiments of piety; teach her to love her Creator: that is the most essential of all lessons. Adieu! dearest and most beloved of

women!—Is there a period in reserve when we shall meet again? Oh, how amply will that moment compensate for all our misfortunes."

(To be concluded in our next.)



Bill of Fare in the year 1561.

William Muigay, Esq. Mayor of the city of Norwich, his expenses for a dinner, at which he feasted the Duke of Norfolk, &c. the Lords, Knights, and Gentry of the county:—

Eight stone of beef, at fourteen pounds to the stone	5	4
Ten collars of brawn	1	
Four geese	1	4
Eight pints of butter	1	6
A fore quarter of veal	0	10
A hind quarter ditto	1	0
A leg of mutton	0	8
Loin of mutton and shoulder of veal	1	0
A breast and coast of mutton	0	7
Six plovers	1	0
Four brace of partridges	2	0
Four couple of rabbits	1	8
Two Guinea pigs	1	0
Four couple of hens	2	0
Two couple of mallards	1	0
Thirty four eggs	1	0
Two bushels of flour	1	6
Sixteen loaves of white bread	0	6
Eight wheaten bread	0	9
Three loaves meslin ditto	0	3
One barrel double beer	2	6
One ditto small ditto	1	0
One quarter of wood	2	2

Nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and greens	0	8
Four ponnds of rasberries and sugar...	1	6
Fruit and almonds.....	0	7
Sweet water and perfumes.....	0	4
Sixteen oranges.....	0	2
Two gallons of white wine and claret..	2	0
One quart of sack.....	0	9
One quart of malmsey.....	0	5
One quart of bustard.....	0	3
One quart of muscodine.....	0	6
	£1	18 3

A speech made by Johnny Martyn, of Norwich, a wealthy, honest man, after Mr. Mayor Muigay's dinner. Found in the collection of one Turner, of Lyn Regis.

Maister Mayor on Norwich; and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king; God bless the Queen's grace. We have fed plentifully, and now whilome I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, Maister Mayor, and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer; your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners; and so huzza for the Queen's Majesty's grace, and all her bonny browed dames of honour! Huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good Dame Mayoress! It is his noble grace; there he is, God save him and all this jolly company! To all our friends round county, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their boddies, to keep out Spanish dons, with their faggots to burn our whiskers.—Shove it about; twirl your cap-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for Maister Mayor, and his brethren their worships.

The Lord Mayor of London's Bill of Fare for 1822.

The following is the bill of fare of the feast given by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs to the citizens; from its contents strangers may form some distinct conceptions of what is meant by a city feast, and by city eating. The provision is provided on a scale of the capacities of 1,300 guests, for that is the number of those who have signified their intention of dining with his Lordship.

Imprimis 3,000 pounds of real turtle, which will fill upwards of 200 turreens; 300 dishes of game, hares, pheasants, and partridges, &c. and some of the finest and rarest species; 84 fowls, 30 peacocks, 80 turkeys, 34 sirloins of beef, 24 stewed rumps of beef, 18 hams, 60 tongues, 48 large pigeon pies, 36 large raised pies, 48 fish of the finest sort, 28 ragouts; 128 jellies, creams, &c. 60 large fruit pies, 36 large marrow puddings, 50 sallads; 48 large dishes of curious cookery, each of which would take a chapter to describe; 100 full grown pine apples, 200 pounds of grapes of the finest description; 250 ice creams, pears, apples, olives, cakes, and dried fruits of the finest and rarest description.

The wines are of all kinds, from humble Port to Imperial Tokay, twelve thousand knives and forks, and six thousand plates were employed on the occasion.

A Treasure discovered by repeated Dreams.

At a little village, about fifty miles from London, lived an honest but very poor farmer: he with much ado kept his wife and three children

from starving: thus content and even happy in poverty, they lived; till the cruel avarice of their hard-hearted landlord was going to turn them out of their little cot, for a quarter's rent, though he well knew the season had been very unfavourable far the industrious husbandman.

During this perplexity, he dreamed, if he would go to a certain place in London, he would hear of something to his advantage. He told his wife this, but she looked on it as the cause of an uneasy mind, and persuaded him from it, till having dreamed it twice again, he determined to go notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his wife; having therefore gathered as much money as he could, to support the family in his absence, he one fine morning set out on his long journey.

The length of the way was beguiled by the surprizing success he should meet with on his arrival in the great metropolis, and though clothed in rags, and only twelve shillings in his pocket, cheerfully prosecuted his march for two days, at the expiration of which he found himself on that magnificent building, called Westminster-bridge.

He then enquired for the street that was to make his fortune for ever, and easily found it. Now was he greatly surprized, to think, in so narrow a place, and so mean inhabitants, that it would be possible for him to attain his wished-for ends. However he continued his walk, backwards and forwards, for the space of two days and a half, resolving, if possible, not to go back without his errand, nor quit the spot he had so often seen in his sleep.

About the close of the second day, a young fellow from a little hardware shop, asked him if he wanted any body in that neighbourhood, for he

had observed him walking about a considerable time; he long hesitated, and at last told him, it was in consequence of a particular dream, that he should on that spot hear of something to his advantage; the man listened very attentively, and at length smiling, assured him there was nothing worth minding in dreams; for, continued he, if I had not known better, I might be this time digging in farmer Dent's ground, at a little village in Bucks, for a considerable sum of money that lies under a pear tree in the middle of the garden. This, my friend, said he, I have dreamed three times over, but as I have no faith in dreams, I shall never trouble myself to go in search of it.

Scarce able to contain his joy at hearing his own name and place of abode mentioned, he thanked him kindly, and promised to seek no longer the vain pursuits of an idle dream, but would hasten to his anxious family, whom he supposed by this time missed his daily labours.

Fully possessed that this was the grand advantage he was to meet with, you may readily imagine he lost no time in gaining his cot, but so great was his prudence, that when he arrived there, he did not, as many poor people would do, directly divulge the secret, but seemed quite composed and easy, rather tired than otherwise, as may be imagined, after so long a walk.

However, the children were no sooner in bed, and the neighbourhood quiet, than he told his wife the success of his journey, and his determination to try whether it was so or not.

Accordingly they sallied forth with pick-axe and spade, in search of this inestimable treasure: long time they dug in vain, till the spade seemed

to be stopped in its progress by something hard; this presently revived their almost dying hopes, and they with difficulty raised a large pot, with a copper plate over it, and an inscription in Latin which you may depend on they did not understand; however they preserved it for the inspection of some scholars, who frequently came there to taste the farmer's good ale.

A second pot of the same kind finished their search; and now rejoicing in their riches. they both agreed there was something in dreams that should be observed.

The good woman spent the best part of the next day in cleaning the money they found, which consisted in old pieces in gold and silver; they then discharged their inhuman landlord, and purchased a farm well stocked, enjoying a state of uninterrupted ease and tranquility.

Record of Occurrences of the past Week.

BIRTHS.

On the 24th Instant Mrs. Newenham Graydon, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Anne's Church, on the 17th. Instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, James Master, Esq. of Marlborough-st. to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Underwood, of St. Andrew-street

DEATHS.

At Russell-place of a lingering illnes,, Miss Kane, eldest daughter of Daniel Kane, Esq. of this city.—In the prime of life, on Wednesday last, the 22d. Mr. Richard Gaskin, of Nassau-street.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 21.

HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE APPARITION,

In the last years of the Reign of Louis XIV.

Our readers may attach what credit they please to the following history; but of this, they may be assured, that at the time, it excited a great sensation, and was generally believed; and that if any deception was practised, it was at least contrived with such subtlety as to escape detection, if not suspicion.

The little town of Salon in Provence, which boasts of being the native place of Nostradamus, was, in April, 1697, the first scene of the present history. An apparition, which many people took to be no other than the ghost of Nostradamus, appeared to a private individual of that town, and threw him into not a little perplexity. It charged him in the first place, on pain of death, to observe the most inviolable silence respecting what it was going to communicate, and then commanded him in its name, to demand a letter of recommendation of the intendant of the province, which should enable him on his arrival at Versailles, to obtain a private audience of the king—"What you are to say to the king," continued

the ghost, "you are not to know till the day before your arrival at court, when I will appear to you again, and give the necessary instructions; but forget not that your life depends on the secrecy which I enjoin you to observe respecting what has passed between us, and with every body except the intendant." With these words the spectre vanished, and left the poor man half dead with fear. Scarcely had he came to himself when his wife entered, observed his uneasiness, and enquired the cause. The threats of the ghost however had made far too powerful an impression for her to obtain from him a satisfactory answer. The evasions of the man excited the wife's curiosity still more, and the poor fellow, that he might have peace, was at length weak enough to reveal the whole matter, and the next moment paid for his indiscretion with his life. The woman was exceedingly affrighted at this unexpected catastrophe, but persuaded herself, that what had happened to her husband, was merely the effect of an imagination confused by a dream, or some other accident, and thought fit, both for her own sake, as well as out of regard for the memory of her deceased husband, to communicate the secret to none but a few relatives and friends.

It so happened, however, that the same visitor appeared to another inhabitant of the town, who had also the imprudence to disclose the circumstance to his brother, and was in like manner punished with a sudden death. These two extraordinary incidents now became the subject of general conversation, not only at Salon, but throughout the whole country, for more than sixty miles round.

In a few days the same spectre appeared to a blacksmith, living at the distance of only two houses from the persons who had died so suddenly Rendered wiser by the misfortune of his neigh-

hours, he delayed not a moment to repair to the intendant. It was not without difficulty that he obtained the private audience directed by the ghost, and was treated as a man deranged in his intellects. "I can easily conceive," replied the smith, who was a sensible man, and known for such at Salon, "that the part I am acting must appear highly ludicrous in your excellency's eyes; but if you will please to order your deputy to make enquiries concerning the sudden death of two inhabitants of Salon, who had received from the ghost the same commission as I have, I flatter myself that your excellency will send for me before the expiration of a week."

An investigation having been made into the circumstances attending the death of the two persons mentioned by Francois Michel, the smith, having been made, he was actually sent for by the intendant, who now listened to his story with much greater attention than before, and after furnishing him with despatches to M. de Baobesieux, minister and secretary of state for Provence he supplied him with money to defray his expences, and wished him a prosperous journey.

The intendant was apprehensive, lest so young a minister as M. de Baobesieux should accuse him of too great credulity, and give the court a subject of laughter at his expence; he therefore accompanied the dispatches not only with the documents of the examination instituted by his deputy at Salon, but also annexed the certificate of the lieutenant of justice of the same place, attested and subscribed by all the officers.

Michel arrived at Versailles, and was not a little perplexed what to say to the minister, because the ghost had not yet appeared to him agreeable to its promise. The very same night however the spectre threw open the curtains of his bed,

desired him to be of good cheer, and told him word for word, the message he was to deliver to the minister, and what he was to say to the king and to him alone. "You will have," it continued," many difficulties to encounter, in order to obtain this private audience, but be not deterred, and beware of suffering your secret to be drawn from you by the minister, or by any other person, as instant death would be the inevitable consequence."—The minister, as may easily be conjectured, did his utmost to get at the bottom of the secret, which the smith firmly refused to reveal, protesting that his life was at stake. He concluded with observing, that to convince him what he had to communicate to the king was not an idle tale, he might acquaint his majesty, in his name, that at the last hunt at Fontanbleau he had himself seen the ghost, that his horse had taken fright at it, and started aside; but that because the apparition had staid but a moment his majesty had regarded it as deception of the eye, and had therefore taken no farther notice of it.

This last circumstance struck the minister, and he now thought it his duty to inform the king of the smith's arrival at Versailles, and the extraordinary business which had brought him thither. But what was his astonishment, when after a moments silence the monarch desired to speak with him that very day in private.

What passed at this singular interview was never made public. All that was ever known on the subject is, that the smith afterwards remained three or four days at court, and that he publicly took leave of the king, with his consent, when he was going out a hunting.

It was asserted that on this occasion the duke de Duras, the captain of the life guards on duty,

said aloud:—"Sire, if your majesty had not expressly commanded me to permit this man to approach you, I should never have allowed him, for he is certainly a madman."—The king with a smile replied: "Dear Duras, how falsely we often judge of our fellow creatures! He is more sensible than you and many others may suppose."

These words of the king made a deep impression. The courtiers used every endeavour, but in vain to discover the subject of the smith's interviews with the king, and the minister Baobesieux. The people ever credulous and consequently partial to the wonderful, imagined that the taxes occasioned by the long and oppressive wars, were the real motives of them, and hoped for a speedy alleviation of their burdens; but they continued till the peace

The visionary on leaving the king, returned to his own province. He was supplied with money by the minister, and was commanded to keep his errand a profound secret from every body whatever. Roullet one of the first artists of the age designed and engraved a portrait of this smith. The face was that of a man between thirty-five and forty years of age; with an honest, open and though somewhat pensive look, and exhibiting what the french term a *physionomie de cnractere.*

The Victim of Parental Tyranny.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST

At length the parliament of Rouen began to interest itself in the cause of Mons. du F—. The circumstances of his confinement were mentioned in that assembly. and the president sent his secretary to Mons. du F—'s prison, who had now quitted his bed, and was able to walk with

the assistance of crutches. By the advice of the president, Mons. du F— addressed some letters to the parliament, representing his situation in the most pathetic terms, and imploring their interference in his behalf.

It is here necessary to mention, that Mons. de Bel B—, Procureur General de Rouen, being intimately connected with the baron du F—'s family, had ventured to demonstrate his friendship for the baron, by confining his son nearly three years on his own authority, and without any lettre de cachet. And though Mons. de Bel B— well knew, that every species of oppression was connived at, under the shelter of lettres de cachet he was sensible that it was only beneath their auspices that the exercise of tyranny was permitted; and in this particular instance, not having been cruel *selons les regles, he apprehended that if ever Mons. du F— regained his liberty, he might be made responsible for his conduct. he therefore exerted all his influence, and with too much success, to frustate the benevolent intention of the president of the parliament, respecting Mons. du F—. His letters were indeed read in that assembly, and ordered to be registered, where they still remain a record of the pusillanimity of those men who suffered the authority of Mons. de Bel B— to overcome the voice of humanity; who acknowledged the atrocity of the Baron du F—'s conduct, and yet were deaf to the supplications of his son, while from the depth of his dungeon he called upon them for protection and redress.

May the fate of the captive, in the land of France, no more hang suspended on the frail thread of pity, or the caprice of individuals! May justice erect, on eternal foundations her pro-

* According to rules.

tecting sanctuary for the oppressed, and may humanity and mercy be the graceful decorations of her temple.

The baron du F— perceived that, notwithstanding his machinations had prevented the parliament of Rouen from taking any effectual measures towards liberating his son, it would be impossible to silence the murmurs of the public, while he remained confined at St. Yon. He determined therefore, to remove him to some distant prison, where his name and family were unknown; and where beyond the jurisdiction of the parliament of Rouen, his groans might rise unpitied and unrevenged. But the baron not daring amidst the general clamour, to remove his son by force, endeavoured to draw him artfully into the snare he had prepared.

Mons. de B— was sent to his brother's prison, where he represented to him, that though he must not indulge the least hope of ever regaining his liberty, yet if he would write a letter to Mons. M— keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed to some other place, his confinement would be made far less rigorous. Mons. du F— was now in a state of desperation, that rendered him almost careless of his fate. He perceived that the parliament had renounced his cause. He saw no possibility of escape from St. Yon, and flattered himself that in a place where he was less closely confined, it might perhaps be practicable; and therefore he consented to write the letter required which Mons. de B— conveyed in triumph to his father. There were however, some expressions in the letter which the baron disapproved, on which account he returned it, desiring that those expressions might be changed. But during the interval of his brother's absence, Mons. du F— had reflected on the rash imprudence of confiding in the promises of those by whom he had been so

cruelly deceived. No sooner therefore, did Mons. de B— put the letter again into his hands than he tore it in pieces, and peremptorily refused to write another.

Soon after this, Mons. de B—, the ambassador of the tyrant again returned to his brother with fresh credentials, and declared to him that if he would write to the keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed from St. Yon, he should in one fortnight after his removal be restored to liberty. Upon Mons. du F—'s asserting that he could no longer confide in the promises made him by his family, his brother in a formal written engagement to which he signed his name, gave him the most solemn assurance, that this promise should be fulfilled with fidelity. Mons. du F— desired a few days for deliberation, and during that interval, found means of consulting a magistrate of Rouen who was his friend, and who advised him to comply with the terms that were offered, after having caused several copies of the written engagement to be taken and certified by such of the prisoners at St Yon as were likely to regain their freedom; a precaution necessary lest his own should be torn from his hands.

Thus having neither trusted to the affection, the mercy, or the remorse of those within whose bosom such sentiments were extinguished; having bargained by a written agreement, with a father and a brother, for his release from the horrors of perpetual captivity, Mons. du F— wrote the letter required

Soon after, an order was sent from Versailles for his release from the prison of St. Yon, and with a lettre de cachet, whereby he was exiled to Beauvais, with a command not to leave that town Mons. de B—, acting as a Cavalier de la

Marechaussee* conducted his brother to this place of exile, and there left him. A short time after, Mons. du F— received an intimation from that magistrate of Rouen who had interested himself in his misfortunes, that his father was on the point of obtaining another lettre de cachet, to remove him from Beauvais, to some prison in the south of France where he might never more be heard of. This gentleman added, that Mons. du F— had not one moment to lose, and advised him immediately to attempt his escape.

Early on the morning after he received this intelligence, Mons. du F— who had the liberty to walk about the town, fled from Beauvais. The person who brought him the letter from the magistrate, waited for him at a little distance from the town, and accompanied him on his journey. When they reached Lisle in Flanders, not having a passport, they were obliged to wait from eleven o'clock at night till ten the next morning, before they could obtain permission from the governor to proceed on their journey. Mons. du F— concluded that he was pursued, and suffered the most dreadful apprehensions of being overtaken His companion, with some address, at length obtained a passport, and attended him as far as Ostend. The wind proving contrary he was detained two days in a state of the most distracting inquietude, and concealed himself on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage for England. At length the wind became favourable, the vessel sailed, and arrived late at night at Margate. Mons. du F—, when he reached the English shore, knelt down, and in a transport of joy, kissed the earth of that dear country which had twice proved his asylum.

He then enquired when the stage coach set off for London, and was told that it went at so early

* An Officer of Justice.

an hour the next morning, that he could not go till the day after, as he must wait till his portmanteau was examined by the custom-house officers who were now in bed. The delay of a few hours in seeing his wife and child, after such an absence, after such sufferings was not to be endured. In a violent agitation of mind, he snatched up his portmanteau, and was going to fling it into the sea, when he was prevented by the people near him, who said that if he would pay the fees, his portmanteau should be sent after him. He eagerly complied with their demands, and set out for London. As he drew near, his anxiety, his impatience, his emotion increased. His present situation appeared to him like one of those delicious dreams which sometimes visited the darkness of his dungeon, and for a while restored him in imagination to those he loved. Scarcely could he persuade himself that he was beyond the reach of oppression, that he was in a land of freedom; that he was hastening towards his wife and child. When he entered London, his sensations became almost too strong to bear. He was in the very same place his wife and child inhabited—but were they still alive? were they in health? had Heaven indeed reserved for him the transport of holding them once more to his bosom, of mixing his tears with theirs? When he knocked at the door of the house where he expected to hear of Madame du F—, he had scarcely power to articulate his enquiries after her and his child. He was told that they were in health, but that Madame du F— being in a situation six miles from London, he could not see her till the next morning. Mons. du F— had not been in bed for several nights, and was almost overcome with agitation and fatigue. He however instantly set out on foot for the habitation of his wife, announced himself to the mistress of the family, and remained in another apartment, while she; after making Madame du F— promise that she

would listen to her with calmness, told her that there was a probability of her husband's return to England. He heard the sobs, the exclamations of his wife at this intelligence—he could restrain no longer—he rushed into the room—he flew into her arms—he continued pressing her in silence to his bosom. She was unable to shed a tear and it was not until long after he had endeavoured to sooth her by his tenderness, and had talked to her of her child, that she obtained relief from weeping. She then with the most violent emotion again and again repeated the same enquiries, and was a considerable time before she recovered any degree of composure.

All the fortune Mons. du F— possessed when he reached London was one half guinea; but his wife had during his absence, saved ten guineas out of her little salary. You will easily imagine how valuable this hoard became in her estimation, when she could apply it to the precious use of relieving the necessities of her husband. Mons. du F— went to London the next day, and hired a little garret: there with a few books, a rush-light and some straw in which he wrapped his legs to supply the want of fire, he recollected not the splendour to which he had once been accustomed, nor the dungeon from which he had escaped, he saw his wife and child once a week; and in those solitary moments, when books failed to sooth his thoughts, he anticipated the hour in which he should again meet the objects most dear to his heart, and passed the intervals of time in philosophical resignation. His clothes being too shabby to admit of his appearing in the day, he issued from his little shed when it was dark, and endeavoured to warm himself by the exercise of walking

Unfortunately he caught the small-pox, and his disorder rose to such a height, that his life was despaired of. In this delirium he used to recapit-

ulate the sad story of his misfortunes: and when he saw any person near his bed side would call out with the utmost vehemence, *"Qu'on sasse sortir touts les Francois!" After having been for some days in the most imminent danger Mons. du F— recovered from this disease.

Six months after Mons. du F—'s return to England, his family found themselves compelled to silence the public clamours by allowing him a small annual pension. Upon this Madame du F— quitted her place, and came to live with her husband and her child in an obscure lodging. Their little income received some addition by means of teaching the French language in a few private families.

A young lady who came to pay me a visit at London, in 1785, desired to take some lessons in French, and Madame du F— was recommended to us for that purpose. We soon perceived in her conversation every mark of a cultivated mind, and of an amiable disposition. She at length told us the history of her misfortunes, and with the pathetic eloquence of her own charming language; and after having heard that recital, it required but common humanity to treat her with the respect due to the unhappy, and to feel for her sorrows that sympathy to which they had such claim. How much has the sensibility of Mons. and Madame du F— over-rated those proofs of esteem and friendship which we were enabled to shew them in their adversity!—But I must not antici pate.

On the 7th of October, 1787, the baron died, leaving besides Mons. du F—, two other sons and a daughter.

I must here mention that at the time when Mons. du F— was confined to his bed in the prison

* Make all the French go out.

of St. Yon. from the consequences of his fall, his father in order to avoid the clamours at Rouen, went for some weeks to Paris. He there made a will disinheriting his eldest son. By the old laws of France however a father could not punish his son more than once for the same offence. Nor was there any thing in so mild a clause that could much encourage disobedience; since this single punishment of which the mercy of the law was careful to avoid repetition, might be extended to residence for life in a dungeon. Such was evidently the intention of the baron du F—; and though his son disappointing this intention, had escaped with only three years captivity, and some broken limbs, the benignant law above mentioned interposed to prevent farther punishment, and left the baron without any legal right to deprive Mons. du F— of his inheritance. His brothers being sensible of this, wrote to inform him of his father's death, and recal him to France. He refused to go while the lettre de cachet remained in force against him. The baron having left all his papers sealed up, which his younger sons could not open but in the presence of their brother, they obtained the revocation of the lettre de cachet, and sent it to Mons. du F—, who immediately set off for France.

The baron's estate amounted to about four thousand pounds a year. Willing to avoid a tedious litigation with his brothers, Mons. du F— consented to divide with them this property. But he soon found reason to repent of his imprudent generosity; those very brothers on whom he had bestowed an equal share of his fortune, refusing to concur with him in his application to the parliament of Rouen for the revocation of the arret against his marriage. Mons. du F—, surprised and shocked at their refusal, began to entertain some apprehensions of his personal safety; and dreading, that supported by the authority of his

mother, another lettre de cachet might be obtained against him, he hastened back to England. Nor was it till after he had obtained assurances from several of the magistrates of Rouen that they would be responsible for the safety of his person, that he again ventured to return to France accompanied by Madam and Madamoiselle du F— in order to obtain the revocation of the arret. On their arrival at Rouen, finding that the parliament was exiled, and that the business could not be prosecuted at that time, they again came back to pass the winter in England.

At this period his mother died; and in the following summer Mons. and Madame du F— arrived in France at the great epocha of French liberty, on the 15th July 1789, the very day after that on which the Bastile was taken. It was then that Mons. du F— felt himself in security on his native shore—it was then that his domestic comforts were no longer embittered by the dread of being torn from his family by a separation more terrible than death itself—it was then that he no more feared that his repose at night would be broken by the entrance of ruffians prepared to drag him to dungeons the darkness of which was never visited by the blessed beams of day,

Such is the history of Mons. du F—. Has it not the air of a romance? and are you not glad that the denouement is happy?—Does not the old baron die exactly in the right place; or at the very page one would chuse?—Or if I sometimes wished that he had lived a little longer, it is only from that desire of retribution, which in cases of injustice and oppression, it is so natural to feel It is only because the knowledge of the overthrow of the ancient government would have been a sufficient punishment to him for all his cruelty. He would have sickened at the sight of general happiness. The idea of liberty being extended

to the lower ranks, while, at the same time, tyranny was deprived of its privileges. he would have found it insupportable, and would have abhorred a country which could no longer boast of a Bastile; a country where iron cages were broken down, where dungeons were thrown open, and where justice was henceforth to shed a clear and steady light, without one dark shade of relief from lettres de cachet.

But peace be to his ashes! If the recollection of his evil deeds excites my indignation, it is far otherwise with Mons. or Madame du F—, Never did I hear their lips utter an expression of resentment or disrespect towards his memory, and never did I, with that warmth which belongs to my friendship for them, involuntarily pass a censure on his conduct, without being made sensible by their behaviour, that I had done wrong.

Anecdote of the Duke de Nivernois.

When the Duke de Nivernois was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townsend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite *deshabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of this house was a clergyman, who to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which in all, might make his living about £80 a year, and this was all he had to maintain a wife and six children.

When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in, and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a

pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation. the duke observed an old chess board hanging up, and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably, but found it very difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. 'I'm your man,' says the Duke. 'With all my heart says the parson, 'and if you'll stay and take pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you,' The weather still continuing wet, the duke accepted his offer, and the parson played so much better that he won every game. This highly pleased the duke, who at parting, took a memorandum of his address, and thanked him for his hospitality.

Some months passed over without the clergyman thinking a word about the matter, when one evening a footman rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:—

'The Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. ——, and as a remembrance for the *good drubbing* he gave him at chess, and the hospitality he showed him on such a day, begs that he will accept of the living of ——, worth £400 per year, and that he will wait on his grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next and thank him for the same.'

The poor parson was some time before he could imagine it any thing else than a jest, and was for not going; but his wife insisting on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

elephant, the animal roared out as if he wished to attract his attention; for when the eye of the colonel was directed to him, he immediately laid hold of his keeper with his proboscis, put him under his feet, and instantly crushed him to death, then fell on his knees and saluted the colonel, as if to beg his pardon.

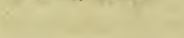
The singularity of this act induced colonel Pearse to make an immediate inquiry respecting it, when he was informed that the elephant had been forced, contrary to his natural disposition, to inflict this punishment on his keeper, for the incorrigible neglect he had been guilty of on

Sagacity of the Elephant.

In an account of a journey lately performed by three English gentlemen, from Islamabad to Banachoon, they mention their mode of travelling as follows:—

We proceeded as far as Gaffrabad in our palanquins, but we here found the creeks so full of water, it being then the rainy season, we were obliged to relinquish that manner of conveyance, and applied to the natives to procure some elephants for us, which in about an hour they brought. Their keeper presented us with some plantains, and informed us that by giving them to the elephants we proposed to ride on, it would secure their friendship during our journey, and make them very careful of us in passing through the woods: we followed their advice and offered the fruits, which were very gratefully accepted by those animals, and they gave us a grand salute with their trunks bent backwards on the top of their heads, and immediately after laid down, holding one of their legs up in the manner of a step, that we might with greater facility mount

culty that a dog may possibly become capable in a great measure of understanding human discourse, and of reasoning and acting accordingly: and that in the present instance, the villain had either uttered his design in soliloquy, or imparted it to an accomplice in the hearing of the animal.



A check to Extravagance.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance of all kinds, but particularly in apparel. His mode of reproving this folly was excellent and effectual; of which the following instances are given in his life by Sheridan:—

During his residence at Quilca, a country house of Dr. Sheridan's the dean went one Sunday to church, at the distance of more than two hours ride; the clergyman invited him to dinner but Swift excused himself by saying that it was too far to ride home afterwards; adding 'No I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginny, which is half way home.' Reilly who was a country farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She accordingly dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with as much respect as if she had been a duchess, making several low bows to the ground, and then handed her with much formality to her seat. After some high flown compliments, he thus addressed his host: 'Mr. Reilly I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne.' 'Estate! said Reilly, 'the

devil a foot of ground belongs to me or any of my generation; I have a pretty good lease here from my Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come.' 'Well, but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?' 'Why don't you see her there before you?' 'That Mrs. Reilly!—impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, no, Mrs. Reilly the farmer's wife would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, and other things suitable to it.' Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The Dean saluted her in a friendly manner, and said, 'I am heartily glad to see you Mrs. Reilly, this husband of your's would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so.' He then laid hold of young master's hat, and with his penknife ripped off the lace which he folded up in several papers and thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was thrown into no small confusion by this behaviour, but the presence of Swift inspired them with too much awe, for them to express any umbrage; however, as he soon resumed his good humour, and entertained them with many pleasant stories, they recovered their spirits, and the day was spent with conviviality. When he took leave he said, 'I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly, I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one; so God bless you, and thanks for your entertainment.

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly opened the paper, and found four guineas in it with the burnt lace. As long as Swift staid in the country he kept an eye upon them, and found that his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their extravagance, and lived in a manner more agreeable to their situation in life, One of the first things he did on his return to Dublin was to visit Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease, without which the poor man would in a few years, have been unable to support his family.

Peak of Teneriffe.

The mountain denominated the *Peak*, in the island of Teneriffe, has long been celebrated for its altitude, and for the crater within its summit. It has never failed to attract the attention of all who have visited the island, and its proximity to Europe has caused it to be visited by many of the scientific world. But the accounts given of its elevation are very heteroganeous. Mr. Johnstone who visited it lately calculated its elevation to be 2,023 English fathoms, or two miles, two furlongs and eighty-six yards, which nearly corresponds with those calculations which are considered to come nearest the truth. He likewise made an excursion to its summit, of which he gives an account.

Having ascended a considerable height, they encamped on ground covered with pumice stone, with a stream of water on each side; in front a barren plain, the island of Grand Canary, bearing S. E. as if rising out of an immense field of ice formed by clouds below them. About four

o'clock next morning, the first of August, the moon shining bright and the weather clear, they began to ascend a kind of path, along the first great frustum, leading to the smaller and higher Sugar Loaf. The passage was steep and disagreeable, being covered with pumice stone which gave way at every step. In about an hour, they got to the Alla Vista, where it was necessary to climb over the lava, leaping from one large stone to another, till they arrived at the foot of the of the Sugar Loaf. Here they rested about five minutes. They then began to ascend the Sugar Loaf. This was the most fatiguing part, it being exceedingly steep, and wholly consisting of small pumice stones, so that the foot at every step sinks and slides back. They were obliged to take breath repeatedly. It was more than six o'clock when they got to the summit of the Loaf. At this time the clouds had gathered about a mile and a half perpendicular below. They were thick and had a very striking effect, appearing like an immense extent of frozen sea, covered with innumerable hillocks of snow, above which the islands of Great Canary, Palma, Gomera and Hiero, or Ferro, raised their heads. On the sun getting a little higher the clouds disappeared, and opened to the view the coast around; and the colours hoisted on the Peak were distinctly seen by gentlemen in Oratova, through their telescopes. The prospect from the peak is romantic and extensive, no other hill being of a height to intercept the view. The coast is perceived all around, and a distinct idea of the island formed. From this place they saw the town of Santa Cruz, and the shipping in the road, which is a distance in a direct line, of about twenty-five miles.

The excavation, or caldron, within the summit of the Peak, is not less than 80 feet in depth. The gentlemen descended into it, and gathered some sulphur, with which the surface is mostly

covered. In many parts the foot cannot rest upon the same spot above a minute, the heat penetrating quickly through the shoes. Smoke issues frequently from the earth. Just under the surface, is a soft reddish clay, so hot, that the hand introduced into it must be quickly withdrawn. In the caldron, the sulphureous odour is very offensive, but on the ridge it may be easily endured.

They continued two hours and a half upon the summit of the Peak, without feeling any inconvenience from heat or cold. Soon after sun-rise, the thermometer in the shade was at 51°. They descended the Sugar Loaf in a few minutes, running the whole way, which was found to be the best mode.

Among others who have ascended to the summit of the Peak, is M. Mongez. The crater, he informs us, is a true sulphur pit, similar to those in Italy. It is 50 fathoms long, and 40 broad, rising abruptly from east to west. At the edges of the crater, particularly on the under side, are many spiracles, or natural chimneys, from which there exhales aqueous vapours, and sulphureous acids, which are so hot as to make the thermometer rise from 9° to 34° of Reaumur. The inside of the crater is covered with yellow, red, or white argillaceous earth, and blocks of lava, partly decomposed. Under these blocks are found superb crystals of sulphur; these are eight-sided rhomboidal crystals, sometimes an inch in length. and he supposes they are the finest crystals of volcanic sulphur that have ever been found.

The water that exhales from the spiracles is pure, and not in the least acid, as he was convinced by several experiments. He supposes the elevation of the Peak to be 1900 toises above the level of the sea He made several chemical experiments upon its top; but he merely gives an account of

the effects. The volatilization and cooling of liquors, were they are very considerable. Half a minute was sufficient for a dissipation of a pretty strong dose of ether. The action of acids on metals, earths, and alkalies, was slow, and the bubbles which escaped during the effervescence were much larger than ordinary.

The production of vitriols was attended with very singular phenomena. That of iron assumed all at once a very beautiful violet colour, and that of copper was suddenly precipitated of a very bright blue colour. He examined the moisture of the air by means of the hygrometer of pure alkali, and of the vitriolic acid; and he thence concluded, as well as from the direction of the aqueous vapours, that the air was very dry, for at the end of three hours the vitriolic acid had suffered hardly any change, either in colour or weight; the fixed alkali remained dry, except near the edges of the vessel that contained it, where it was a little moist; and Saussure's hygrometer pointed to 64°, as nearly as the impetuous wind which then blew would permit them to judge.

Liquors appeared to them to have lost nothing of their smell or strength at that height; a circumstance which contradicts all the tales that have hitherto been related on that head. Volatile alkali, ether, spirit of wine, retained all their strength; the smoking spirit, of Boyle, was the only one that seemed to have lost any sensible portion of its energy. Its evaporation, however, was not the less quick. In 30 seconds, a quantity which he poured into a cup was entirely volatilized, and nothing remained but the sulphur which tinged the rims and the bottom. When he poured the vitriolic acid on that liquor, there happened a violent detonation, and the vapours that arose had a very sensible degree of heat.

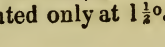
He tried to form volatile alkali by decomposing sal ammoniac with the fixed alkali, but the production was slow and hardly sensible; while at the level of the sea, this process, made with the same substances in the same proportions, succeeded very readily, and in abundance.

Being curious to investigate the nature of the vapours that exhale from the crater, and to know whether they contained inflammable air, fixed air, and marine acid, he made the following experiments:—

He composed on the edge of one of the spiracles a nitrous solution of silver in a cup. It remained more than a hour in the midst of the vapours, which were continually exhaling, but without any sensible alteration; which sufficiently shewed that no vapours of marine acid exhale from the crater. He then poured into it some drops of marine acid, when a precipitation of *luna cornea* immediately ensued; but instead of being white, as that precipitation generally is, it was of a fine dark violet colour, which quickly became grey, and it assumed the form of small scaly crystals. These were very distinct when looked at with a glass, and they were even visible to the naked eye.

He thought himself justifiable in attributing this alteration of colour to the vapours of inflammable air, according to some experiments that he had made on the precipitation of *luna cornea* in such air. Lime water exposed for three hours on the margin of the crater, and in the neighbourhood of a spiracle, was not covered with any calcareous pellicle, nor even hardly with any slimy appearance; which proved, in his opinion, not only that no vapours of fixed air exhale from the crater, but that the atmospheric air which rests upon it, contains very little of that air; and that the inflamma-

ble vapours and sulphureous acid, alone, were sensible and considerable. The electricity of the atmosphere was pretty considerable; for Saussure's electrometer, when held in the hand at the height of above five feet, indicated 3°; while on the ground it pointed only at 1½°. The electricity was positive.



Domesticated Dormice.

We are induced to give the following interesting Observations a place in our Miscellany, as they strongly tend to invalidate the received theory of torpidity in the above little animal.

'Having procured two dormice, in January, 1792, which were caught in the woods but a few days before they came into my hands, I confined them in a cage, furnished with a thermometor, and placed in a chamber where no fire was kept. They were supplied regularly with water and food, consisting chiefly of hazel-nuts and buiscuits.—The weather in February being warm for the season at the beginning and end of the month, and frosty from the 16th to the 28th, I had an opportunity to observe that whenever the thermometer, which was attached to the cage, fell to 47°, the dormice became inactive, and remained apparently insensible as long as the heat of that part of the chamber did not exceed the above mentioned temperature; but whenever the mercury reached 47° they became very susceptible of external impression, and awaked in the evenings, when they repaired to their stock of provisions, of which they consumed not a little.

The same dry food being injudiciously continued through the summer, they grew sickly and died, so that I had not a second opportunity to attend to the œconomy of this couple during the cold season. About the middle of April, 1793, I obtained a third dormouse. Experience taught me to manage this in a manner more congenial to its constitution. It was constantly supplied with green hazel buds or raisins, in spring; with ripe fruits in summer, and apples and raisins in winter. This generous diet not only preserved the creature in health and high condition, but appeared to fortify it against the benumbing effects of cold, which it supported the following winter much better than the other couple had done; for it never slept more than forty eight hours, and that but seldom, without visiting the cup which contained its provisions.

I now began to suspect the torpidity of the dormouse in a wild state, to be nothing but a custom imposed by necessity on a constitution which nature has intended to retain life during the cold season of winter, with but little food and an imperfect degree of respiration, as well as a languid, or perhaps, partial action of the sanguiferous system.

The uncommonly severe weather which ushered in the year 1795, confirmed this opinion apparently beyond dispute; for notwithstanding the hard frost, it braved the cold with wonderful indifference. It awaked every evening, when it consumed in the course of the night a quantity of food amounting to one hundred or one hundred and twenty grains, and frequently gnawed the ice which covered the water in the cage. It even undertook in the coldest part of January, to repair its nest, which happened to receive an injury, and accomplished the task in one night.'

Economy in Fuel.

In districts where fuel is both plentiful and cheap, the following article may appear unworthy of much attention: but in places where it is both scarce and dear, every economical recommendation must be deemed of importance.

In several parts of Wales, the inhabitants have long been in the habit of using what they call Fire balls, instead of simple coals. These Fire-balls are made by mixing together small coals, clay and water, until the compound is brought to a certain consistence, when it is divided into balls, and reserved for use. Somewhat analogous to the preceding, is the following species of fuel, which we apprehend has been found to surpass the expectation of all who have tried it. We cannot vouch for its real excellencies from actual observation; but the compound being simple, and the articles within the reach of every one, and easily to be obtained, an experiment may be made without much ingenuity, trouble, or expense.

Take one bushel, either of small coal or saw-dust, or both mixed together, to which add two bushels of sand, and one bushel and a half of clay. Let these be all mixed well together with common water, until the mass appears in consistence like common mortar. When well mixed, take small quantities, and roll them into balls, or cast them into small moulds like bricks, then pile them in a convenient place, and when dry, they will be fit for use. A fire cannot be lighted with this compound, but when lighted, if these are placed behind, with a coal or two in front, they will be found to keep up a stronger heat than any fuel of the common kind.

Minute Writing.

The Iliad of Homer, in a nutshell, which Pliny says Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices, an artist who wrote a distitch in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity, and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand, that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad into so confined a space, that it could be confined in a nutshell.

Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without a microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this princess, containing some thousand of verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; about a century ago, this minute writing was a fashionable curiosity. A drawing of the head of Charles I. is in the library of St. John's College, at Oxford. It is wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance, resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

Anecdote of a Scotch Bagpiper.

As a Scotch Bagpiper was traversing the Mountains of Ulster, he was one evening encountered by a half-starved Irish wolf. In this distress, the poor fellow could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of his hospitality. He did so, and the wolf swallowed every thing that was thrown to him with the greatest voracity. The stock of provisions was soon exhausted, and the piper's only resource was to try the virtue of his bagpipe; which the wolf no sooner heard, than he took to the mountains with greater precipitation than he had came down.

The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that, with an angry look at parting, he shook his head, and said, 'Ay, are these your tricks? had I known your humour, you should have had your music before supper.'

The Conjugal Trio.

A woman in Pensylvania, of middle age, fell sick, and was soon convinced that she had not long to live. The thoughts of her young children gave her great uneasiness in these last moments of her life. She sent for her husband to her bed-side, and did not conceal from him the apprehensions she entertained lest her successor in the conjugal bed should ill-treat her motherless infants; she begged and conjured her husband, now that she was going to leave him, to marry the young and robust Rosina, who had always been a faithful servant to them both, and cheerfully performed whatever was required of her.

The husband regarded this proposal of his sick wife as the effect of impaired intellects, but as she insisted that he should swear to fulfil her wishes, he, to please her, took an oath to that purpose. Two days afterwards, the patient, distrusting her husband's sincerity, called him and Rosina to her bed, and told the latter that she intended to unite her in marriage with the man whom she herself was about to leave a widower; exhorting her, at the same time, to be faithful to him, to love him, and to take great care of his children and his domestic concerns. The good-natured Rosina promised, weeping, to do whatever she required. The sick woman united them herself, made them both take the matrimonial vow, and obliged them immediately to put the seal to their new contract to prevent the possibility of their receding.

Having accomplished this business to her satisfaction, the patient gradually grew better: but the husband, in whose sight the new wife had found favour, told his former partner on her recovery, that since she had obliged him to marry Rosina, he was determined not to forsake her as long as he lived. The former, so far from being displeased, was, on the contrary, highly delighted with this resolution, embraced her husband, and by her caresses testified the warmest approbation. No misunderstanding was ever known to arise between these two wives.

The second bore several children, to which the first shewed as much tenderness as to her own, and paid the utmost attention to the mother in her lying-in. The young wife never forgot the respect, esteem and affection which she owed to the elder as her benefactress; the days of this conjugal trio glided happily away, and nobody took offence at their extraordinary union.

Ruſsian Officer & Turkish Dragoon

Engraved for Marvellous Magazine

Vide Page 298

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 22.

The Russian Officer and the Sybil.

In the year 1773, when a fierce and bloody war was carried on between Russia and Turkey, a young gentleman of good family, who resided in Petersburgh of the name of Schemidt; had obtained a commission from his government, and was shortly after ordered to join his regiment, which was in active service on the frontiers of Turkey. Prior to setting out he was ordered to take charge of a number of recruits, and to march them to head quarters; they had been some days on their route, when passing near a small village not far from their destination, and at the extreme end under a large oak near the road side, was a small hut, in which dwelt an old woman, who was a reputed Sorceress or Sybil; and seemed to be well known to one of the party. The recruits who had received part of their bounty, each was resolved to have his fortune told, and prepared a small piece of silver accordingly: The Sybil made each shew his hand, and looking earnestly in the face, and examining his person with a scrutinizing eye, told every man something extraordinary that had happened to him, as well as his future destiny. When all had paid, were

satisfied and about to depart, she beckoned to Lieutenant Schemidt, to approach (he had remained near to her out of curiosity, witnessed the credulity of the recruits,) he laughed at her, and damned her for an old B——, did she think he had any faith in her incantations;—"Well," said she "for once let me look at your hand, it can do you no harm, at present, I will require no reward for what I shall impart, and it vitally concerns you to know your future fate." he held out his hand, she studied the lines on it, and with a grave and solemn accent she spoke as follows:—"*Beware of the Ides of March*, Cæsar was warned in due time, but he gave no heed to his warning; you will join your regiment, and after four months you will be promoted to be a captain; but during the Ides of March, or on the 13th of that month, you will have the command of the guard for that night, when you will be surprised by the enemy, and cut off." He passed on and listened with surprise to the conversation of the recruits, each imparting to the other the witches prediction. It certainly did recall to his own recollection, "The Ides of March," yet he treated the whole as a fable.

He arrived at head quarters, presented his credentials, and was well received, almost immediately after the warfare between the Russians and Turks assumed a desperate aspect, quarter to the vanquished, was refused to be given or taken by either party; the Turkish cavalry were well known to receive a handsome reward from their government, for the number of Russian heads each man brought into their camp, so that universally whenever the Turks gained any advantage, they always decapitated all those that fell on the field of battle, or otherwise came into their hands; and in like manner the Russians put to death all Turks that came within their power, in the most cruel manner, many valuable officers were

cut off, and no man was sure of his life a moment. The regiment Lieutenant Schemidt was in, happened to be peculiarly unfortunate in loosing a number of officers, and as each was promoted by seignoirity, before four months was elapsed *as predicted by the Sybil*, he was promoted to the command of a troop, shortly after his promotion on walking down the lines of the camp alone, at the door of a Suttlers booth he was accosted by an old healthy looking woman saying, "Well captain has not part of my prediction proved true?" he instantly recognized the Sybil, whom he had seen at the village of N——, when about to join his regiment—"Ha! old witch, what the devil has brought you here," said he; she answered that not being able to obtain a living by telling fortunes, she had commenced Suttler, and now followed the camp, and sold small wines and provisions to the troops. "Well," said he, "I don't forget the *Ides of March*; but I will yet bet a hamper of the best Tokay in Turkey, that that part of your prediction will be untrue, and that you will appear in the eyes of all men an impostor." This speech seemed to rouse the old woman's cholar, her eyes flashed fire, her frame became agitated, she said, "I take you at your word captain, and will make a deposit of the amount in your Colonel's hands, and I will take your word as a man of honour, to the fulfilment on your part, if you are alive on the 14th of March next, I will pay you my hamper, if you are not your executors shall pay me a like complement." It was immediately agreed upon, and he departed; on his return to quarters, he met his Colonel who imparted to him that on old woman, a well known Suttler of the camp, had lodged a certain deposit in his hands, which she said was a bet pending between you and her, and which was to be decided on the 14th of March next, yet two months distant: the captain was confused, told the Colonel the facts, at which they both laughed

heartily, yet Captain Schemidt as he afterwa ds acknowledged could not banish the *Ides of March* altogether from his memory. . The time passed quickly on, the 13th of March arrived, all was peculiarly quiet, no general engagement was expected, the two armies were in cantonments waiting the approaching opening season to commence hostilities. a strong picket guard was mounted every night, and frequent skirmishes occured; which had but little influence on the main bodies.

The officers of Captain Schemidt's regiment were sitting after dinner, over the bottle, and the Colonel mentioned the oddity of the wager all joined heartily in the laugh against the captain at the singularity of the affair, when the Adjutant of the day entered the tent, and apprised the officer of the night, Captain B—, that his picket guard was ready; Captain Schemidt rested easy, for he was the third from whos eturn it was to mount for that night, Captain B— went out, they resumed their conversation, and in less than a quarter of an hour, the Adjutant returned, and said the next officer must turn out, that Captain B—, had been taken violently ill, and was carried to his tent, all looked grave, the next Captain in rotation turned out: few words escaped the company for some time, the Colonel pushed round the bottle, and all was as usual: a few minutes more elapsed, when the Adjutant a third time entered with a grave countenance, Apologising for being obliged to disturb them so often: but an accident of a serious nature had happened to Captain C—, that on mounting his horse (which was rather fiery,) he had plunged and kicked in such a manner that he threw his rider, and broke his right arm, and he was now in the hands of the surgeon. It was now Captain Schemidt's turn, he bounced up, the Colonel and officers rose also, the Colouel said: "Schemidt, this looks serious." A Captain, a friend of his,

came forward, and volunteered to take the guard which he would by no means admit of, he mounted, examined the men, who were chosen and tried veterans, and consisted of two lieutenants and 100 men, of which he had the command, they marched off to their destination, the out-post, which was two miles in advance from the camp, and the only pass where the enemy could attack their line; Captain Schedmidt was resolved to be particularly on the alert the whole night, the country was unknown to him, he placed centries at short distances, to keep up a communication. The night was exceeding dark, he kept his men in close column and in constant motion with sabres drawn till after two o'clock, all was silent as death, they had been six hours on horseback: they halted for a few minutes, and alighted to give them a little corn, and had the bridles slipped back on their necks; when suddenly, as like a rushing mighty wind, they heard the trampling of horses between them and their own camp, each ran to rebridle, but before they could almost make a motion, they heard the cry of, Alla! Alla! Alla! and an overpowering body of Turks, dashed into the very centre of their handful of men in comparison, and each felt his horse fall either over him, or by his side, and himself cut down, before he was able even to stand on the defensive; in short 500 chosen Turks had been selected for this service and had concealed themselves in a ravine, a few minutes before the arrival of the Russian Picket guard within the pass, a place where they could scarcely be suspected, they proceeded with so much caution and secrecy that they never fired a shot least they might create an alarm in the camp, and with the greatest exactness surprised and cut down all the centries: Captain Schedmidt was in the centre, and had succeeded in rebridling his horse, and his foot in the stirrup about to remount, when a dagger was

plunged quick as lightning into its opposite side, and it immediately fell over on, and threw him to the ground with his foot entangled in the stirrup, the weight of the dead horse, gave him excruciating pain, so that he was near fainting, in two or three minutes all was again silent, save the groans of the dying men and horses which were soon silenced effectually by the Turks daggers; he thought to remain in this position, as did some others who were only slightly wounded, till the Turks would ride off; but what was his consternation? when he could distinctly perceive, that a close line had been formed round their now prostrate party, of the enemy, and they proceeded immediately to rifle and decapitate every single man of the Russians, and for which purpose each Turk was provided with a sharp knife and bag to put as many heads in as he could sever from the bodies, and to do them justice they could operate in that way with astonishing facility: they had commenced from the outer and were approaching fast to the centre where Captain Schemidt lay, he now thought all was over with him, yet still he fealt most anxious to live, and made one great effort with his disengaged foot to move the dead horse off the other, which he miraculously succeeded in, his sabre was drawn in his hand, a Turk who was particularly industrious in penetrating to the centre, and already had a tolerable bag-full of heads, had actually laid his bloody hand on the Captain's with his great knife in the other; the Captain watched his opportunity, and before he could apply the knife, he ran him through the body: he encountered another Turk, whom he also cut down, and springing forward in a state of desperation, overthrew every obstacle, and cut his way through the cordon, the cry of "an escape!" sounded in every quarter, the night as we before mentioned was exceeding dark, a number must have joined

in the pursuit. The Captain darted forward, and was suddenly precipitated down a precipice, he caught some loose earth or brambles in his descent, which broke his fall, three of his enemies also descended, two he thinks were killed in the fall, and the third was severely bruised, he lost his sword in the scramble; but with a few loose stones he soon settled his adversaries which descended with him, but then he heard a number of voices coming round, he darted forward in an opposite direction, not knowing whither, having now no weapon to defend himself, he had not gone more than a few hundred paces, when he found himself entangled in a morass, and not able to proceed much further, he worked his way far as he could into some long sedge or weeds, when he gradually sunk till he was up to his shoulders and was in danger of still sinking deeper; he could now distinctly hear voices in every direction, and some very near to him, at length they died away, he could from his own position perceive nothing; after remaining in this state for above an hour, he found himself so petrified with the cold, that he with the greatest difficulty could move a limb; but by throwing his body forward he contrived to scramble into less deep water, he was still fearful of leaving the morass till day-light would approach, as he well knew a great reward would be given to that Turk who should bring in the head of the commanding officer. At length day began to dawn, when he ventured to creep or crawl out, he knew the relief would soon arrive and that the Turks would not be hardy enough to stay for the morning light. He ascended the height to view the spot where his unfortunate comrades were to a man slaughtered, and his eyes had but just been moistened by the tear of sensibility, when a robust tall Ottoman dragoon, rushed upon him with his sabre drawn to cut him down, weak and faint as he must have been after

such a night, he looked round him for some means of defence, fortunately for him, he found a spear lying on the ground which had belonged to one of Turkish Cavalry, with this he was able to receive the charge of the Turk by placing the end on the ground, and the point towards the horse's breast, and falling flat himself, the horse was desperately wounded, and threw his rider, Captain Schedmidt seized his advantage, and while down struggled to wrest the sword from his grasp which he was fortunate enough to do; but the other being strong closed in on, and threw him to the ground, he succeeded in getting to his girdle, from which he drew a dagger, and was about to plunge into his breast, when the Russian relief guard darted forward, and cut the dragoon down. The variety of emotions which crowded on his mind at this critical period overpowered him, and he sunk into a swoon, from which he did not recover for a considerable time, insomuch that he was thought to be no more; he was immediately carried on a litter into the camp, and in a few moments the whole army was out to witness the sad catastrophe; yet there was no one person alive but Captain S. who could tell the story, among all the Russians. On recovering from his swoon he became delirious, a high fever ensued, and for more than six weeks his life was despaired of; but peculiar care was taken of him, that some light might be thrown on this extraordinary business.—He lay in the hospital for near 15 weeks before he was able to be moved, he was then ordered to his native air, and was six months before he was able again to join his regiment.

The adventure became generally known at Petersburgh, he was often (soon as he was able,) sent for to the court by Catherine, who used to make him recite the particulars, and as a reward for his sufferings, well as his courage on the

occasion, she created him a Knight of the Golden Eagle, with a handsome pension, and a promise of promotion in her army, which shortly after took place in his own regiment. He soon set out to resume the command, and was heartily welcomed by all the officers. One day when in company with some of his friends, the conversation turned on the *Ides of March* and the *Sybil*, who had gained considerable celebrity as well as great gain by the affair; he was resolved to go, and through joke demand from her the before mentioned wager. On his approach, she recognized him:—she said, 'Well Captain, do you now despise my power, do you still think I cannot divine into future events: you have miraculously escaped, that I could not foresee, but has not all the rest been fulfilled:' 'yes mother,' said he, 'but where is my hamper of Tokay,' 'that you shall have,' said she, 'and the finest flavor too in all the Ottoman dominions.

They departed, still doubting, but after dinner the Tokay was introduced as coming from the old Witch: and never before had the very best judges of that rare, delicious, and valuable wine ever tasted any so good. This led to some remarks on her conduct of the abundance of cash she was always supplied with, and her occasional absence from the camp; and her complete control over the soldiery. All these remarks Captain S. pondered in his mind, and was resolved to watch her closely, he found out she had in her particular confidence, the orderly serjeant who was in attendance on the general commandant on the fatal night of the 13th of March.

He remarked that during her occasional absence from the camp, some advantage was usually gained over the Russians. After one of these rencounters Capt. S. communicated his observations to

the general, who listened to them with attention. It was resolved to secure the serjeant, and to minutely search the place she occupied: this being accomplished. he was put to the torture, he confessed that this woman had bribed him to give information to the enemy respecting the different manouvers of the Russians on that day, and that she had a number of others as confederates within the camp, that she was a constant spy and brought intelligence, and was well paid by the Turkish general for any advantage they gained: that she was now plotting something new in the Ottoman camp and would return in a few days.

Immediately on her arrival, she was arrested and put to the torture, when she confessed all. Captain S. interrogated her as to himself; she said, it was she who planned the attack and ambuscade of the 13th March; that she had bribed the mess man's attendant to convey a certain drug into Captain B's glass, which had the desired effect: also had a strong spice conveyed by Captain C's groom, into the posteriors of his horse, which rendered him fiery, and unmanageable, and broke his arm, and finally out of revenge for your despising my power I had a large sum offered for every head of your party, and a particular sum for your own; and when the party came in not finding your head among the rest. I had the dragoon selected from the whole army, the bravest and stoutest man, sent back with a command if he did not bring in your head, he should loose his own, and if he succeeded should be promoted to high rank. The rest you know too well. Shortly after she was executed with most of her associates; and was hung in chains as an example to all traitors.

The Descendant of Charlemagne.

A personage, who described himself as 'General Sarsfield Lucan, Viscount Kilmallock in Ireland, a peer of France, and a descendent of Charlemagne,' presented himself before the magistrate of Bow-street Office, on Saturday morning, and solicited a few shillings to enable him to proceed upon important business to Wexford. He wore an old brown surtout, and a scrap of dirty white ribbon fastened to one of the button holes, a black velvet waistcoat powdered with tarnished silver *fleurs de lis*, and an ancient well worn *chapeau bras*, surmounted with a fringe of black feathers; he carried under his arm a large roll of writings, and all his pockets were stuffed with tin cases, pocket books, and bundles of paper. He said he was a native of Wexford in Ireland, and had spent the last seven years in Paris, where his cousin, Louis XVIII. some months ago created him a Peer of France, but before he could procure his patent the new ministry came into power, and being himself an avowed liberal, his expected honours were withheld from him.

While endeavouring to obtain redress for this act of injustice, he heard that his father had died at Wexford, leaving immense property, and that his sisters had administered to the will, and possessed themselves of that to which he was rightful heir. Upon receiving this intelligence, he quitted Paris very hastily and had proceeded thus far when his finances were exhausted, and he was under the necessity of making this application for assistance from the magistrates to complete his journey. Sir R. Birnie said, he wondered his royal cousin had not furnished him with the means of prosecuting his journey.—'Sir! I scorned to trouble him at all on such a *paltry* subject as

money,' replied the general with much warmth; and then stated that to satisfy his coach hire from Dover to London, he had given up his working tools.'—'Your working tools!' said the magistrate; 'and pray may I ask what trade your lordship follows?'—'No trade in the world at all,' replied the general; 'I am not the person to be after following trades. The tools I am *speaking* about, are what I used in some of the *greatest* inventions the world ever saw.

I have invented an *happarautus* for extracting stone and gravel from the *blather*, without any operation at all. I have invented a machine for fishing up vessels that may have foundered at sea, as *aisy* as fishing up an oyster; and I have invented another machine for making *accouchement* the most *aisy* thing in existance—a mere *flea bite* to the most tender body imaginable! And it was partly these inventions, indeed, that brought me to this country now, because I did not choose to give foreigners the benefit of them.

Sir R. Birnie.—Well, Sir, it may be all very true, but, unfortunately, we have no funds with which to forward your journey in a manner suited to the dignity of a descendant of Charlemagne, and I am afraid you must find your way to Wexford as well as you can without our aid. The applicant said he was sorry he had troubled the magistrates, and should press his request no further. He bowed, and placing his huge cocked hat on his head with an affected air of dignity, he walked out of the office.

Soldier turned Cook,

Philip the second, successor to the Emperor Charles the fifth, being at war with the Algerines, issued orders for leaving recruits at Granada [a famous city in Spain. As soon as the men were enlisted, they received billets for lodging at the houses of the inhabitants till the following day, when they were sent off to the army. Among others they enlisted a young man possessed of great personal beauty, and endued with a considerable portion of wit, as the sequel of our tale will shew. After receiving his billet, he repaired to the house to which it was addressed, but it was late in the evening before he arrived. Having knocked at the door a servant made her appearance, and asked what he wanted? to which he replied that he had the king's order for passing the night there. The maid having acquainted her mistress with his business, she came down stairs, and told him, as she was recently married, and her husband absent from home, she could not think of receiving a man into her house on any account whatever. The soldier however, unwilling to admit the justice of her delicate scruples, told her that he was extremely sorry to put her to an inconvenience, but that it was now too late to seek for another lodging; his comrades had all retired to their respective places of destination, and he felt no inclination to sleep in the street. "Put me wherever you please," said he, "I will endeavour to give you as little trouble as possible: but remember my orders are positive, and if you persist in refusing me admission, you will reduce me to the disagreeable necessity of having recourse to violence." The lady was extremely mortified at this declaration, which threatened to interrupt her evenings amusement; but finding it in vain to resist, she told her maid to let him in, and put him to sleep in the garret.

"I have not supped madam," says the soldier, as he entered; not that I mean to ask you for, or suppsse that you are obliged to furnish me with a supper—that the king takes care of—but as it is late, and it would be impossible to get any thing in the town at this hour—(for be it remarked that the cities in Spain, are not so well supplied with public houses as those of other European countries)—if you will be kind enough to provide me with something, I will cheerfully pay whatever you may require." "What!" replied the belle with an air of disdain, "do you take my house for a wine house? Go to bed quietly for you shall have no supper here."

The soldier, knowing a search for supper elsewhere would be fruitless, and fearing moreover, that on his return he should find the door shut against him, resolved to bear his fate with patience, and retire to bed supperless. He was accordingly shewn into a garret, half filled with lumber, in the corner of which stood a miserable bed. Though the accomodations were not such as from the appearance of the house, he had expected to find, he was obliged to accept them without a murmur; for besides that, the soldiers dare not give themselves those airs of importance in Spain, which they are apt to display in other parts of the continent, they are more circumspect in their conduct when quartered in large towns, than when they are posted in villages, where the inhabitants have no means of resistance.

It is no wonder that on such a bed, and an empty stomach, our hero was little disposed to sleep; he accordingly continued turning from side to side, without closing his eyes; about one o'clock in the morning he perceived a light through a crack in the floor of his garret; prompted by curiosity, he got out of bed, and applying his eye to the aperture discovered a handsome apartment

well furnished, where there was a large fire, with two spits loaded with game; but the best part of the sight was the mistress of the house clasped in the arms of a young advocate, at least such he appeared by his dress. It is almost needless to observe, that the maid was employed in attending the game, and that the whole of the farce was exhibited in her presence. 'Zounds!" said the soldier to himself. "is this the woman whose delicacy will not permit her to receive a man into her house during her husband's absence!" But as he perceived the necessity of remaining still for some time longer, he observed every thing that passed without speaking a word, and already devoured with his eyes, the supper which he saw at the fire; a tantalising sight for a hungry man.

At length he saw the cloth laid; and after some bottles of wine cooled in ice, according to the Spanish custom, had been placed on the table, the lady and her inamorata took their seats. Before however, they had time to begin, a loud knock was heard at the door, and the maid running to the window to see who was there, hastily returned and announced to her affrighted mistress the arrival of her husband. "Alas madam," said she, "my master whom you did not expect this week, is now at the door!" Fear and astonishment were now strongly depicted in the countenance of the fair inconstant, who was at a strange loss what to do with her lover. To conceal him was not possible, as the whole house was let, except the chamber in which they then were, another behind it where the maid slept, and the garret where they had put the soldier. If she had hidden him in the maid's room, he could not have got out without been seen, as he would be obliged to pass through her own apartment; and she justly thought it would be risking too much to entrust the soldier with a secret she was so greatly interested to conceal; nor was it possible to let him

down stairs, as there was but one stair-case in the house, and were he to attempt to descend it, he must infallibly meet the husband, who now left no time for deliberation, as he continued to thunder at the door with all his might. The only thing she could do therefore, was to hide her lover under the bed, and to put the supper, wine, fruit, plate, dishes, &c. into a large wardrobe by the bed side, after which she seated herself with great composure by the fire.

At length the husband having gained admission went up stairs, and the moment he entered the room his wife ran towards him, and throwing her arms about his neck, "Ha! my dear what joy do I experience at the sight of you, the pleasure too was so unexpected." "Why my dear" replied the good man, "I finished my business much sooner than I expected, and I was so anxious to see you, that I returned with all possible speed. I have rode eighteen leagues to day, being resolved to get home at any rate, that I might not have to sleep in any of the miserable inns on the road. But how comes it that you have such a fire at this time of year?"—I have got a violent pain in my bowels," replied the wife, "and I had the fire lighted in order to warm a napkin to apply to the part. I believe the pain proceeded from a fright occasioned by a soldier coming here to demand a lodging in the king's name; I could not bear the idea of admitting a man into the house in your absence, my dear." The soldier hearing his name mentioned, thought this was the proper time for his appearance; he therefore dressed himself, and coming softly down stairs, applied his ear to the key-hole of the door, to listen to the conversation which still continued. "But this is not all my love," said the husband: "I have had no supper, and am half dead with hunger, have you nothing to give me?" "There is not any thing in the house," replied she, "you know I did not

expect you; and when you are from home, I generally content myself with a roasted apple." "It is very hard," said he, "to go to bed without supper, and it seems I must, for there's nothing to be had at this time of night." The soldier hearing this, knocked at the door, which being opened, he saluted the husband, and apologized for the inconvenience which he had occasioned his wife; he told him that he had come hither by the king's orders, and lest he might suspect his veracity, produced his billet. "Nevertheless, sir, said he, "I trust the lady will do me the justice to own, that I have conducted myself with strict propriety," "Oh certainly!" answered the belle. "You have not supped, sir?" resumed the soldier, "any more than myself; will you permit me to treat you and your wife? I assure you I can regale you in a sumptuous manner." "It is impossible, sir," said the husband, "search the whole town over, you will not be able to find a single thing at this time of night." "Do not you trouble yourself about that," replied the soldier; "supper will soon be ready. I think I may speak freely to you, for I am sure you are too worthy a man to report me to the inquisition. You must know then, that I understand something of magic, and have a number of devils at my command. You shall presently see what credit I have in the infernal regions. where without vanity there are as good cooks as any upon earth."

Having said this, he took a piece of lighted wood from off the fire, and pronounced some incoherent expressions which not being understood by himself, were of course unintelligible to every body else. At length he exclaimed in a solemn and audible voice—"I command you Barthasibas, to bring supper for three without delay; and take care to let us have what is good.—What do you choose to eat, sir?" said he to the husband, "you have only to speak," "Whatever you please,

sir," said the other, who was so frightened that his hair stood on an end. "Bring then," continued the soldier, "an excellent soup, with a boiled capon, a roast fowl, a brace of partridges, a leveret, and a couple of woodcocks!" which were what he had seen at the fire. "Will that content you sir? is that enough?" "O yes, Sir," replied the poor man trembling from head to foot, "and a great deal more than is necessary; we shall never be able to eat one half of it."—"Ho ho!" Barthasibns," resumed the soldier, "add a dozen of larks; and be sure to let us have some good wine old and cool, and a desert, too, well decked with sweetmeats and every other appendage. But no malice, do nothing that can frighten the lady. For which reason, I desire that every thing may be placed ready for eating, in yonder wardrobe by the bed side—Sir," said he to the husband, "you have only to open it and be assured you will find every thing I have ordered." The wife perceiving that she was detected, and that any opposition on her part, would only tend to expose her the more hastened to open the wardrobe herself where she found all that had been mentioned, to the utter astonishment of the husband, who fancied himself in the other world. She herself pretended to be equally surprised, and indeed had not less reason to be so, though not on the same account.

The soldier determined to sustain the part which he had assumed, ordered the cloth to be immediately laid, that the supper might not get cold. As he was half dead with hunger, he seized the leg of a capon, which he devoured in a trice, "Taste it sir," said he "believe me the flavour is delicious." The poor man still shaking with fear, and fully persuaded that what he saw was solely the effect of magic, could scarcely summon up sufficient resolution to obey. The wife also feigning a dread she did not experience, observed, that for her part she could not think of touching a morsel.

"Fear nothing," said the soldier, "eat boldly and be assured you will find every thing of the best sort." The husband's hunger at length overcoming his fears, he ventured to yield to its dictates; and having by dint of persuasion induced his wife to follow his example, they both agreed that they had never eaten a better supper; the former in particular, observed that the cooks of hell were equally expert with those of Grenada.

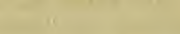
After supper, the soldier taking compassion on the poor advocate whose fears, though powerful, had not subdued his appetite, was anxious to give him an opportunity of escaping from his prison; with this view he thus addressed the master of the house:—"You must allow sir, that I have treated you like a gentleman; but that is not enough, I will now shew you the spirit to whom we are indebted for our treat." "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the wife, who trembled through fear of detection. "Do not be afraid," replied the soldier, who plainly perceived the cause of her alarm; "it is not what you imagine, I entertain too great a respect for the fair sex to disoblige one of them." The husband's opposition was not less violent, though it proceeded from a very different motive; but the soldier assured him he need be under no apprehensions. "Madam," said he to the wife, "order all the doors in the house to be opened, not forgetting the street door, for the moment I command him to begone, if he meets with any resistance, he will break through every thing." The servant had no sooner complied with this request, than the soldier rising from his seat, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Barthasibas thou who hast regaled us so handsomely, who now seest us, and hearest us, quick! begone! the doors are open, therefore do no mischief. Shew yourself, *en passant* to the company, but not in your natural form, that you may not frighten the lady: as to the gentleman, there is no fear of alarming

a man of his courage. Pray sir, in what shape would you desire to see him?"—"Oh! in whatever shape you please sir." answered the husband. "Appear then in the dress of an advocate," resumed the soldier.

The poor prisoner, finding so favourable an opportunity for effecting his escape, thrust his hat over his eyes, that he might not be known and skipped across the chamber with the agility of a rope dancer. The husband at sight of him, betrayed such symptoms of fear, as almost discomposed the muscles of the soldier; while the wife in order to support the farce, sunk into a pretended swoon. She was immediately undressed, and put to bed, whither the husband followed her, and the soldier retired to his garret much better disposed to sleep than before. The husband's thoughts were so entirely occupied on what he had seen, that he could neither think nor talk upon any thing else during the whole night.

The next morning the soldier came to take leave of his host, who returned him a thousand thanks; he then took post in the street, within sight of the door, where having waited till the husband was gone out, he returned to pay his respects to the wife, who was still in bed, and on his appearance hid her face beneath the bedclothes. "Why Madam," said the soldier "should you refuse me the pleasure of seeing your face? Have I been unfortunate enough to incur your displeasure?" "So far from it," said she, "that it is the sense I entertain of the obligations you have imposed upon me, which makes me ashamed to appear before you." This confession extorted a reply equally gallant; and after some conversation, he politely took his leave, highly pleased with the adventures of the night, and laughing heartily at the disappointment of the young advocate.

This adventure soon became the talk of the town; and the husband was almost the only man in Grenada, who was ignorant of the deceptive parts of it,



The Heroine of Hindostan

When Asaph Khan obtained the government of Kurnah and Maneckpoor, he obtained permission of the king to subdue a country called Gurrah or Kartuck, lying between the provinces of Rhatinpore, Malava, Behar, and the Decan. At that time, the kingdom of Gurrah was governed by a queen whose name was Durgantti, famous for her beauty and accomplishments; her dominions were about one hundred and fifty crores in length, and about fifty in breadth: yet so flourishing was the country, that in this small tract, there were about seventy thousand towns and villages well inhabited, which had the good fortune never to have fallen under the dominion of foreigners.

Asaph Khan, having heard of the riches of this country, disturbed the peaceable inhabitants, unaccustomed to the sound of war, with constant depredations; he at length marched against them with six thousand horse, and double that number of infantry. The queen with fifteen hundred elephants, eight thousand horse, and some foot prepared to oppose him. Like a bold heroine, she led her troops to action, clothed in armour, with a helmet upon her head, mounted in a howdar on an elephant, with her bow and quiver lying by her side, and a burnished lance in her hand. Though her troops had not been accustomed to action, the love of liberty, and the example of their queen,

inspired every breast with a lions courage. Their eagerness to engage made them march in disorder towards the enemy, which the queen observing, commanded them to halt, and forming her line. gave her troops strict orders to march on slowly, as compact as possible, and to observe the signal to engage, when it should be displayed from the royal standard.

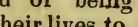
In this manner she received the enemy, whom she quickly repulsed, and pressing upon them, laid six hundred Mahomedan horsemen dead upon the field: she pursued the rest till the evening, with great slaughter. When night came on. the queen halted with her army, and gave them orders to wash and refresh themselves, that they might be prepared for a nocturnal attack upon the enemy, before they could recover from their consternation. But her Vizier and the rest of her chiefs, less daring and consequently less prudent than this heroine, opposed this salutary measure, and seditiously insisted on returning to the field of battle to bury their friends. She accordingly returned unwillingly; and after the dead were burnt, again addressed her chiefs, and solicited them one by one to accompany her to storm the Mahomedan camp; none of them however had the spirit to accompany her in this daring enterprise. They vainly imagined, that the enemy would of his own accord evacuate the country.

The omrahs of Gurran, soon found they were fatally frustrated in their hopes. Asaph Khan to wipe away the disgrace which he sustained the day before. and finding what enemy he had to deal with, advanced in the morning towards the queen with his artillery: which in the preceding action, he had left behind him on account of the badness of the roads. The queen upon Asaph's approach advanced to a narrow pass and prepared to oppose him. The Mogul scouring the pass with his ar-

tillery, soon opened to himself a way into the plain beyond it, where the queen's army was drawn up in order of battle. Rajah Bier Shaw, the queen's son, a young prince of great hopes, as soon as the Mahomedan army came into the plain made a resolute charge, and exhibited prodigies of valour. He repulsed the enemy twice; but in the third attack being wounded, he became faint with loss of blood. When he was just falling from his horse, his mother who was mounted on an elephant in the front of the battle, observed her son ready to expire. She immediately called to some of her people to carry him to the rere; many of them accordingly crowded around him, some with a friendly intention to serve him, but more to have an opportunity to quit the field. The loss of the Rajah, together with the retreat of so many with his body, struck a panic into the rest, so that the unfortunate queen was left with only three hundred men in the field. The heroine however seemed no way affected by her desperate situation; she stood her ground with her former fortitude, till she received an arrow in her eye; she endeauoured to extricate it from the wound, but as she pulled it, part of the steel broke short, and remained behind. In the mean time another arrow passed through her neck which she also drew out, but nature sinking under the pain, a dimness swam before her eyes, aad she began to nod from side to side of the howdar, (*a wooden tower on the back of the Elephant.*) She however recovered from her fainting by degrees; and a brave officer of her household, by name Adhar, who drove her elephant, singly repulsed numbers of the enemy whithersoever he turned the outrageous animal, begged permission, as the day was now irretrievable, to carry the queen from the field. She rejected the proposal with a noble disdain: "It is true," said she, "we are overcome in war, but shall we be ever vanquished in honour? Shall we for the sake of a lingering ig-

nominious life, loose that reputation and virtue which we have been so solicitous to acquire? No! let your gratitude now repay that service for which I lifted up your head, and which I now require at your hands. Haste I say, let your dagger save me from the crime of putting a period to my own existence."

Adhar burst into terrs, and begged that as the elephant was swift of foot, he might be permitted to leave the field, and carry her to a place of safety. In the mean time the queen finding that the enemy crouded fast round her, and that she must be taken prisoner, suddenly leaning forward, seized the dagger of Adhar, and plunging it into her bosom, expired. The death of the queen rendered Asaph Khan's victory complete. Six Hindoo chiefs, upon their elephants still stood firm, and ashamed of being outdone by a woman, dedicated their lives to revenge the death of their queen.



The Parricide.

The adventure which I am going to relate to you my dear friend, is of so strange and dreadful a nature, that you are the only person to whom I must ever disclose the secret.

The nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac were celebrated yesterday; at which as a neighbour, custom and good manners required my attendance. You are acquainted with M. de Vildac: he has a countenance which never pleased me; his eyes have often a wild and suspicious glare, a something which has always given me disagreeable sensations

for which I conld no way account. I could not help observing yesterday, that in the midst of joy and revelry he partook not of pleasure; far from being penetrated with the happiness of his new son and daughter, the delight of others seemed to him a secret torment.

The feast was held at his ancient castle, and when the hour of rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber immediately under the Old Tower at the north end. I had just fallen into my first sleep when I was awakened and alarmed, by a heavy kind of noise over my head. I listened and heard very distinctly the footsteps of some one slowly descending, and dragging chains that clanked upon the stairs. The noise approached and presently my chamber door was opened, the clanking of the chains redoubled, and he who bore them went towards the chimney. There were a few embers half extinguished: these he scraped together, and said in a sepulchral voice, "Alas how long it is since I have seen a fire!" I own my friend I was terrified: I seized my sword, looked between my curtains, and saw by the glimmer of the embers a withered old man half naked, with a bald head and a white beard. He put his trembling hands to the wood, which began to blaze, and soon afterwards turned towards the door by which he entered, fixed his eyes with horror upon the floor, as if he beheld something most dreadful, and exclaimed with agony, "O God! O God!"

My emotion caused my curtains to make a noise, and he turned affrighted, "Who is there?" said he, "Is there any one in that bed?"—"Yes," I replied "and who are you?" Contending passions would not suffer him to speak; at length he answered, "I am the most miserable of men. This perhaps is more than I ought to say; but it is so long, so many years since I have

seen or spoken to a human being, that I cannot resist. Fear nothing, come listen to my sorrows, and for a moment soften my sufferings!"

My fear gave place to pity, I sat down by him. My condescension and my feelings moved him; he took my hand bathed it with tears, and said "Generous man, let me desire you first to satisfy my curiosity. Tell me why you lodge in this chamber where no man has lodged before for so many years; and what mean the rejoicings I have heard? what extraordinary thing has happened to day in the castle?"

When I had informed him of the marriage of Vildac's daughter, he lifted up his hands to heaven —"Has Vildac a daughter! and is she married! Almighty God grant she may be happy' grant she may never know guilt!" He paused for a moment, "Learn who I am," said he, "You see you speak to—the father of Vildac—the cruel Vildac! Yet what right have I to complain? Should I call a man or tyger cruel!"—"What," exclaimed I with astonishment, "is Vildac your son? Vildac the monster! shut you from the sight of man, load you with chains! And lives there such a wretch?"

"Behold said" he, "the power, the detestable power of riches, the hard and pitiless heart of my unhappy son, is impenetrable to every tender sentiment: insensible to love and friendship, he is also deaf to the cries of nature; and to enjoy my lands, has hung these eating irons on me.

"He went one day to visit a neighbouring young nobleman, who had lately lost his father: him he saw encircled by his vassals, and occupied in receiving their homage and their rents: the sight made a shocking impression on the mind of Vildac, which had long been haunted with a

strong desire to enjoy his future patrimony I observed at his return a degree of thoughtfulness and gloom about him that was unusual. Five days afterwards I was seized during the night, carried off naked by three men masked, and lodged in this tower. I know not by what means Vildac spread the report of my death; but I guessed by the tolling of the bells and funeral dirge, more solemn than for inferior persons, they were performed for my interment. The idea was horrid; and I entreated most earnestly to be permitted to speak, but for a moment, to my son, but in vain; those who brought me my food no doubt, supposed me a criminal, condemned to perish in prison. It is now twenty years since I was first confined here. I perceived this morning that my door was not secured, and I waited till night to profit by the accident; yet I do not wish to escape; but the liberty of a few yards more is much to a prisoner."

"No," cried I, "you shall quit that dishonourable habitation. Heaven has destined me to be your deliverer, defender, support, and guide. Every body sleeps, now is the time; let us begone!"

"It must must not be!" said he after a moment's silence. "Solitude has changed my ideas and my principles. Happiness is but opinion. Now that I am inured to suffer, why should I fly from my fate? What is there for me to wish in this world? The die is thrown, and this tower must be my tomb!"

"Surely you dream;" answered I. "Let us not lose time; the night is advanced: we shall presently have but a moment. Come!"

"I am affected," replied he; "but cannot profit by your kindness. Liberty has no charms

for my small remains of life. Shall I dishonour my son; or which way has his daughter given me offence, to whom I was never known, by whom I was never seen? The sweet innocent sleeps happily in the arms of her husband, and shall I overwhelm her with infamy? yet might I but behold her, might I but lock her in those feeble arms, and bedew her with my tears—'Tis in vain It cannot be! I never must look upon her.

"Adieu day begins to break. and we shall be surprised. I will return to my prison."

"No," said I stopping him, "I will not suffer that. Slavery has enfeebled your soul; I must inspire you with courage, let us begone; we will afterwards examine whether it be proper to make the matter public—My house, my friends, my fortune are at your service. No one shall know who you are, and since it is necessary Vildac's crime should be concealed, what do you fear?

"Nothing, I am all gratitude, But, oh no! it cannot be, here I must remain."

"Well act as you please; but if you refuse to fly with me, I will immediately go to the governor of the province, tell him who you are, and return armed with his authority and his power to wrest you from the barbarity of an inhuman child.

"Beware what you do! abuse not my confidence. Leave me to perish. You know me not I am a monster, day and the blessed sun, would sicken at my sight. Infamous I am, and covered with guilt—guilt most horrible, turn your eyes upon that wall: behold these boards sprinkled with blood, a father's blood—murdered by his son; by me, Ha, look! behold do you not see him! he stretches forth his bleeding arms! he begs for pity! the vital stream flows out! he falls, he groans, Oh horror! madness! despair!"

The miserable wretch fell convulsed with terror to the floor; and when fear and passion in part subsided, he durst not turn his guilty eyes towards me, where I stood transfixed with horror. As soon as he had the power, he approached the door: —'Farewell,' said he, 'be innocent, if you would be happy! The wretch who so lately moved your pity, is now become detestable to you as well as to himself; he goes undaunted to the dungeon, whence alive he never shall return!'

I had neither the power to speak or move. The castle was become a place most abominable; and I departed in the morning. I must leave the neighbourhood; I cannot bear the sight of Vildac, nor the remembrance of this night. How, my friend, is it possible that humanity can produce wickedness so intolerable and unnatural!

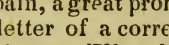
Two Kinds of Farmers.

There are divers reasons why we should wish to see corn at a reasonable price, and even cheap, that is to say, plenty; at the head of which reasons certainly is, that the poor are then more happy and contented, and less liable to commit desperate acts against our happy constitution; but, another is, that the *farmers* are then better off, if the being more sober and modest be an improvement. Of all two-legged creatures none are so different from each other as a *dear corn* farmer and a *cheap-corn* farmer.

The former swears at waiters and drinks wine like a lord; the latter walks meekly into the tap-room, and in a piping voice, calls for 'a pint of your nice beer, landlady, if you please!' The former speaks to and from market upon a horse that flings the dirt in the face and puts to hazard

the limbs of the foot passengers: the latter jogs along upon an old breeding mare, unfit for the team, pulls off his hat to his betters, and kindly bids '*good day*' to the very beggar on the road. The former draws himself out in all the gear of the day, has a pocketless coat, a waistcoat about a hand deep, throws his belly into his breeches, and pads up his neck till it is equal to a gallon measure in girt, seeming to consider as an ornament what was originally intended to hide the marks of a loathsome disease; the neck of the latter is distinguishable from the unpadded shoulders, while his body, ending at his hips, is covered by a vest and a coat, calculated for convenience and warmth.

The former, drunk over night, lies in bed 'till noon; the latter rises with the lark. The former tricks out his daughters with forte-pianos; the latter puts them to the churn or spinning wheel, the music of either, of which is, by the bye, far better than that of the piano, because that of neither is nearly so loud. The dear corn farmer seldom goes to prayers; the cheap corn farmer is always remarkably regular in his devotions, penury being, like pain, a great promoter of religion. —This sarcastic letter of a correspondent smacks strongly of the times. When horses are unruly, it is a saying, that the *oats prick* them.



The Farmer's Centenary contrasted, illustrative of the Causes of the present Agricultural Distress.

In 1722.	In 1822.
The Man to the Plough;	Best Man, Tally-ho!
The Wife to the Cow;	And Miss, Piano!
The Girl to the Sow;	The Wife, Silk and Satin!
The Boy to the Mow!	The Boy, Greek and Latin!
And your rents will be netted.	And you'll all be Gazetted.

Subterraneous Feasting.

Mr. Canning visited the salt works and salt mines belonging to Messrs. Bournes, of Liverpool, near Norwich, in Chesshire. Upon his descending into the mines, he was received with three times three, and when he was landed below, a salute of 15 blasts were fired, which had more effect than any guns we ever heard; when these were finished, the band of the Chesshire Legion (which had been previously let down) struck up 'God save the King!' After Mr. Canning had gone round a great part of the mines, he came to the space where a large table was laid out for about 100 persons, with all the delicacies the season afforded. The mines were illuminated with about 15,000 lights. Upwards of 300 persons were present, and all agreed that it was the most magnificent sight they had ever beheld. The depth is 112 or 115 yards. Whilst the company was at table, many blasts were fired, which resembled the rolling of distant thunder.

Celibacy discountenanced.

The Missourians are not such bad fellows, after all, as they have been represented, at least the ladies will think so, when they come to learn, that it is intended to exclude *old bachelors* from all political stations in the new State; not only from the convention which is to form the constitution, but to render them ineligible as members of Congress, &c. &c. This '*restriction*' must be highly gratifying to all classes, except the grumbling bachelors themselves; and will no doubt lead to a more *natural union* than that which was attempted at the late session of Congress, between *Miss Ouri* and *Madam* Maine.

Sleep Walking.

A letter dated New-York, July 26, says 'a dreadful accident has just happened to our brother Parmenio. For several years he has been known to go about in his sleep. Last Sunday night, he got up about 11 o'clock, and descended from the fourth story, one pair of stairs, and went out at an open window in the third story and fell to the ground in the yard, the distance of thirty feet. He lay nearly two hours before he was discovered, though his groans were heard by several; he bled profusely at the nose as he lay, which probably saved his life.

For thirty six hours he was quite insensible or deranged; and there was every appearance of apoplexy in the head; but by frequent and copious bleedings in the head and arms, it was prevented and the fever kept down.—Tuesday forenoon he revived, and before night he appeared out of danger. What is most miraculous not a bone was broken or a bruise found about his body; the tremendous shock of the brain was the chief injury. On Thursday there was nothing the matter, but extreme weakness through loss of blood. The physicians are all in amazement at his recovery.

Anecdote of Marshal Wade.

Marshal Wade was greatly attached to gaming, and not very nice in the company he gamed with. Once, when at play, he missed a very valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds. Enraged, he swore no man should leave the room until it was found; and insisted upon an immediate search. A gentleman, who sat on his right, dressed as an

officer, with clothes much worn, and who, with great humility, had asked and obtained permission, four or five times, to go his shilling with the Marshal, with great vehemence declared, upon the honour of a soldier, that he had not the box, nor knew any thing of it, but that he would die rather than be searched; he was willing, however, to retire to the next room, to defend his honour or perish in the attempt.

The Marshal, who before had his suspicions, was now confirmed in them, and, as the sword was to be referred to, instantly prepared for the attack: but to his confusion, in drawing he felt the box in a secret pocket. Stung with remorse at having wounded the honour of a soldier, he said, as he hastily left the room, 'Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon; and hope to find it granted, by breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends.'

At breakfast, the Marshal said, 'Why, Sir, could you refuse being searched?' 'Because, Marshal, being upon half-pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny. I had that day little appetite; and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket: the idea of these being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round.'—Enough, my dear boy, you have said enough! your name. Let us dine at Sweet's to-morrow: we must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma.' At Sweet's the Marshal presented him with a Captain's commission, and a purse of guineas to enable him to join the regiment. This exactly explains Wade's character. It does him honour. The poor officer, though evidently fond of fowl, was, it is still more evident, not 'chicken-hearted.'

By such extraordinary *accidents* does merit sometimes gain, what it otherwise ought to have obtained.

Wholesome Advice.

Hear,
Be silent,
Understand,
Remember,
} and learn { To be silent:
To understand:
To remember:
To do accordingly.

All that you { See, Hear, Know, Can do, } { Judge it Believe it Tell it Do it } Not.

Goods
Courage
Honour
SOUL
} Lost, { Some Much More All } Lost.

By going to Church,
By giving Alms,
By being unjust,
By lying,
} you { Hinder Impoverish Enrich Profit } Not.

If ever you speak any Thing, think first, and look narrowly what you speak; where you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak; lest you bring yourself into great Trouble.

Fonthill Abbey.

Many of the valuables at Fonthill acquire an additional value, from the enlarged view which they give of the fine arts in the 15th, 16th, 17th

and 18th, and part of the 19th centuries. We here see how the talents of great artists were often employed. In our times pictures and statues only are deemed deserving of the hand of genius, A modern artist would probably throw a tea cup or a nautilus shell at his patron's head, or at least let them fall (in astonishment and break at his feet, if he were asked to exercise his ingenuity in painting them. In fact such productions have been degraded from their station; and the successors of the famous chasers, designers, carvers, and embossors of former times have sunk into a mechanical class. Under such a change, it is not a little striking to contemplate the minute and painful labours of those worthies whose fortunes flourished, and whose immortality was achieved on the handles of vases and the embellishments of tankards.

A multitude of their most remarkable performances are comprised in the selection at Fonthill, and may be advantageously studied as works of fertile invention, high fancy, rich taste, and extraordinary execution. From them the spectator turns to other articles of like curiosity, but contrasting forcibly with what has attracted attention in them. We allude to such specimens of Eastern manufactory, as sea-green bottles, pink jars, Japan basins, &c. and especially a Chinese sceptre, with the god Tongfongsok and the eight Tchin; a figure of the Japanese Idol Amida, above two feet in height, and not heavier than a small stick of sealing-wax; another Chinese sceptre of Jad, a present from Kien Long to George III. and the mountings of the King of Candy's sword. Among the interesting relics of note, from their being associated with celebrated persons or events, we may specify six armed chairs from Cardinal Woolsey's palace at Esher. They are of solid ebony, of a square shape, large, carved, and massive.—

They move on casters. A water-coloured miniature of Louis XII. at his devotions. A bottle of pale sea-green Oriental China, which belonged to the Queen of Sicily, the friend of Petrarch, and the earliest known specimen of porcelain introduced from China into Europe.

A silver gilt cup and cover, a most elaborate example of masterly chasing by Roemer, about the year 1580. A Greek metal shrine brought from Palestine by St. Louis, and part of the spoliation of the Church at St. Denys during the French Revolution. Ebony cabinet of architectural design by Rernini, the sculptor.—And among the plate, various dishes, &c. which have belonged to British Monarchs.

Record of Occurrences of the past Week, viz.:—

BIRTHS.

On the 16th Inst. at Castle Blakeney, Co. Galway, the Lady of J. H. Blakeney, Esq. of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Laurence Peel, Esq. of Ardwick, near Manchester, to Lady Radcliffe, of Violet Bank, near Sheffield, relict of the late Sir Joseph Radcliffe, of Milne-Bridge, near Huddersfield.—In Dublin, on the 18th Inst. Lieutenant E. Hill, of the Queen's Co. Militia, to Catherine Hover, both of Portarlington.—In St. Michan's Church, on Sunday the 8th Inst. Mr. Thomas Rice, aged 71, to Miss Jane Harper, aged 18, both of Exchange-street, Dublin.

DIED.

In Waterford, at an advanced age and with a well supported good character, Mr. Michael Walsh.—On Tuesday evening last, at his residence in England, the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Tankerville, &c. &c.- In Church Hill, Co. Armagh, at the advanced age of 72 years, James Verner, Esq.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 23.

Case of John Hamilton, Esq. who was tried in Scotland for Murder, and beheaded.

This offender was born in the county of Clydesdale. and was related to the ducal family of Hamilton. His parents to whom he was an only son, sent him to Glasgow to study the law; but the young gentleman's disposition leading him to the profession of arms, his friends exerted their interest to procure a commission, but the intervention of the crime of which we are about to relate the particulars, prevented their generous intention from taking effect.

Young Hamilton soon becoming connected with some abandoned young gentlemen at Edinburgh, he lost considerable sums at gaming: and going to his parents for more, they supplied him for the present, but said they would not advance him any farther sums while he continued his dissipated course of life.

Being possessed of this money, Hamilton went to a village near Glasgow, to meet his companions at a public house kept by Thomas Arkle. Having drank and gamed for several successive

days and nights, Hamilton's companions left him while he was asleep, leaving him to discharge the bill, which exceeding his ability, a quarrel ensued between him and Arkle, and while they contended, Arkle stripped the scabbard from Hamilton's sword. The latter immediately ran away, but finding he had no scabbard to his sword, he instantly run back to the house, where Arkle calling him several scandalous names, he stabbed him so, that he instantly expired.

The daughter of Arkle being present, she attempted to seize Hamilton; in doing which she tore off the skirt of his coat, which was left on the floor together with his sword, on his effecting a second escape. This daughter of Arkle was almost blind; but the sword and the skirt of the coat proved the means of bringing Hamilton to justice.

The murderer having gone to Leith, embarked on board a ship, and landed in Holland, where he continued two years; but his parents dying in the interval, he returned to Scotland, when he was taken into custody on account of the murder.

On his trial he pleaded that he was intoxicated at the time the fact was committed, to which he was instigated by the extreme ill usage which he had received from Arkle. The jury not allowing the force of these arguments, found him guilty and he was sentenced to be beheaded by the Maiden, to give a description of which instrument may be grateful to our readers.

The machine by which persons thus convicted were executed, was constructed in the following manner:—Two strong wooden beams were fixed on a scaffold, and between them, in a transverse form, ran another beam, to the lower side of which was fixed a sharp instrument in the form of a chop-

ping knife, with a large quantity of lead on the upper part. The criminal put his head between the two side beams, and the cross beam being drawn by a pulley, was suffered to fall down, and the head was severed from the body in a moment.

The Earl of Morton, regent of Scotland, returning from the court of Queen Elizabeth in the year 1574, saw this machine at Halifax, and had a model taken of it, with a view to the execution of such of the Scottish nobility as should oppose his measures; but it happened that his lordship was the first who suffered by this mode of execution whence it was called the Maiden.

After this many persons of rank in Scotland, were executed by this machine; but Mr. Hamilton of whom we are now writing, was the last who yielded his life in this manner; and the instrument of death is now kept in a room adjacent to the council chamber of Edinburgh.

After Mr. Hamilton received sentence of death, his friends made great interest to procure a pardon; but their endeavours proving ineffectual, he suffered death by the mode above mentioned on the 30th of June, 1716.

At the place of execution he owned that he had killed Arkle, but presumed to think he was justified on the principle of self defence.

The Nun,—a true and affecting story.

There was in France, amongst other religious nuisances, an order of nuns, who of all their vows keep most rigidly that of poverty. They are on

this account permitted once a year to go about and solicit the charities of all good christians, and never return empty handed. As these alms are by them collected during lent, they are generally called *Hirondelles de Caverne*. They always go in pairs, when upon those expeditions, an old one and a young one, the latter much as possible handsome, gay, and lively. They fondly imagine that the sanctity of their habit and profession is a sufficient guard against any attempt from profane men, and yet these young saints often become the heroines of some love adventure.

Monsieur le compte de ———, never failed giving those pretty mendicants the most cordial reception; for which reason he was constantly visited annually. He found that they had sent a new face, and enquired of the old one, what might be the reason, "Here," said she, "Monsieur, this parcel will tell you more about the poor sister Angelica, who has been very ill for these three months past." so saying she left the bundle on the table and retired in some confusion The compte soon as she went out of the room, and indeed of the house, which she quitted very abruptly, uncased the parcel, and to his utter astonishment found it contained a beautiful child about two months old. The sweet innocent smiled at the compte, who took it up eagerly into his arms, kissed and bedewed its cheeks with the tears of sensibility. Indeed continues our correspondent, I do not recollect to have ever witnessed so affecting a scene; but more was to come. As I was more collected than the compte, I perceived and pointed out to him a letter pinned to the child's breast; he snatched it up with tenderness, indignation, and heart-felt concern, which were visible by turns in his countenance during the perusal, and he immediately imparted to me the contents.

Sister Angelina, the fair writer of the moving epistle, upbraided him for his perfidy in seducing her when she was last at his house; but fairly confessed that her inclination had but too well pleaded his cause in her heart. The rest of the letter was filled with expressions of the liveliest contrition for her past folly, recommending the infant to his particular care; and concluded by acquainting him that she was sole daughter of the Marchioness de ———, who, as it is but too common in France, had, for the sake of a brother since dead, forced her into a convent, to take the veil.

The compte, who is without exception one of the most tender hearted men, could not stand against such a tale of woe, but instantly took the proper steps which the law directs in such cases, where compulsion has been used. His cause was that of humanity; he pleaded it feelingly, and soon set the unfortunate victim at liberty, and crowned so noble a work by giving her his hand, as the only means of atoning for his past offence. The Marchioness is since dead, and the comptesse is now in possession of 60,000 livres annual income in her own right.

The benificent Griper; an Anecdote of John Godinot, D. D.

The late Dr. Goldsmith, in one of his Essays, in order to prove that misers who are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness, do not always deserve this character, relates the following pertinent and entertaining anecdote.

'A French priest, whose name was Godinot. went for a long time by the name of the *Griper*. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by the skilful management of his vineyard, he had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims who were his fellow citizens, detested him and the populace who seldom love a miser, wherever he went received him with contempt. He still, however continued his simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water, but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore that whole sum that he had been amasing, he laid out in an acqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

John Godinot Doctor of Divinity and Canon of the Cathedral of Rheims, was born in that city in the year 1661. Persuaded that to the peaceful sacerdotal functions, he might conscientiously unite commerce. He enriched himself by trading in wine but his riches were not for himself; they were for the poor and for his fellow citizens only. And having given twice the amonnt of his patrimony to his family he employed above 500,000 livres in decorating the cathedral, in bringing good water into the city, in founding free schools, and opening an asylum for the sick. While he was thus setting an example of the most useful benificence to the great and opulent, he was censured, and even opposed by some of his countrymen; and after he had closed his eyes, in the year 1749, at the age of eighty-seven, his enemies would fain have deprived him of ecclesiastical sepulture, on account of his opposition to the celebrated bull *Unigenitus*. But the influence of the wiser citizens prevailed; he was very honourably interred

and a prodigious concourse of people attended at his obsequies.

The virtuous, the benificent deeds of a Godinot are now as universally revered in that country, as are the beautiful the benevolent sentiments of a Fenelon.

Memoirs of John James Heidegger, late Master of the Revels.

This extraordinary man, though born of obscure parents in the mountains of Switzerland, having visited the principal cities in Europe in early youth in the humble station of a domestic, acquired a taste for elegant and refined pleasures, which united to a strong inclination for voluptuousness, by degrees qualified him for the management of public amusements.

He was a good judge of music, and composed some operas, this is all we know of his mental abilities.

As to his person though he was tall and well made, it was uncommonly disagreeable, owing to an ugly face scarcely human. He was the first to joke upon his own ugliness, and he once laid a wager with lord Chesterfield, that within a certain given time, his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London; the time elapsed Heidegger won the wager. Our readers will not be surprised to hear that the king condescended to request him to sit for his picture; but in vain, though the nobility that were most intimate with him, and all his best patrons, urged the indecency of the refusal. This obstinacy gave rise to a very laughable adventure

The late facetious Duke of Montague, "the memorable author of the scheme of the bottle conjurer, at the theatre in the Hay-market," gave an entertainment at the Devil tavern Temple-bar, to several of the nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and in a few hours after dinner, was made so dead drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed! a profound sleep ensued, when the late Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaister of Paris; from this a mask was made in wax coloured to the life, and a few days before the next masquerade, at which the king promised to be present with the Countess of Yarmouth; the Duke made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what suit of clothes he was likely to wear, and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions.

On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his Majesty was seated, (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainments, and the officers of the courts, though concealed by his dress from the company.) Heidegger as usual ordered the music to play "God save the King." but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up "Charly over the water."—the whole company were instantly thunderstruck, and all the courtiers not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation.—Heidegger flew to the music gallery, swore, stamped, and raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secret enemy to ruin him. The King and the Countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery. While Heidegger staid in the gallery, God save the King was the tune, but after setting matters to rights he retired to one of the

dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company; and then the counterfeit stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in the front of the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger.—damned them for blockheads, had he not just told them to play Charley over the water?—a pause ensued, the musicians who knew his character, in their turn thought him either drunk or mad; but as he continued his vocifera. tion, Charley was played again—— at this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards, who always attended upon these occasions, were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out, but the late Duke of Cumberland who could hardly contain himself, interposed; the company were thrown into great confusion, shame! shame! resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery, when the Duke of Montague artfully addressing himself to him, told him that the King was in a violent passion, that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the musicians were mad, and afterwards to discharge them.

Almost at the same instant, he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic in the circle before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology, and asked pardon for the insolence of his musicians; but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, cried out, 'indeed, Sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's, in my likeness.' Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The Duke then humanely whispered in his ear, the sum of the plot, and the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask.

Here ended the frolic, but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement, if that witch, the wax-work woman did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

Being once at supper with a large company, when a question was debated, which nationalist of Europe had the greatest ingenuity: to the surprize of all present, he claimed that character for the Swiss, and appealed to himself for the truth of it. I was born a Swiss, said he, and came to England without a farthing, where I have found means to gain 5000*l.* a-year, and to spend it, now I defy the most able Englishman to go to Switzerland, and either to gain that income, or to spend it there in eating and drinking. He died about the year 1754.

PUTNAM'S ROCK.

Extract of a letter from Professor Dana, of Dartmouth College, to the editor, dated Feb. 5th 1822.

I have received an account of *Putnam's Rock*, which is in the river opposite West Point. It was given to me by my friend Col. Tucker, of Gloucester, Mass, and the history, as connected with the American Revolution, cannot fail to be interesting: I will give it in his own words, as there is a naivete in his manner of relating it.

"This famous rock, originally a native of the highlands above West Point, was situated on the extreme height of Butter Hill; when the morning fog was descending from the hill, it had a very beautiful appearance, not much unlike a horseman's tent, or hospital marquee, riding on

the cloud. It was a common amusement for the officers when off duty to roll large rocks from the sides of those hills. These often set others going with them to the great terror of those persons who were below. One day when this laborious amusement was over, Col. Rufus Putnam proposed going up to take a peep of this curiously situated rock; it was found situated on a flat rock of great extent, and near the brink of a considerable precipice, and hung very much over it. Colonel Putnum believed that it was moveable and if once moved, that it would roll over; and falling from 20 to 50 feet, would commence its route to the river. A few days after we formed a party of officers, with our servants, who took with them axes, drag ropes, &c. in order to procure levers for the purpose of moving the rock which we soon found in our power. The levers being fixed with ropes to the ends of them all, Col. Putnam who headed the party, ordered us to haul the ropes tight, and at the word *Congress* to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. This we did, the levers fell, the rock rolled over, tumbled from the precipice, and took up its line of march for the river!—The party then had the satisfaction of seeing the most majestic oaks and loftiest pines bowing down in homage and obedience to this mighty traveller, which never stopped till it had reached the bed of the river where it now lies on the edge of the flats and far enough from the shore for a coasting vessel to sail round it. The party followed after in its paths and were astonished to see that rocks of many tons weight, and trees of the largest size were ground to powder; on arriving at the river the party embarked, and landed to the number of 60 or 70 on the rock, when Col. Putnam broke a bottle of whiskey and named it "*Putnam's Rock.*" I may have forgotten some of the minutiæ of the transaction in 43 years, but it is a fact that the rock now in the river was removed from

the extreme top of Butter-Hill by the officers of Col. Rufus Putman's regiment in the revolutionary war, in the service of the United States, sometime in the month of June, in the year 1778.

The attempt of Mr. Thomas Blood, to carry off the Regalia.

Thomas Blood, generally called Colonel Blood, as extraordinary an adventurer as ever lived, was born in Ireland, about the year 1628. He served as a lieutenant in the parliament's army and after the restoration laid a plan for seizing Dublin Castle, and the person of the Duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, which would certainly have taken effect, had it not been discovered in time; but notwithstanding a reward was offered for taking him, he had the address to escape. After this, he with five accomplices, seized the Duke of Ormond in his coach, in the streets of Westminster, took him out, and carried him off in the dark towards Tyburn, where it is thought they intended to hang him, but being pursued by the Duke's servants, his grace was rescued, yet Blood and his associates escaped. But the most bold and daring of all his attempts, was that to carry off the Regalia from the Tower; of which we shall give a particular account.

About three weeks before Blood made this attempt he came to the Tower in the habit of a clergyman with a woman whom he called his wife to shew her the crown, and having seen it, she pretended to have a sick qualm, and desired Mr. Edwards, the keeper of the crown, to send for some spirits, and when she had drank, Mrs. Edwards invited her to repose herself upon a bed,

which she accepted of, and soon recovered. At their departure they in the warmest terms, expressed their gratitude, and in about three days after, Blood returned with a present of four pair of gloves from his wife, and having thus began the acquaintance, made frequent visits to improve it. In one of these visits, the pretended clergyman observed to Mr. Edwards that his wife had at length thought of a handsome way of requital. "You have said he, a pretty gentlewoman to your daughter, and I have a young nephew who has two or three hundred pounds a year in land, and is at my disposal; if your daughter be free, and you approve of it, I'll bring him hither to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match." This Mr. Edwards readily assented to, and invited Blood to dine with him that day, and he as cheerfully accepted the invitation. at his departure he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to see his mistress He came as proposed at seven o'clock in the morning he went to the jewel house with three of his associates all armed with rapier blades in their canes and each having a dagger, and a pair of pocket pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, and a third staid at the door. Blood told Mr. Edwards that he would not go up stairs till his wife came, and desired him to shew his friends the crown to pass away time till then; but as soon as they had entered the room, and the door (as usual) was shut, they threw a cloak over the old man's head. clapped a gag into his mouth, an iron hook to his nose, that no sound might pass that way; they then told him that they were resolved to have the crown, globe, and sceptre, and promised if he would submit, to spare his life otherwise he was to expect no mercy. The old man then struggled, and made all the noise he could on which they knocked him down, gave him several blows, and stabbed him in the belly, when thinking him dead, they omitted tying his

hands behind him; one of them put the globe into his breeches; Blood kept the crown under his cloak, and the third designed to file the sceptre in two, because it was too long to carry conveniently; but before this could be done, young Mr. Edwards the old gentleman's son, who had been in Flanders, arrived, and asking the man at the door if he wanted his father, went up stairs In the mean time the centinel gave notice of his arrival, and they immediately hasted away with the crown and globe, but left the sceptre. The old man suddenly rose, pulled out the gag and cried "Treason, Murder!" at which the daughter running down, and seeing her father wounded rushed upon Tower-hill, and cried "Treason! the crown is stolen!" Instantly young Edwards and one Captain Beckman pursued the villains, who were advanced beyond the main guard; and the alarm being given to the warden of the drawbridge, he put himself in a posture to stop them, but Blood firing a pistol though the bullet missed him, he dropped down, when getting to the little ward house gate, the centinel let them pass; then running over the draw bridge, they got upon the wharf, and hasted to their two other companions who held their horses at Iron Gate, crying themselves as they ran, stop the rogues! They were immediately overtaken by Captain Beckman, at whom Blood discharged his second pistol, but he stooping, avoided the shot, and seized upon him with the crown under his cloak; yet Blood, though he found himself a prisoner, had the impudence to struggle a long while for it, and when it was wrested from him, cried, "It was a gallant attempt, though unsuccessful, for it was for a crown." In short, not only Blood, but the rest of the gang were taken, and committed prisoners to the Tower. This happened the 9th of May, 1671.—Strange to say this man after been found guilty was pardoned by the King, and allowed a pension which he enjoyed for near ten years after.

The following is the story, which furnished Mr. Colman, with the incident of Swathing Leveret, in his comedy called the Seperate Maintenance,

Monsieur Pontignan speaking of a love adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it:—

When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty, one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great deal of agreeable torments. I was, after my way in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night gown, they both came into my room, and told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night gown with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred yards of swathe: my arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a laughing. 'And now Pontignan,' says she, 'we intend to perform the promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred Cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to ladies that require it of you.'

After having stood a fit of laughter I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. No, no, said they, we like you very well as you are, and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The room was lighted up on all sides; and I was laid decently between a pair of sheets, with my head, (which indeed was the only part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in the finest night clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest, and in bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged of them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of bed crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery, Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever: but alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to woman kind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning; why truly my bed fellows left me about an hour before day, and told me if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up, as soon as it would be time for me to rise; accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently being resolved to take revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as

soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris. For they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning.

Anecdotes of the Russian Army, Cossacks.

Every Cossack carries a pike, a sword, and one or a brace of pistols, in a girdle or hanging by his side. Some have also a rifle gun. They ride well, manage their pikes dextrously, and are remarkable for their fidelity: but they plunder all the inhabitants who are not their declared friends, and treat them with inhumanity.

The love the Cossack bears his horse is proverbial; nor it is surprising that the faithful animal, that has carried him from the banks of the Don to the Weser, that has borne him safe and victorious from so many fields, that has shared all his dangers and comforts, his table, and his couch, should be to the Cossack an object of the warmest affection. For my own part, while travelling with these brave fellows, when I considered that they had left their native land from the purest patriotism, and had traversed so many countries to assist to break the bonds that enslaved Europe. I could never divest myself of a degree of tenderness which I never felt for any other men that were strangers to me; nor, to speak the truth, could I refuse some portion of this good will to their friends and companions, their trusty steeds.

In their living, the Cossacks are very gross, and commit great excess in drinking. The quantity of spirits they swallow without intoxication is truly astonishing.

The camp, or *lager*, of the Cossacks is a curious

scene. Those I saw at Verdun and Bremen were constructed in the following manner:—From the nearest hedge they cut, with their swords, branches six or eight feet long. One end of these they forced into the ground at an angle of about sixty degrees, and continued planting them in this manner close to one another, so as to form a large circular fold or pen, leaving a small gap for a door. These branches, they then closely interwove with straw sufficient to keep out a moderate degree of wind or rain. These stakes are inclined inwards, and from this circumstance, as well as from the quantity of straw they employ, it is obvious that one half at least of this circle will be tolerably sheltered from the weather. Around this, all their pikes are stuck in the ground, and look at a little distance, like a grove of leafless saplings. Their horses also are stationed close by them, sometimes tied to a tree, but more commonly left loose; for the Cossack, dearly as he loves his horse, thinks it quite sufficient that he fares as well as his master; and accordingly he also never enters a house. In this, too, the habits of the horse and rider correspond, that the horse is never unsaddled or stripped of any of his furniture, any more than his master is of his manifold investitures. At night they have always large fires in the middle of these circles; and it is very picturesque to see the flames ascending from the midst of their straw edifices, and the grizzly band of warriors seated around them on the ground, recounting, perhaps with the wildest gestures, the feats of their fathers or themselves; and, in fact, the same narrative may easily include the actions of son and sire; for nothing is more common than to see the offspring of two, and even three, generations in the same troop.

The regular Russian troops yield to none in Europe in point of exact discipline, and perhaps surpass in this respect most armies. The Rus-

sian grenadiers who in conjunction with the Austrians, under the command of General Laudon, took Schweidnitz by a coup de main, remained on the walls under arms, and not a man moved out of his rank or attempted to run into the houses to plunder. Cyrus's soldiers are said to have done the same, at the taking of the city of Sardis; but I doubt whether many such examples are to be met with in history.

The horse-Grenadiers are the flower of their dragoons. Their uniform is like that of the dragoons, viz. blue coats, turned up and lined with red, and straw coloured waistcoats. They have a cap, which is a good defence against sun and rain, at the same time that it is very ornamental.

A cavalry officer, who saw the Russian cavalry during their last war against the Turks, has assured me, that they are very much improved, not only in their horses, which, especially in the Cuirassier regiments, are large and strong, but also particularly in point of manœuvering. He saw them exercise; and asserts, that they are not inferior to any German Cavalry.

The Grenadiers are very fine, both in point of men and clothing. Their caps which are a sort of helmet with plumes, give them a Roman appearance. The officers plumes are made of feathers; the soldiers of yarn. They dress their hair in three curls, which they fasten themselves with little pieces of wood, it is astonishing to see these men when they come off a fatigueing march in bad weather, and bad roads, appear perfectly clean and well dressed an hour after their arrival in camp.

Every private in the grenadiers wear large ruffles, and have both shoes and boots.

All the infantry wear green coats, turned up and lined with red, and red waistcoats and breeches. On the waistcoats they have little green lappels, and capes. In the summer they go in their waistcoats, and carry their coats on the waggons: they have also cloaks, which they roll and carry on their backs. General Mannstein calls the establishments of a musketeer regiment, including officers, 1575 men; but he does not reckon them in the field, at above 1000.

Short Account of the Customs, Manners, and Dress of the inhabitants of the Rosses, on the Coast of Donnegal, in Ireland.

Notwithstanding the high latitude and bleak situation of these islands, none of the inhabitants wear more than two garments, and those of flannel of their own manufacture, the men a waistcoat and breeches, the women a gown and petticoat, but linen is not in common use among them, and very few of the women wear either shifts, shoes, or stockings.

Notwithstanding the seeming neglect of their persons, these islanders are not without a spice of vanity; for they have invented dye-stuffs to diversify the colours of their clothes; and their dying materials are the produce of their own soil; the principal are a kind of mud called mire-black, which makes a very deep and durable black; a kind of stuff called carker, scraped off the rocks, a very fine red; and a kind of plant nearly alike and of the same effect as madder. The men's clothes are of divers colours; the dress of the women are entirely uniform, black gowns, with red petticoats; but a distinction is observed in the head dress of the females. The maidens wear the front of the hair neatly platted about the face; the rest hanging down long behind in seperate

locks, platted with hair lace, and adorned at the end with worsted tassels of divers colours: but the matrons do not plat their hair, only tie it with a small string, below which they let it play loose upon their backs.

Their usual summer diet consists of milk, curds and butter, with most excellent fish of several kinds; in winter they live on potatoes, fish, rabbits and butter; and some of them, but very few, have a little bread made of barley or oaten meal. In one of the largest islands called Oicy, they kill a great number of seals, the flesh of which they salt for winter; and are so fond of it, as to prefer it to any other kind of meat.

Their houses are mere huts, consisting chiefly of one room with the fire in the middle of it, but what is most surprising, is their extraordinary mode of accomodation for the night's repose. All the family lie together in one bed; and if any visitors come in the evening; they sleep with them; for they set no bounds to their hospitality. To provide lodgings for the whole company, the youngest men are sent out for heath, or bent bushes; which they spread across the floor to a length sufficient for the number present, and in breadth about six feet; over this litter the mistress of the house places part of a long plaid or blanket, on which the others having slipped off their clothes, lay down men and women together, all naked, then the mistress, having drawn the rest of the blanket over them, lays down last herself, also naked. This they call a thorough bed. Yet this hospitable people so friendly and generous to all they know, appear at first sight to be fierce and wild; but after a little acquaintance, prove gentle and humane, especially to those they were in awe of; for in all their simplicity, there is a strong mixture of cunning.

They have very little industry among them; for so well contented are they, with the gifts of providence, wherewith these islands are surrounded, they have no notion of any other necessaries of life than what they are already used to; and have scarce a wish beyond the supply of the present moment; that being answered, their only care is to provide for their landlord, and to purchase spirits and tobacco, their only luxuries; of which they are all, both men and women excessively fond. In summer the men gather the wreck of sea weeds, and burn it to make kelp; of which the landlord, gets as much as is equivalent to the rent, and if any remain, it is bartered for what they most want or desire: the rest of the year the general and principal employ of the men is fishing, except what is necessary for their potatoes and clothing, or the repairs of their huts and boats. Their boats called curraghs are oval baskets covered with seal skins; and in such weak and tottering vessels they venture out so far as is necessary to get fish enough for their families. Their shell fish they get in the following manner; the men go to the rocks, with a hook tied to the end of a strong rod, and with that they pull from under the rocks as many crabs and lobsters as they want, and the lobsters generally weigh from five to twelve pounds each; for scollops and oysters when the tide is out the young women wade into the sea, where they know the beds of such fish are; some of them naked, others having stripped off their petticoats go in with their gowns tucked up about their waists. The scollops weigh from two to four pounds. each.

When the weather is favourable, the women frequently assemble in some neighbouring field, convenient to their huts, where they amuse themselves with knitting and singing in the sun. The oldest forming a circular group, sit working in

the middle; round them the rest in circles, according to their years; the younger surrounding those of a greater age, and singing alternate some tunes in chorus while the elder continue knitting. The songs called *speic seoacs* are recitals of exploits atchieved by the giants, hunters, and warriors of old.

Their funeral processions are no less worthy of notice than their other customs. Wrapped in a coarse linen cloth, by them called *ched*, the corse is put into a curragh; with the feet and legs hanging over the stern; and (with it) a man with a paddle to conduct the whole train to the isle of Arran, which is their burial ground; this curragh is followed by that which carried the priest; next follow the relations of the deceased, in the order of their proximity in kindred; and then as many as had curraghs sometimes to the number of sixty or eighty.

Anecdote of Alexander the Great. Recorded by Quintus Curtius.

The city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephestian being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not one of the royal family. He then having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many

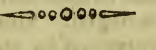
who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicious even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephestion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length however they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who commanding the new elected prince to be sent for, enquired of him of with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to heaven," replied Abdolonymus. "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation! for when I

possessed little, I wanted nothing, these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer Alexander formed so high an opinion of his wisdom that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to that of Sidon.



Countess of Bertinoro, in Romania.

This accomplished and amiable lady, has been highly celebrated by Italian writers, for the loveliness of her person, the courtesy of her manners and the superiority of understanding which she possessed. Her fortune was princely, her munificence extensive, and she was universally beloved and admired; but the circumstance which particularly handed her name down to posterity, is the military ardor which glowed in her breast. Anconia, a city seated upon the Adriatic ocean, was in the year 1167 besieged; and tho' the inhabitants bravely repelled the attacks of their enemies, yet famine reduced them to the utmost distress. As the port was blockaded, no hopes of succour could be entertained. In this situation they determined to apply to William, son of Marcheietto Degh Adolarde, for relief, and three of the nobles contrived to elude the vigilance of their enemies, and reached Ferrara in a small ship. William generously consented to afford them the succour they demanded, and hastened into Lombardy to assemble his troops; but advised them likewise to implore the aid of the Countess de Bertinoro, who had a large body of troops at her command. Moved with compassion for the unfortunate Anconians, the amiable countess promised the assistance which they requested, and assembling her forces united them with those of William

When they arrived near Anconia, she addressed them in the following words:—"Fortified and encouraged by the favour of heaven, I have, contrary to the custom of my sex, determined to address you in a plain exhortation; which though it may not be flattering to your ear, may serve to rouse the vigour of your minds. I solemnly swear to you, that on the present occasion, no view of interest, no dreams of ambition, have impelled me to succour the besieged. Since the death of my husband, though plunged in sorrow, I have found myself undisputed mistress of his domains. The preservation of my extensive possessions, to which my wishes are limited, afford for my sex and capacity, a sufficient occupation of my time; but the perils which encompass the wretched Anconians, united to the prayers and tears of the women, appeal to humanity for aid! To relieve a people consumed by famine, exhausted by resistance, and exposed to innumerable calamities, I have left my dominions accompanied by my son, who though a *little child*, recals to my remembrance the *great soul* of his *father*, by whom the wretched were protected, and the afflicted redressed!—And you warriors of Lombardy and Romania, not less illustrious for your fidelity to your engagements than renowned for valour in the field, *you*, whom the same cause has brought hither to obey the orders, and to emulate the example of William Adolarde; who listening only to his generosity and love of freedom, has not scrupled to engage his possessions, his friends, and his vassals, for the deliverance of Anconia—A conduct so generous, so worthy of praise, requires no comment; beneath our sense of it, magnanimity and language fail!—an enterprise, so full of glory has already nearly succeeded; already have you passed through the defiles occupied by the enemy, and pitched your tents in this hostile country. It is now time that the seed which was scattered should bring forth its fruit; it is

time to make trial of your strength, and of that valour for which you are distinguished; for courage is relaxed by delay. Let the dawn of day find you under arms, that the sun may illumine the victory promised by the most high, for your *pity* to the *unfortunate*."

This exhortation was received by the soldiery with reiterated bursts of applause; and the Venetians alarmed at the united forces which had assembled for the relief of the Anconians, thought it most prudent to make a retreat. To what period the life of this amiable woman was extended, the biographer, who gives the preceding account does not relate; but the date of her birth and the exact time when she closed her existence are uninteresting, when compared with her superior abilities and worth.

The fiery Ordeal, a Judicial Anecdote.

Towards the end of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, a general, who was an object of suspicion to his master, was urged to undergo the fiery proof of the ordeal by an archbishop, a subtle courtier. The ceremony was this; three days before the trial the patient's arm was inclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal signet; he was expected to bear a red hot ball of iron three times, from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice and injury. The general eluded the experiment with pleasantry. 'I am a soldier,' said he, 'and will boldly enter the list with my accusers; but a lay man, a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe, the test of my innocence.' The archbishop stared, the emperor smiled, and the general was pardoned.

The Cottage of Peter the Great.

When Peter the Great, at the commencement of the last century, had resolved upon the foundation of the City of Petersburgh, in the marshes of the gulf of Finland, he not only went to preside over the labours which this mighty enterprise required, but even gave his personal assistance as a labourer. In order to be perpetually on the spot, he had a little cottage built near the bridge which bears his name, which cottage consisted only of three rooms, all upon the ground, and it was here that he lodged with the Empress.

The master of a little Dutch vessel having learnt that the Emperor of Russia was building his new capital, and that much of his attention was directed to maritime and commercial affairs, resolved to go thither, in hopes of finding a cargo which he might re-import with advantage. One of his friends gave him a letter of recommendation to the overseer of the port of Petersburgh, and he arrived there, with the first merchant ship that had ever been seen upon the Neva.

The Emperor was employed like a common workman in the labours of his Admiralty, when the Dutch vessel passed with a salute of three discharges of small artillery. This novelty highly pleased the Emperor, who amused himself by talking to the Dutch Adventurer, but without making himself known. As soon as the Dutchman came upon land, the overseer of the port to whom he was recommended, received orders to bring him to the Emperor's cottage, as to the house of a merchant newly established there, with his wife. In order the better to play off this scene, the Empress dressed herself in the simplest manner. As to the Emperor, he did not need any alteration of accoutrement in order to disguise his rank.

The Dutchman having been introduced into the imperial cottage, was received by his host in a very hospitable style; some bread and cheese and brandy were put upon the table, and they began to drink and smoke. The Dutchman casting his eyes about him, could scarcely believe that a man whose house was so shabby, could be in a situation to do him any service. The Empress who had not yet appeared, now came into the room. The Dutchman struck with her appearance, said several things to her which she received in a very easy way; and then he drew from his coat pocket a piece of cloth which he offered to his handsome hostess, telling her it would make good shifts Peter examining the cloth, and seeing that it was very fine, said to his wife, "Kate, thou wilt be as proud as an Empress with these fine shifts." Catherine testified her satisfaction to the stranger who asked her in return for a kiss, which she granted to him without much ceremony.

While all this was going on, the Prince Kenziroff, the minister and favorite of Peter the Great came in decorated with the insignia of his orders, and presented himself before the Emperor with a respectful air, to consult him about business. Peter made some signs to him, and after some conversation the Prince retired. The Dutchman astonished by this visit, said to his host, "You seem to have very great acquaintance."—"Yes," answered Peter, "and so will you, if you stay here eight or ten days: there are plenty of noblemen here like him you have just seen, loaded with debts, and always wanting to borrow money of any body that will be fool enough to lend it to them. Be upon your guard against them." added he "do not be imposed upon, by their dresses and their insignias, nor seduced by their flatteries and importunities." The Dutchman thanked him for the advice, continued to drink and smoke gaily with his host, and made a bargain with him for a

ship's freight; but just as he had concluded this affair, an officer entered from relieving the guard, and presenting himself with great respect accosted Peter by the title of Imperial Majesty. Then the Dutchman, in great confusion, threw himself at the feet of the Emperor and Empress, begging pardon for the liberties that he had taken. Peter began to laugh heartily, cheered the suppliant stranger, bade him kiss the Empress's hand, and forced him to accept a present of five hundred rubles. He promised him also a freight, and ordered that his ship as long as it lasted, should be permitted to enter the ports of Russia without paying any duty. This privilege made the fortune of the proprietor.

The cottage of Peter the Great, is still preserved, the Russians always visit it with respect, and Catherine the Second had it supported with a brick wall, to shelter it from the ravages of time.

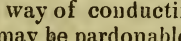
Last moments of the Mother of Bonaparte.

The evening preceding her death, she called together all her household, she was supported on white velvet pillows, her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crowndecorated with flowers, the whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bed-side, who knelt and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny, and covered with a profusion of rings. To her chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said "Juan my blessing go with thee, and thine." To Maria Belgrady, her waiting maid, she said, "Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee, when my grand son is Emperor of France he will make thee a great woman." She then called Col. Darley to

her bed-side; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and in Napoleon's will had assigned him a donation of £14,000 "You," said she, "have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy, never forget my grandson, and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great."

She then called in all her junior servants, and with a pencil, as their names were called, marked down a sum of money to be given to each, they were then dismissed, and she declared she had done with the world, and requested water, she washed her hands, and laid down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer book upon her breast.

Thus died the mother of one who has been a meteor on earth, and a blazing star to direct others! She had some amiable qualities, and considering that her rise from poverty to wealth was so rapid, her way of conducting herself, and proud manner, may be pardonable, she did much good from ostentation, and died regretted for what she could do, not lamented by any one, for what she had done.



Earl Leofrick.

Earl Leofrick who died the 13th of Edward the confessor, was the first Lord of Coventry, and there is a story concerning him, handed down by tradition, and firmly believed there, which is as follows,—The Earl having heavily taxed the citizens for some offence they had given him, his lady Godiva, daughter of Theobald, a sheriff of Lincolnshire, earnestly importuned him to remit the

taxes; but could not prevail with him, unless she would consent to ride naked through the most frequented parts of the city, a condition he thought her modesty would never comply with; but in compassion to the people's distress, tradition says that after having ordered all the doors and windows to be shut on pain of death, she rode through the streets on horseback, naked, with her dishevelled hair about her, which was so long that it covered all her body except her legs. Cambden says that no person looked after her, yet the story goes that a poor taylor peeped out of his window, and was thereupon struck blind. Be this as it will, his figure is on the same window in high-st. to this day. Upon Godiva's riding naked as above Earl Leofrick remitted the taxes he had imposed on the citizens, in memory of which they set up his picture and her's in the window of Trinity Church with this inscription:—

I, Leofrick, for love of thee,
Do set Coventry toll free.

From this tradition, Peeping Tom, of Coventry was dramatised.

Recipe for making the Teeth black.

I present my female readers with the following recipe, not with any expectation that it will become fashionable among them, but rather as a curiosity of the kind.

Recipe for making the teeth black, used by the ladies of the East Indies.

Take of the pulp of full grown myrobalans 20 parts
Of green vitriol ..... 3 parts
Of Iron filings ..... 6 parts

Of blue vitriol	1-10th part
Of small unripe myrobalan	½ part
Of gum arabic	1 part
Of oil of mustard seed	5 parts

Macerate the myrobalans for a night, in eighty parts of water: in the morning squeeze out the water, and put it on the fire to boil. Pulverise the other ingredients (except the oil) and add them to the infusion while it is boiling: when it acquires a thick consistence add the oil.

This preparation is spread on a leaf of betel, and applied at bed time to the teeth, where it is suffered to remain until morning.

When they wish to give it a reddish tinge, they add to these ingredients a certain proportion of buckrum a porous wood of a red colour, which communicates to water by infusion.

There are many other receipts but the above is sufficient for a specimen. The basis of them all, is a vegetable astringent, combined with some preparation of iron. Nothing can shew the force of habit—determining our ideas of beauty more than this receipt how shocked is a European lady to be told that white teeth are a deformity and that black teeth are highly beautiful and ornamental. Yet after all if we disallow the force of habit, and endeavour to prove who is in the right as to this matter, it must be universally acknowledged that what nature has appointed must be most beautiful. European ladies therefore have nature on their side, while the advocates for black teeth can plead only the prejudices of education.

Genealogy of George the Fourth.

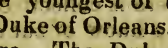
George the Fourth, is the son of George the

Third, who was the grandson of George the Second, who was the son of George the First, who the cousin of Anne, who was the sister in law of William the Third, who was the son in law of James the Second, who was brother of Charles the Second, who was the son of Charles the First, who was the son of James the First, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Eight, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the Third, who was the uncle of Edward the Fifth, who was the son of Edward the Fourth, who was the cousin of Henry the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Edward the First, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the First, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

Authentic Anecdote of General Junot.

General Junot, was originally a private in the French army, and is a man of low origin. In one of the battles in Germany, when Bonaparte commanded in person, he wanted to send a dispatch to one of his Generals and called out to a company to know if there was any man among them who could write, to which Junot replied in the affirmative. Bonaparte accordingly desired him to step out to the drum head, and dictated to him a dispatch which he wrote. While in the act of writing, a ball struck the ground which covered the scribe with dust. "That will do," said Junot, with

much composure. "As I wanted sand for my letter."—"You are a brave fellow" observed Bonaparte, "and what is there I can do for you?" "Have these worsted epaulets," said Junot, "taken off my shoulders, and replace them with silver." This was accordingly done. Junot, became a great favourite, and was afterwards made Governor of Paris, and was elevated to his present rank.



The three sons of the Duke of Orleans.

Alfonso, Count de Beaujolais, who lately died at Malta, was the youngest of the three sons of Philip Egalite Duke of Orleans. He was scarcely 29 years of age. The Duke de Montpensier, Anthony Philip, second of the sons of Egalite, died only about a year ago, near the metropolis. He was a prince of some talents, in particuler for painting in which art he was such a proficient, that it was believed he might have acquired both reputation and subsistence by his performance in that line, if he had been driven to the necessity of practising it for support. The Duke de Montpensier and his brother the Count de Beaujolais, were only at the age of fourteen and twelve, when the French Revolution broke out in 1789. On the execution of their father in 1793, they were shut up by order of the National Assembly, in the Fort of Notre Dame, de la Garde, near Marsielles. In an attempt to effect his escape from that fortress the Duke de Montpensier fell and fractured his leg. Their elder brother the Duke de Chartres, now Duke of Orleans, having quitted France, previous to his father's imprisonment and death, wandered over a large part of Europe. The present Duke of Orleans, who is not yet forty-five old, went with his brother the Count de Beaujolais to Malta only a few weeks before the death of

the latter. His health is said to be in a precarious state. With him will expire that branch of the illustrious house of Bourbon. He descends from Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, by Philip younger brother of Louis XIV. who was the father of the famous Regent Duke, so well known by his capacities and debaucheries.

Sagacious provision of the new Marriage Act.

By this profound measure it was enacted, *that if both the parties be under age*, the one who *is of Age* shall SWEAR that he or she believes *they both are of Age!* "Here is collective wisdom," with a vengeance! We know of but one instance at all equal to it, which is an act passed during the reign of the First Charles, in which the punishment awarded to a certain offence (smuggling) *is a public whipping and a fine*, "half of which," says the act alluded to, "shall go the King, and half to the informer."

Record of Occurrences of the past Week, viz. :—

BIRTHS.

At his seat at Killballyowen Co. Limerick the lady of De Courcey O'Grady, of a daughter.—In Cork, the lady of Col. Jervoise, of a son.—The lady of J. H. Burke, Esq. Mayor of Galway of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Thomas's Church, on Wednesday last Capt. Wm. Stokoe of the 10th Native Infantry, to Amelia, second daughter, of V. Dunne, Esq. of the city of Dublin.—At the Cathedral, Limerick, Lieut. Finch of the Carbineers, to Miss Brady, daughter of the late Captain Brady, of said city.

DEATHS.

On the 30th deeply regretted by a numerous circle of friends, Lieut. Colonel Henry Milling 93 Highlanders, his illness was brought on by the severity of the campaign, in in Spain, and wounds received at the Battle of Corunna, whilst in the 83d Regt.—on the 24th Mr. Nicholas Waldron.—In Aungier-st. Abraham Newland, Esq.—At Shanagolden, Co. Limerick, Thomas Hodgens, Esq. Attorney at Law, he retired to bed on Sunday evening in apparent good health, and was dead on Monday Morning.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 24.

DESCRIPTION OF GIBRALTER.

WITH ITS MOORISH ANTIQUITIES, AND ANNALS OF TWELVE SIEGES.

THOUGH the rock of Gibralter is surrounded by the sea, well water is to be found all over it, pretty good and fit to drink, though heavy, and often brackish; but the rain water from the mountain, which is filtered through the red sands without the south port, is exceedingly good and wholesome, and remains uncorrupt a long time. It is collected into a reservoir, and from thence conducted to the town. This aqueduct was first begun by the Moors, and carried by the earthen pipes; in their time it reached to the city, supplying the Atarasana and the castle; that now existing was planned by a Spanish Jesuit, and only reaches to the grand parade. The hill universally abounds with cavities, and receptacles for rain, which mostly centre in the reservoir; affording an inexhaustible stock of excellent water, greatly contributing to the health of the inhabitants.

On scaling the rock out of the land port, a cavern, was discovered, which runs considerably into the hill; upon the new road is a very large one; but the most surprising of all is that called St. George's Cave, situate one thousand two hundred feet above the surface of the water, over the red sands. This cave runs southward almost to the end of the rock, descending gradually; but the passage being choaked with vast masses of limestone, and their surfaces wet and slippery, it is impossible to penetrate very far; yet many by the help of ropes, have descended some hundreds of feet.

The mouth of the cave, though very narrow without, is very spacious within. and affords a pleasant and cool retreat to company, who frequently come from town, and spend the day in it; the transition from the hot air within, is exceedingly pleasant, and amply recompenses the fatigue of ascending the hill.

You descend into the cave about an hundred steps; the roof is sixty feet high, and supported by a most noble arch, measuring at the base as many yards, as far as the air is free, and the sun penetrates, it is festooned with knots of a large leafed ivy; the water distils and drops in different places all the year round, a sure proof that there are over it eternal repositories of water; the droppings fret the roof of the cave with pendent crystallizations and isacles of a thousand different shapes; farther in, where the humidity is infinitely greater, the petrefactions reach down to the bottom, and form pillars, which will for ever support the cave from accidental concussions of earthquakes. These columns are formed in a manner different from every rule of human architecture; the capitals and bases form themselves first, and the shafts, the work of ages, join them insensibly by the concretion of the spar.

To the right, at the bottom of the steps, is an opening near fifty feet deeper, and seemingly of great length, where these petrified pillars appear with amazing regularity, and form an enchanting gothic temple, the isles and chapels being distinguishable, and astonishing for their symmetry. The hissing of bats, its only, though numerous inhabitants, add to the horrors of the place.

Penetrating into the front of the cave, you find a great deal of water, though never more at one time than another; which evidences a communication downwards, else the continual distillation from the roof, would in time fill and overflow it.

There is great reason to think, that the ancient Spaniards as well as Moors, made use of St. George's Cave as a strong hold, to which they were probably determined by the great plenty of good water; for there are still standing the remains of an old wall, forming a plat-form twenty feet long, before the mouth of the cave. We learn from Pomponius Mela, that, in his days, it was penetrable, even to the extremity: so that the vast masses of stone which at present bar all passage inwards, were not formed in the time of Claudius Cæsar, but have been the labour of seventeen hundred succeeding years. A Spanish writer has said that St. George's Cave was by the Heathens dedicated to Hercules, but he is not supported by any ancient authority; however the thought is not improbable, since the hill itself was called one of the pillars of Hercules.

At Europe point there is a piece of Moorish antiquity worth mentioning. It is a reservoir sunk near eight feet in the stone, by a labour truly Herculean, seventy feet long, and forty-two broad. It receives the rain from the higher ground about it, and during winter is almost full.

To prevent the water from the injury of the sun, it has an arched covering, snpported by ten brick pillars on each side in the Moorish style, the water is, notwithstanding, very bad, and full of worms.

Gibralter was surprized in 1540, by Pauli Hamet, an Algerine Corsair; the landing was then easy. Now it is the strongest garrison in Europe.

From the eighth to the fourteenth century, there is nothing particular worth recording; the Moors remained in quiet possession of this hill.—In 1310, Alonzo Perez de Guzman, first took it from the Infidels, which so enraged the Moors, that they murdered their king Mahomet, the third king of Granada. The second siege was in 1316, when Ismael, king of Granada, in vain attempted to retake it. The third commenced in February, 1332, under Abomelique, son of Jusaf Aben Jacob, emperor of Fez, Vasco Peyres de Meyra, commanded in the place, which was very ill provided, and had not thirty days bread in it, Meyra having applied the king's money to purchase an estate at Xers, instead of victualling the garrison. A Moorish vessel, loaded with corn, which a storm drove under the walls, prolonged the siege some time; but the Spaniards, after enduring incredible fatigue and famine, and subsisting for weeks on the leather of their shields, were starved into a surrender by the middle of June; though the Spanish Admiral Don Alonzo Jufre, was master of the sea, and from his gallies endeavoured by means of engines, to throw bags of flour over the walls into the town. Don Alonzo XI. marching to succour it, was only four days journey from the place, when he received the fatal news of its surrender. Vasquez Perez de Meyra not daring to appear before him, went over to the Moors in Barbary.

Don Alonzo XI. began the fourth siege, the end of June 1332. To this day may be traced the ditch he dug from sea to sea, to defend the rear of his army, which he formed into three divisions; the main body occupied the sands under the hill, from the ocean to the Mediterranean; the second division he sent in boats to the southward of the town, which took post on the red sands: the third climbed up to the north of the hill above the castle, which they incommoded by throwing down from engines, huge stones into it.

It is amazing how the Spaniards could drag machines up so steep and rugged a rock. The Moors drew all their gallies ashore, and those for which there was not room in the Atarasana, they covered with strong sheds of timber, to preserve them from being crushed by the rocks the Spaniards threw from their engines. Don Alonzo Jutre, the Spanish Admiral, had orders to burn their gallies, but the Moors prevented his approach by piles driven into the sea. The king offered two doubloons of gold for every stone the miners could force out from the walls of the castle, which the engines had so dismantled, especially the Torre del Hominage, that the Moors could not man the tops of the turrets. The largeness of the reward encouraged a party of Gallegos to attempt extracting the stones, under cover of a strong machine, called Manta, similar to the Musculus of the Romans, a machine in use till the invention of gunpowder.

This manœuvre would soon have brought the tower to the ground; but as the Moors could not man the battlements, from the rocks thrown on them, they broke openings in the sides of the tower, and threw down on the Manta such quantities of burning pitch, tow, and other combustibles, as set it on fire, and forced the Gallegos to retreat. At this time the king of Granada and Abomelique

marched to its relief, and blocked up the Spanish king in the neck of Gibralter, which prevented his army receiving any provisions by land; so that when the bad weather kept off their supplies by sea, they experienced great want. Such numbers deserted through hunger, and fell into the hands of the Moors, that Christian slaves sold for a doubloon each. Once a contrary wind for seventeen days occasioned a dreadful famine, when Don Alonzo, to give his famished troops an example of patience, abstained from tasting meat for eight days, till a convoy arrived. At last, on the 20th of August, a peace was concluded, and the siege was raised.

Don Alonzo again sat down before it in the summer 1349, and during this fifth siege, of nine months, had reduced the garrison to great straits, when the plague carried him off, the 26th of March, 1350, in the 38th year of his age.

The emperors of Fez, neglecting their Spanish territories, Juzaf, third king of Granada, took it in 1410. This was the sixth siege, but the next year the inhabitants drove out the Granadines, and put themselves under the protection of Muley Bucid, emperor of Fez.

Juzaf besieged it in form the January following, with a fleet and army, and the garrison was starved into a surrender towards the ends of March.—This was the seventh siege.

The eighth siege was in 1438, in the reign of Don Juan II. when Don Henrique de Guzman, Conte de Niebla, attacked it by sea and land, but the Moors defeated him, and he was drowned in attempting to escape. His son got off with the remains of the army.

In 1462. he returned with a greater force, and took the place, which ever since has remained in possession of the Christians. This was the ninth siege. The Mahometans had possessed it 748 years. Don Henrique IV. of Castile, then on the throne of Spain, took the title of king of Gibralter..

In 1704, Gibralter was torn, most probably for ever, from the Spanish domain, by the English, under Sir George Rooke. In a council of war, held July 17th, on board the English fleet, about seven leagues east of Tetuan, the attack was resolved upon; four days after the fleet got into the bay of Gibralter, and eighteen hundred English and Dutch marines, under the prince of Hesse Darmstadt, were landed on the neck of land to the north of the town, to cut off any communication with the country. The prince having posted his men, summoned the place, which the Governor refussd to surrender. Next day the admiral gave orders that the ships appointed to cannonade the town, under rear-admiral Byng, and those which were to batter the south Mole head under captain Hicks of the Yarmouth, should take their positions. But the wind being contrary they could not get into their stations till the next day was spent. In the mean time, to amuse the enemy, captain Whitaker was sent in with boats, and burnt a French privateer of twelve guns at the old Mole.

On the twenty-third, soon after day break, the ships being placed, the admiral threw out the signal for cannonading, which was continued with great fury for five or six hours, fifteen thousand shot being fired in that time against the town, so that the enemy were soon driven from their guns, especially at the south Mole-head. As the gaining that fortification would ensure the reduction

of the town, the admiral ordered captain Whitaker with all the boats to endeavour to possess it. But whilst he was pushing for it with great alacrity, the captains, Hicks and Jumper, who lay next the Mole, landed some men from their pinnaces and boats before he came up, on this the Spaniards blew up the fortifications about the Mole, and killed two lieutenants and about forty men, and wounded sixty more. Yet our men kept possession of the great platform, and Whitaker landing with the seamen who had been ordered on this service, they advanced and took a redoubt or small bastion, half way between the Mole and the town, and many of the enemy's cannon; upon which the governor desired to capitulate, and surrendered on honourable terms. A circumstance that contributed greatly to accelerate our success, is recorded by Burnet.

After the admiral had bombarded the town, but with no great success, some intrepid seamen pushed ashore at a place where the rock was thought inaccessible, and yet they succeeded in mounting it; having got to the top, they surprized all the females belonging to the town, in a chapel, where they were imploring the Virgin's protection. The sailors seized the ladies, which contributed not a little to dispose the Dons to surrender, which they did on the 24th. The prince of Hesse, with the marines belonging to the fleet, were left in garrison, and furnished from the fleet with every necessary for subsistence and defence, and a regular plan, was laid down for supplying them in future from Lisbon. This was the tenth siege.

The eleventh siege commenced under the Marquis de Villadarius. He had with him all the forces the Spaniards could collect in Andalusia and Estremadura, with some French troops and French engineers; the latter had been sent from France on purpose, and were chiefly relied on.—

This disgusted the Spaniards, who were so absurd in their ideas, that though they could do nothing themselves, and indeed did not know how to go about it, yet could not bear to be taught by others, or to see themselves outdone by them. The siege lasted four months, during which, the Prince of Hesse eminently distinguished himself by his conduct, courage, and indefatigable application. The garrison was supplied with men and provisions from Lisbon. At last Mons de Pointis came with a squadron of twenty French ships of war, to block it up by sea.

Upon which Sir John Leake was sent with a stronger squadron to relieve the place, and he arrived in the bay, October 9th. In the mean time the Marshal de Tesse took the command of the besiegers; he had been sent by the court of France, which was dissatisfied with the conduct of Villadarias; but he had no better success, and the siege was at last abandoned in 1705. During this siege the Spaniards made a very desperate attempt to take it; on the east side of the rock, at Passa de Algarovas, guided by a goat-herd, they got up five hundred men, and concealed themselves in St. Michael's cave; the second night, they scaled Charles the Vth's wall, and surprized and murdered the guard at the signal house; and at Middle hill, by ropes and scaling ladders, they got up some hundreds of the party ordered to sustain them, but being discovered, they were all driven over that precipice, which the Spaniards name Salta de Loba, or the Wolf's Leap.

In 1727, the twelfth siege commenced, it was carried on by the Marquis de las Torres, it is only remarked for a vain attempt of the Spanish engineers to blow up the head of the hill, by means of a mine under Will's or Queen's battery.

Under the dominion of Great Britain, the fortifications have been so improved and protected, that, joined to the natural strength of the place, they rendered it impregnable, and all likelihood of its returning to the Spaniards improbable. There are generally kept in the magazine eighteen months provisions. To the Moors it was the key of Spain, and the English deservedly reckon it the key of the Mediterranean. The town of Gibralter, reaches near a mile from the land gate to the south port; from the south port to the end of the hill at Europe are two miles more.

The Origin of April Fools.

The following account of the origin of the ancient custom, sending people upon *a Fool's Errand*, on the first of this month, is taken from Dr. Jameson's Etymological Dictionary: 'Young people, attracted by the singular cry of the cuckoo, being anxious to see it, are often very assiduous to obtain this gratification. But as this bird changes its place so secretly and suddenly, when they think they are just within reach of it, they hear its cry at a considerable distance.—Thus they run from place to place, still finding themselves as far removed from their object as ever. Hence the phrase, *hunt the Gowk*, may have come to be used for any fruitless attempt; and particularly for those vain errands on which persons are sent on the first day of April.

'Nor is it unlikely that the custom of sending one on what is called *a Gowk's Errand*, on the first day of April, has had its origin, in connection with what is mentioned above, from the circumstance

of the bird's making its appearance in our country about the beginning of this month. It is said, indeed, that it is generally about the middle of April that it is first observed. But if we reduce this to the old style, it will fall within a few days of the beginning of the month: and it is well known that it is silent for some short time after its arrival; its note, which is that of the male, being a call to love.'

Extraordinary Preservation.

John Shadnock and John Popham, two poor fishermen, went out to the harbour's mouth of Clovelly, in Devonshire, in a small boat, about thirteen feet long, with their nets and tackle, to fish for herrings, on Monday morning, the 14th ult. While fishing, a violent gale of wind came on from the southward, which blew them out to sea; on their endeavouring to pull in, they lost one of their oars, and having but one left, the boat became unmanageable, and they were left to the mercy of the sea. After being out four days and three nights, in tempestuous weather, without any thing to eat or drink, they were taken up by the Swift, Captain George Hodgson, bound from this city to Bristol, almost perishing with hunger and fatigue; their legs were swollen to an amazing size, and their skin in several places was completely peeled off by the action of the salt-water.

A Hare chased by a flock of Geese!

Notwithstanding the improbability with which the following account may appear to some of our readers, we can assure them it is a fact, as we

have it from the most respectable authority. A flock of geese, belonging to Mr. Lloyd, of the Townhouse, at Marford, about seven miles from the city of Chester, set a hare on the top of that hill on Tuesday last, when puss, bursting from the cackling tribe, ran down the hill, and was pursued by the whole flock, some flying, some running with extended wings; they overtook her, when puss slily gave them the double, and, returning, was so closely pursued by the irritated flock, as to be taken alive by a servant girl of Mrs. Pate's, as she was attempting the hatch in her mistress's garden, in the presence of upwards of twenty spectators. Her carcase was afterwards made a present of to a wedding-party in that neighbourhood.

History of the Bayonet.

The success of the Polish lancers at the battle of Albuera, which is likely partially to introduce the use of the pike or lance, for they are the same thing, may make the following history of the bayonet, not unacceptable to the public:—'When muskets were used before the invention of the bayonet, one-half of each regiment was armed with pikes, and the other with muskets, till about the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. the French, when at war with Spain and Savoy, used bayonets, which were invented and made at Bayonne, from which they took their name. The bayonet then was merely a dagger, with a round wooden handle to fix in the mouth of the musket, in case they came to close quarters. The Spanish and Savoy armies were not aware of the invention, and were routed with great slaughter. The method of fixing the bayonet on the outside of the barrel was

soon after invented, and though bayonet against bayonet, it is a very formidable weapon at close quarters, that proves nothing in its favour, since a dagger or a clasp knife, used against a similar weapon would be as formidable. The lance which is longer, and more easily handled, has evidently a greater advantage besides its being light and straight, though, unless the troops were mixed together, the lancers would be thrown into confusion, and their ranks thinned, before they could advance close up to the enemy. All military weapons are undergoing some change, from time to time, as may be seen by inspecting the armoury at the Tower, and it is evident, some improvement on the musket is wanted, for is it now more used as a piercing weapon, than as a fire arm. The lances used in Scotland, before muskets were introduced, were by Act of Parliament regulated to be 18 feet 6 inches in length, but this is much too long; 10 or 12 feet is quite sufficient, though it is to be observed, that when they fought with pikes on both sides, superior length was undoubtedly an advantage. The Poles are perhaps the worst soldiers in Europe. therefore they must have owed their success to the weapons they used. The story of frightning the horses, is partly true, but it is but partly.

The Vestal.

Every body knows that the vestals were virgins devoted to the worship of the goddess Vesta, and charged particularly with the care of keeping alive the sacred fire which burned before her altars, they watched it night and day; the safety of Rome depended upon the duration or extinction of this fire. The vestals were punished severely for the slightest fault, and history furnishes numerous examples of these virgins being buried

alive: but the greatest crime which they could commit would be that of suffering the sacred flame to expire. There never was more than one at a time of these virgins in the temple at night.

It is here the Latin manuscript commences, "At length the turn of Pompeia arrived. It was the very day on which the news arrived at Rome of the loss of the battle of Cannæ, and of the death of one of the Consuls. The people thought they already saw Hannibal and his Cartheginians upon the ramparts, and the terror had penetrated into the very temple.

"The pontiff at night, conducted the vestal thither, and after having locked all the exterior gates retired with the keys. Pompeia poured out a short prayer at the feet of the statue of Vesta, and then seated herself upon a purple cushion in the sanctuary, a few steps from the sacred fire. All her attention was at first engrossed with the object, the care of which was entrusted to her. But the solitude around her, the mournful silence which reigned in the temple, and the feeble light afforded by a lamp which was suspended from the dome of the sanctuary, made her drowsy and she at length fell into a profound sleep.—In this state she remained a considerable time. In the mean while the sacred fire began to die away insensibly and was almost extinguished, when fortunately she awoke. She raised herself precipitately, and and ran all in terror to the door of the place which contained the proper aliment for nourishing the sacred fire; but she had scarcely reached it, when the door suddenly disappeared, and she perceived nothing but one continued uniform wall. She was much surprised at this event, but suddenly conceiving that she might have made a mistake she turned about her head, and perceived in fact, the door on the other side of the temple. She ran violently to open it, but in vain; the same

prodigy again struck her eyes She then became pale, as if she were really to expire: a cold sweat bedewed her limbs. She threw herself at the feet of the goddess and offered up this prayer from her inmost heart. 'Oh! powerful goddess! oh mother of the gods! save my country, save me! Without you there is an end to Rome. Save it and punish me: oh! that these arches would fall, and crush me to instant death!' She thought her prayers were heard: the arches shook, and a confused noise arose behind her, but it was a new surprise which she was doomed to experience.

"It was the custom to place in the temple the statues of some of the vestals of the most exalted birth, or most distinguished for their zeal in the worship of the goddess. These statues were of white marble, and ranged at equal distances from each other, between the columns which supported the edifice.—They all seemed animated at the same moment; with their faces concealed in long black veils, and some of them seeming stained with blood, they advanced slowly in procession, one after another, to the remotest part of the sanctuary; prostrated themselves; and pierced the wall without leaving a trace of the aperture through which they vanished.

"Notwithstanding the horror of this sight, the vestal had still strength enough to approach the sacred vase. She removed the superincumbent ashes, and perceived at the bottom of the vase, some vestiges of the fire, not yet quite extinguished. She endeavoured to rekindle it with shreds torn from her robe, but all her efforts only served to put it out the sooner.

"Thus deprived of all hope and resource, Pompeia abandoned herself to despair. She wandered through the temple, her hands raised towards heaven: at length overcome with grief, she retired

towards the remotest part of the temple, where she shed a torrent of tears. In this situation, she waited the return of daylight.

"Scarcely did it begin to appear, when the pontiff was heard in the vestibule. He entered the temple, and was at first surprised at not seeing the vestal; but when he approached the sacred vase and perceived, the sacred fire was extinguished, the paleness of death spread itself over his countenance. Clasping his hands, he raised them to heaven, without uttering a word; retired with precipitation, and carefully closed the gate. I shall not attempt to describe, what passed at that moment in the breast of the vestal. She did not remain long in her state of dreadful suspense and expectation. On a sudden all the gates of the temple were opened, and a tumultuous crowd of both sexes rushed in and filled it. Pompeia presented herself with surprising firmness. They took her by the arms and dragged her out of the temple to conduct her to the place of punishment. She crossed several streets before she arrived at it, and every where observed the most frightful scenes; the old men, the women, and children, running through the city, not knowing whither they were going, or what to do; at length she arrived at the foot of the capitol.

"Here there was a cave vast and profound, the mouth of which, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground, was covered immediately with a huge stone, with the earth heaped up over it. It was in this cave that the offending vestals were buried alive, and it was already opened before Pompeia arrived. The pontiff in his robes was seated at a small distance in his ivory car, and the people ranged around him. Hitherto Pompeia had not spoken a single word; but when she perceived the place of her punishment, the chords, the pitcher of water, and

the piece of bread, which were to be shut up with her, she uttered the most frightful shreiks, and throwing herself at the feet of the pontiff, she embraced them with transport, and poured out a deluge of tears. This sudden effort seemed to move the minister of the altars; but soon resuming his resolution, he chid the vestal in the name of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the other gods of Rome. They then stripped off part of her clothes, and in spite of her feeble efforts, let her down into the cavern, the aperture of which was filled up again, and covered with earth. This work finished the people withdrew into the temple.

" Pompeia remained some time in the cave, unconscious of her situation, for as soon as she saw the aperture closed upon her she fainted away. At length she came to herself, and her first care was how she might put an end to her sufferings by a speedy death. She took the lamp which was shut up with her, more from a motive of cruelty than compassion, and drew near to the wall; but the humidity of the air had already diminished the feeble light which it afforded, and the motion of the vestal completely extinguished it, leaving her in profound darkness. A rumbling noise was heard at a distance, a stone fell, and its descent displaced several others. The vestal arose, and perceived by the light of a torch which pierced across two decayed, and rudely connected chambers, a tall woman clothed in white, her face covered with a long veil, he body was bent, she held a torch in her left hand, and her step slow and tottering, announced a person very far advanced in years. This woman took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, and conducted her over the ruins through the place from which she had descended; they proceeded about an hundred paces, in a passage so narrow and low, that Pompeia though not above middle size, was obliged to stoop more than half her height, to

enable her to advance. 'Fear nothing,' said the old woman to Pompeia; 'you are safe.' After a tedious course they found themselves in a forest, where Vesta appeared to them nearly such as her statue represented her in the temple; she was accompanied by two horrible females, with their hair twined by serpents, and their hands armed with whips, as the furies are painted. "Silly virgin,' exclaimed the goddess, 'could you expect to be able to escape me?' Immediately one of the frightful attendants approached the old woman, seized her by the arm, tore off the veil which covered her face, and Pompeia beheld her mother Plautia,—The vestal made an effort to throw herself into her mother's arms, but in an instant, Plautia and the two furies sunk into the earth, and the whole scene vanished from her sight: Pompeia remained alone. After having wandered a considerable time, she thought she recognized the gloom of the temple of Vesta, the very temple which was the cause of her melancholy fate. 'Ah! gods,' exclaimed she 'am I to prepare for new torments?' At that very moment the lamp which served to give light in the temple, fell and awoke the vestal, who saw the statues in their proper places, the sacred fire burning in full vigour and activity, and found that all the sufferings she had endured were but a dream. She prostrated herself at the feet of the goddess, thanked her for the caution which she had given her, and promised sincerely never to fall asleep again in her temple,"

Destruction of the Rouen Cathedral by fire.

We cannot better give an idea of the loss sustained by the destruction of perhaps the finest Gothic Cathedral in Europe, not by France alone,

but by the world, than by quoting the description of the Building, from Mrs. Stothard's interesting tour in Normandy. It was struck by lightning about five o'clock of the mornfng of Sunday, 15th Aug. 1822 and continued burning till evening, when the fire seemed to be subdued, but unfortunately broke out again on Monday, when the dome fell; and as the accounts left Rouen, the whole was in a blaze too terrible to admit of resistance.

"The cathedral church, said to be erected by the English, of all the Gothic structures I have yet seen, it is the most costly and magnificent; the building, of the florid Gothic kind, is literally frosted with ornaments. This cathedral was founded A. D. 990. by Robert Archbishop of Rouen, brother of Richard the Second, Duke of Normandy; but it was not finished till the year 1062, when, in the presence of William the Conqueror, it was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Of this, the original building, nothing now appears the most ancient parts are the door ways, which together with a great portion of the edifice, is the work of the thirteenth century, the rest of the building is of the fifteenth The cathedral is 410 feet in length, 83 in breadth, the length of the cross aisles is 164 feet, and the height of the spire 395 feet; that of the towers towards the west, 236 feet; the width of the portal at the west end including the towers is 170 feet; there are seven entrances to the cathedral, and 130 windows. Immediately over the large door-way, at the western entrance, carved in stone, the root of Jesse is represented, from whose several branches arise figures, terminating with one in the centre of our Saviour, as the last of the line. Above, and around this subject in several compartments, appear various histories from the Bible carved likewise in stone. Above another door way in the west front, the story of the daughter of Herodias, dancing before Herod, is represented in a most

singular manner. She appears like one of those dancers or tumblers, who were employed for the amusement of courts in the thirteenth century, and is literally tumbling before Herod with her head to the ground, and her heels in the air. This seems to us a strange mode of treating such a subject; but it was by no means uncommon at the time this was executed. On the same front are ranged above eighty figures of a colossal size, representing saints and apostles: these images, although considerably larger than life, appear but diminutive, in comparison to the majestic proportions of the building. Besides this host of carved figures, the most fantastic, elegant, and rich Gothic devices every where abound. There is not the smallest piece of stone, nor the back of a niche, nor the base of a figure, but is covered with the finest Gothic work. Above the north door way the subject of the Last Judgment is admirably carved, and on each side the walls, without the entrance are two female figures, their heads broken off, but their draperies are of tasteful and exquisite workmanship. Some part of the building has been injured during the Revolution, when it is likely, these figures also suffered. The south front is extremely elegant in its proportions and ornaments.

"The interior of the cathedral is so imposingly beautiful, that on entering the aisles, the mind is struck with an involuntary awe; the sombre light reflected the painted windows, the majestically fretted roof, the high vaulted arches, all combine to strike the beholder with that feeling of veneration, and to inspire that disposition towards serious contemplation, which does indeed so well prepare the mind for devotional exercises. We are naturally susceptible of powerful impressions from external things, and our feeling are capable of being softened, exalted and refined, by the contemplation of majestic and imposing objects.

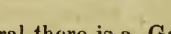
There was undoubtedly great wisdom in the erection of such buildings for religious purposes; for who can enter them without feeling they are most proper to be devoted to the worship of a Divine Being. Every window in the cathedral is filled with fine painted glass. The subjects consists of several groupes and figures the size of life; some are of various and fantastic ornaments, whose brilliant hues are so gorgeous and dazzling, that although the variety of their devices are endless, yet their luminous brilliancy forbids the eye long to rest upon one subject.

In the choir we saw the spot where once was placed the tombs of John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; Henry brother of Richard I; and Cœur De Lion's heart. A flat stone now alone, marks each spot; the monuments, with the effigies of Henry and Richard having been destroyed for some comparatively trivial purpose, a considerable time before the Revolution. A. D, 1199, the heart of Richard I. enclosed in a silver box, was interred near the high altar of Rouen Cathedral, according to that prince's injunctions before his decease. A magnificent tomb was erected to the memory of Richard, his effigy lay extended upon it, and represented him attired in his royal robes. A balustrade of silver once encompassed the monument; but in 1250, the Dean and Chapter of Rouen, ordered that it should be melted down and applied as a contribution towards the ransom of the famous St. Louis, then a prisoner amongst the Pagans. Henry the younger, second son of Henry II. King of England, who was crowned both at Westminster, and Winchester, during the lifetime of his father, was buried, first in the church of St. Julien at Mans, near his grandfather Geoffrey Plantagenet, but his body was afterwards removed to this cathedral, by the solicitations of the citizens of Rouen, to whom Henry had bequeathed it. Between two pillars

on the north side of the choir under a monument of black marble, were interred the remains of John Duke of Lancaster, third son of Henry IV. King of England; this tomb was destroyed by the Hugunots in 1562. Here also was buried, A. D. 1164. William third son of the Empress Maud, by her second husband Geoffrey Plantaganet. The heart of Charles V. who died at the castle of Vincennes, in 1380 was brought to Rouen, and buried with great pomp in the cathedral; his tomb was on the south side of the chapel of the Virgin. In the chapel of St. Romain, lie the remains of the celebrated Rolla, third Duke of Normandy; they were removed from near the high altar, when the choir was rebuilt. On the tomb of Rolla there is an effigy representing him, but it is not a work of his time, probably not earlier than that of St. Louis. In this cathedral, there is also a monument and effigy of William Longespee, fourth Duke of Normandy, and son of Rolla: this tomb is of the same date as the former. St Romain was archbishop of Rouen, and died in 944: his body was removed in 1036, and in 1090 it was placed within a splendid shrine, which was burnt by the Hugonots in 1562. Some fragments of the saints body being then preserved, they were kept as relics at this cathedral.—In the chapel of the Virgin there is a most beautiful tomb in memory of the Cardinals D'Ambrose; two figures of the cardinals the uncle and nephew, are carved in white marble, the size of life; they are represented in a kneeling posture, the hands raised in prayer; beneath these figures appear Charity, Truth, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance. Behind the cardinal in various compartments, are rich carvings intermixsd with saints, &c.; this tomb was erected in 1522. In the same chapel, on the opposite side is the monument of Louis de Breze; it is of the Corinthian order, admirably carved in white marble; the figures are of the natural size. Above Louis de Breze

is represented on horseback in armour, beneath lies his effigy extended upon a coffin; the limbs are executed with all that lifeless expression, and ghastly appearance that renders death indeed the King of Terrors. At his head kneels his wife attired in a widow's habit, a female figure holding a child in her arms stands at the feet. This noble monument of Louis de Breze grand Seneschal of Normandy, was erected by his widow, Diana of Poitiers Duchess of Valentinois, in 1531. In the epitaph she promises as having been faithful to his bed, so likewise faithfully to share his tomb: but as Diana afterwards became the mistress of Henry the Second of France, it is not improbable that the lady forgot her promise, for she was buried elsewhere.

"In this cathedral there is a Gothic Stair-case of great beauty, which leads to the library belonging to the church. The building of the fine tower, called *Le Tour de Buerre* was commenced in 1485, with the money paid by the people of Rouen for an indulgence purchased by them, to eat butter instead of oil, during the solemn fast of Lent."



The Stamford Ghost outdone.

Soon after the murder of King Charles I. a commission was appointed to survey the King's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes to that manor belonging, and one Collins, under a feigned name, hired himself as Secretary to the Commissioners, who, upon the 13th of October, 1619, met, and took up their residence in the King's own rooms; his Majesty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council hall their pantry, and the presence chamber was the place where they sat for the dispatch of business. His Majesty's dining-room they made their

wood-yard, and stored it with the wood of the famous royal oak from the High Park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of king on it, they had dug up by the roots, and split and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they sat on the 16th of the same month for the dispatch of business, and in the midst of their first debate, there entered a huge black dog, (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturning two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vanished; this gave them the greatest surprize, as the doors were constantly locked, so that no real dog could get in or out; the next day their surprize was increased, when sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, although they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be no body there; presently after they heard also the wood of the King's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence chamber;—as also all the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurried about the room; their own papers of the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink glass broken.—When all this noise had sometime ceased, Giles Sharp, their Secretary, proposed to enter first into these rooms, and in the presence of the Commissioners, of whom he received the keys, he opened the doors, and found the wood spread about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink glass broken, (as has been said) but not the least trace of any human creature, nor the least reason to suspect one, as the doors were all fast, and the keys in the custody of the Commissioners, It was therefore unanimously agreed that the power who did this mischief must have entered the room at the key-hole. The night following Sharp the secretary with two of the commissioners servants, as they were in bed in the same room, which room was conti-

gious to the room where the commissioners lay, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their head, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with so much violence, as shook the whole house, which more than ever terrified the commissioners

On the night of the 19th as all were in bed in the same room for greater safety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant went out, with a sulphurous smell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which next morning were found to be the same their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, though not a lock was found open in the house. The next night they fared still worse, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours beds were rattled to and fro, with violence, their honours received many cruel blows and bruises, by eight pewter dishes, and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off, were heard rolling about the room, though in the morning there were none of them to be seen. This night likewise, they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets, about their beds, and other frightful noises; but all this was clear in the morning, as if no such thing had happened. The next night the keeper of the King's house and his dog laid in the commissioner's room, and then they had no disturbance; but on the night of the 22d, though the dog laid in the room as before, yet the candles went out, brick bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteously, their bed clothes were stripped off, and their terror increased. On the 24th they thought all the wood in the King's oak was violently thrown by their bedsides, they counted 64 billets that fell, and some shock had hit the bed in which they lay; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the

door being opened where the billet wood was kept. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard, and one of the servants running to see if his master was not killed, found three dozen trenchers laid smoothly under the quilt by him. But all this was nothing to what succeeded; the 25th about midnight, the candles went out, something walked majestically through the rooms and opened and shut the windows; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some of which fell on the bed others on the floor; and about a quarter after one, a noise was heard, as of 40 cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised the whole neighbourhood, who coming into their honours gathered up the great stones fourscore in number, and laid them by in a corner of a field, where in Dr. Plots time, who reports this history, they were to be seen. This noise like the discharge of a cannon, was heard through all the country, for 16 miles round. During these noises which were heard in both rooms together, the commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cried out for help; and Giles Sharp snatched up a sword, and had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came in his shirt from his room to theirs.—While they were together, the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house was stripped off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it.

On the 30th at midnight, something walked into the chamber treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor, at the same time, a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with great stones, and horses bones, came pouring into the room with uncommon force; these were all found

in the morning, to the astonishment and terror of the commissioners who were yet determined to go on with their business. But on the 1st of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued: candles in every part of the room were lighted up and a great fire made, at midnight the candles yet burning, a noise like the bursting of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed about by it, even in their honours beds who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burned to the ground; about an hour after the candles went out as usual, the crack as of many cannons was heard, and many pails full of green stinking water were thrown upon their honours beds; great stones were thrown in as before; the bed curtains, and the bed steads torn and broken and windows shattered. and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the most dreadful noises; nay, the very rabbit stealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were so terrified, that they fled, and left the ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God, asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so?

No answer was given to this, but the noise ceased awhile, when the spirit came again, and as they all agreed brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the door way between the two chambers to see what passed, and as he watched it he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff, scraped it out. Upon this the same person was so bold as to draw a sword, but he had scarce got it when he felt another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it: and at length prevailing struck him so violently on the head with the pummel that he

fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst, like the discharge of the broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance from each no less than nineteen more such; these shook the house so violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as had been said being all alarmed, flocked to the house in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and psalm singing, during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannon was heard as from without, though no visible agent was seen to discharge them. But what was the most alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day, as they were all at dinner, when a paper, in which they had signed a mutual agreement, to reserve a part of the premises, out of the general survey, and afterwards to share it equally among them (which paper they hid for the present, under the earth in a pot, in a corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew,) was consumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire, with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue flame, and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never be prevailed on to return.

This wonderful contrivance was all the invention of the memorable Joseph Collins, of Oxford, otherwise Funny Joe, who having hired himself for secretary under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the house and the help of *pulvus fulminans* and other chemical preparations and letting his fellow servants into the scheme, carried on the deceit without discovery to the very last; in-so-much that the late Dr. Plot, in his national history relates the whole for fact.

Dreadful Shipwreck.

(Copied from the Carlisle Journal, of November 1822.)

It has this week become our painful duty to record one of the most afflictive accounts of human suffering that has ever appeared in the columns of a public journal. The heart sickens at the bare recital of this horrid tale of woe; and from our own feelings we can anticipate those of our readers on perusing the following most affecting narrative, which we have received from an intelligent correspondent, to whom it was related by the unfortunate Captain M'Alpin in person:—

The brig George, Captain John M'Alpin, sailed from Quebec with a cargo of timber for Greenock, on the 12th September last, with a crew consisting of nine persons, beside three passengers. Early on the morning of the 6th October she was overtaken by a violent storm, which continued without intermission during the day; towards sunset the gale increased, and the vessel became quite unmanageable. At two o'clock the following morning, a tremendous sea broke over her, and swept away three of her best hands with the companion, binnacle, a cable, and boom, and greatly damaged the hull: all hands were then called to the pump, but only three were able to render any assistance. At six o'clock they found the vessel to be waterlogged; nothing then remained but to endeavour to gain the main-top, which with immense difficulty they accomplished, carrying with them one bag of bread, about eight pounds of cheese, two dozen of wine, and a small quantity of brandy and rum. Before they had time to secure themselves in their perilous situation, the vessel fell on her beam ends; but within about half an hour their hatches blew up, and she again righted; their scanty stores were now examined, when to their utter dismay, all had been washed

away except the bag of bread. At this period a distressing scene occured in the midst of their affliction: one of the passengers had his wife on board, and a child fifteen months old, which he carried in his arms; the infant, however, he was compelled to abandon to the merciless waves in the view of its distracted mother! The main sail was now let down, to screen them from the severity of the weather, which continued tempestuous until Friday 11th, when they were able once more to go upon the deck. Their thirst had now become excessive, and nothing but salt water to be procured; having found the carpenter's axe, they cut a hole in the deck near to where a water cask had been stowed; but alas! the casks had been stove, and nothing was to be found either for support or convenience, but an empty pump can, which they carried with them to the main top. That night the female passenger became insensible, and on Saturday the 12th she died. This poor woman, whose name was Joice Rea,, came with her husband from between Belfast and Larne in Ireland. The unhappy survivors were now reduced by raging thirst, to support nature by sucking the blood of their deceased companion, and shocking to relate, the miserable husband was necessiated to partake of the unnatural and horrid beverage. Their sufferings however met with little allay from this temporary but dreadful relief; they were now assailed by the most acute and ungovernable hunger; and to preserve existence were compelled to distribute the flesh of the deceased among the famishing survivors! While in the very achme of their sufferings, a ship hove in view; but this joyful sight was of short duration, for it being nearly dark, they remained unperceived by the vessel, which continued her own course, and was soon out of their reach.

This fresh misfortune threw them into greater

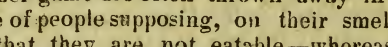
despair than they had yet experienced. From this time to the 23d the following persons died :—John Lamont, a boy; John M'Kay, carpenter; George M'Dowell, passenger; Colin M'Kechnie, and the steward, Gilbert M'Gilvray. Part of the flesh of these wretched sufferers was also devoured like that of the woman. The number was now reduced to the Captain and one of the seamen, who by the help of the main sail, and the can already mentioned, contrived to supply themselves with water till the 14th November (having been 38 days on the wreck). when they were providentially discovered by Captain Hudson, of the Saltom, of Carlisle: but they were yet fated to suffer another shipwreck, though of minor importance.

On Tuesday the 19th inst. this vessel, whilst riding off Beckfoot, on the Cumberland coast, the wind blowing a gale, broke her chain cable, when she drifted too near to Maryborough, and was considerably damaged, but all hands were saved, including the two unfortunate sufferers, who arrived at Annan on Wednesday evening last—and, what is very remarkable, apparently in good health. They are both we understand, at a short distance from their native place. We cannot conclude this melancholy narration, without observing that the utmost praise is due to Captain Hudson for his humane and generous treatment of Captain M'Alpin and his seaman; to whom he not only afforded every suitable nourishment when on board of the Saltom, but has been unremitting in his endeavours to render their situation comfortable since their arrival in Annan.

To Recover Meat too long kept.

Salted bacon, and unsalted beef and mutton,

and other kinds of animal food, when too long kept, or improperly cured, so as to be tainted with putridity, may be perfectly recovered, or rendered quite sweet by being buried in fresh earth for a few days. The above hint must be very acceptable at this season of the year; for hares, pheasants and other game are often thrown away in consequence of people supposing, on their smelling a little, that they are not eatable—whereas were they wrapped in course cloth, and buried in the earth for a short time, they will soon be highly acceptable for the table.



The Agreeable Surprise.

There resided in Bordeaux a young, rich, and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow though surrounded by admirers, observed scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length however the persuasions of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company. Madame St. Amere had one foible, she loved play to excess—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much subsequent calamity. On the evening of her first fete, a tall, graceful figure masked, followed her, and paid her innumerable silent attentions; to rid herself of his importunities, she sat down to the card table, and was successful for about an hour The mask who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honour of playing with her, which she granted and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount; still

the stranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purse tauntingly dared her to risk the like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her features; for some time the game was doubtful, at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed by one night's folly. Her anguish could not be concealed she rose abruptly from the card table; when the mask in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up this debt of *honour*, as he could wait her leisure, or compromise it *some other way*, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrasment to her She darted on him a look of rage and contempt—"Who art thou wretch," she exclaimed, "who darest thus to insult me in my own house?"—"Softly madame," replied the mask, "I am no gambler, no needy adventurer, there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accomodation."—Madame burst into tears—"Good heaven must I endure this insolence!—quit my house sir; and if you are a gentleman make good your claim to morrow."—"No madam I will not quit this house to night—my claim is on your fortune, or on yourself—and I will make it good, let who will dispute it." with these words he removed his mask, when madame uttered a shriek of joyful surprise, and fainted in his arms. The company crowded round, they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the chevalier St. Amere. The raptures of madame may be easily imagined, when on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck, by a brave sailor, who had taken him into his own ship, which was bound to Peru—that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offerred for his return—and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion

of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in the hope of curing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which, he had long dreaded. Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him she would never again yield to temptations, or continue a practice, of which she now saw the madness in glaring colours. Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed: and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bourdeaux.

The conversation of Birds.

Gessner relates a long dialogue which passed between two nightingales, at an inn in Ratisbon, in which not only the human voice was imitated to admiration, but where sagacity, and strength of argument, were displayed on both sides. Thus when we are possessed of high reputation, for *any one* quality, the world is ready to allow us others, to which we have no pretensions. Gessner seems to *credit the relation from his correspondent;* and it can only be produced from the pen of so great a naturalist, as a proof how much the most enlightened minds may be biassed, on a favorite subject: and how difficult it is to discriminate between truth and error, when our passions and prejudices prompt our belief. "Whilst I was at Ratisbon, I put up at an inn, the sign of the Golden Crown, where my host had three nightingales. What I am going to repeat is wonderful, almost incredible; yet true. The nightingales were placed seperately, so that each was shut up by itself, in a dark cage. All day long they were silent. But it was usual, about midnight, when there was no noise in the house, but all still, to hear two of the night-

ingales jangling, talking to each other, and plainly imitating men's discourses. For my part, I was lost in wonder!—for at this time when all was quiet, they held conferences together, and repeated whatever they had heard among the guests by day. They even rehearsed unseemly words that they had heard cast out, which *aught rather to have been repressed.* But these birds *not knowing the difference* between filthy and *honest words*, did out with them. I verily had never believed *our Pliny** writing so many wonderful things concerning these little creatures, had I not myself seen with my eyes, and heard them them with my ears, uttering such things as I have related. Neither can I yet of a sudden write all, or call to remembrance every particular that I heard." This *imputed* power of ratiocination, in birds from a naturalist *of that age* (1565) not only approaches them so near human natnre as to degrade it, but is apt to lead it into farther error. How pleasing it is to man to fancy himself the peculiar favorite of heaven, and how important to his desire to deserve its favour, we need not expatiate upon. But our *modern* naturalist Buffon, gives us the happiest cause for exultation, in his reflections on the anatomy of the ourang outang; reflections, which would have comforted Dr. Johnson, when he exclaimed on the sight of a monkey, "Oh! it is *so like* us." "The tongue and all the organs of the voice, are the *same* as man's, and yet the animal is *dumb*; the *brain* is likewise formed in the *same manner*, though the creature is *destitute of reason*: an *evident proof that no disposition of matter can constitute a mind;* and that the body however nicely constructed, is constructed in vain, when no SOUL is infused into it, for the purpose of *directing* its operations."

*Conrad Gessner the Pliny of Germany.

Extraordinary take of Wild Ducks.

Last week an extraordinary occurrence took place on the river Eden near Drumburgh. Christopher Robinson, an experienced fisherman, placed a flounder net in that part of the river which is subject to the flux and reflux of the tide, and on his returning to drag his net from the river, instead of finding fish, he found it loaded with wild ducks. During his absence a flight of wild ducks had alighted below the net, and on the flowing of the tide they were carried from the contraction of the channel, with great impetuosity by the water into the net, got entangled and were drowned. In six tides he caught 170 golden eyed wild ducks, supposed to be from the Orkneys, as none of that species are ever seen in that part of the country.

Remarkable Coincidence.

The following remarkable coincidence happened a short time ago in the family of a neighbouring farmer. In *one day* his cat kittened—his bitch whelped—one of his hens brought forth her brood—a sow farrowed—a mare foaled—a cow calved two—and to complete the marvellous increase of the farmer's live stock, on this eventful day, his wife was safely delivered of twins!

Four Busy Days.

On the 26th ult. a young couple were married at Slaugham, in Sussex; on the 27th the bride presented the bridegroom with a child; on the 28th, the infant received baptism and died; and on the 29th it was buried.

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 25.

Thirty-four Years slavery in Africa.

Among the persons liberated by Lord Exmouth on his glorious triumph over the Algerines, was a Frenchman, of the name of Pierre Joseph Dumont, who had endured a slavery of thirty-four years in Africa. He was one of the crew of the Lievre, which was wrecked by a storm on the coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers. Sixty individuals perished in the waves, eighty escaped to land; out of these, about fifty were almost instantly massacred by the Koubals, a ferocious race, who were watching the effects of the tempest, and in the dead of night, rushed down on the helpless mariners, armed with sabre, lance, pistol, and musket. All who escaped death from this first assault of the savages, were seized by them next morning, while vainly endeavouring to find a place of shelter along the sandy beach; each prisoner had his arms bound across; and was then attached with a long cord to the tail of one of the Arab's horses. In this manner the unfortunate captives were dragged along for eight days, without being allowed any other subsistence than bread and water. At length they

reached the mountain Felix, and were brought before the Sheik Osman. He enquired of what country they were of; and being told France, exclaimed, "France, without faith; lawless, spiteful, malignant devils! Let them be chained." The order was put into immediate execution. They were first stripped of their clothes, and supplied with nothing more than a sort of petticoat or trowsers. They were then bound together two and two, to a large chain ten feet in length, and weighing about sixty pounds; and thus half naked and in irons, they were taken to the prison appropriated for slaves.

"A little straw," says Dumont, "was allowed us to lie on, with a stone for a pillow, and permission to sleep if we could; but this was no easy matter from the vermin that dropped down upon us, and which we destroyed by handfuls, starting up from sleep, when we found them crawling about us. When the first morning came, my companion and I, were not a little astonished, on surveying each other, to find our bodies covered with pustules or blotches, full of dark and putrid blood. We seemed at a puzzle whether to laugh or cry, in the presence of two thousand men, almost naked, arranged in two rows, and with beards of a frightful length. The first part of the morning's occupation, with the greater part of them was drinking large draughts of water, out of human skulls, for want of more convenient vessels.

"Although I felt my wounds extremely painful particularly one inflicted by a lance, I was compelled to labour with the rest at six every morning dragging along my chain. Our food for the day was three ears of Indian corn, which were thrown to us as if we were dogs.

"After assisting in drawing a plough the whole

day, with a dozen other slaves, I was brought back at night fall to the prison, worn out by fatigue, and dreadfully beaten by the keepers while endeavouring to conform to their rules; for their communication with us, was usually by a word and a blow."

All the time the slaves were at work, the Koubals formed a circle around them, not so much to prevent their running away, as to protect them from the lions and tigers who would otherwise devour them. "There are always," says Dumont a hundred and fifty armed men to watch over the safety of an hundred slaves. But though the Koubals are incessantly on the look out, it will not prevent the lion from sometimes carrying off its prey if greatly pressed by hunger. I was once an eye witness of this, in the case of a Spaniard, who had only moved four or five paces from his companion, when a lion from a thicket rushed on him, and succeeded in carrying him off. On the nearest sentinel giving the alarm, 'Have a care of the lion!' a number of Koubals instantly surrounded and shot the animal, but the spaniard had already expired. One remarkable circumstance is, that the shouts and outcries of men, drove the wild beasts back into the woods, whereas peals of musketry drew numbers of them out of the forest, as if curiosity formed some part of their instinct."

"But nothing," continues Dumont, "could exceed the horrors of what we endured one day, from the prison taking fire, with all the slaves shut up in it. Though no lives were lost, our beards and hair were partly consumed. The water intended for use, was turned off to extinguish the flames. The heat, and the torrents of smoke were suffocating, so that we foamed at the mouth: and at one time we were in apprehension of being burnt alive. No one thought of unloosing us, probably

from a dread of some confusion and disorder, and only the usual quantity of water was dealt out to us, at the usual times; nor was this all, for a liberal distribution of the bamboo ensued, applied to some for setting fire to the place from negligence, to others for not foreseeing the accident, and to others for an imputed criminal intention, and as if they would take an advantage of such an opportunity to effect their escape.

After being thirty-three years in slavery, Dumont was one of the five hundred christians who were exchanged for the two sons of Osman, taken prisoner by the Bey Titre. Dumont now became the slave of a new master, but received much better treatment; his irons were struck off, he was clothed, and had two black loaves of five ounces each, and seven or eight olives allowed him daily.

At Algiers he remained eight months. At length the great deliverer, Lord Exmouth appeared before Algiers, and demanded the surrender of all the christian slaves of every nation.

"The English making preparations to bombard the city, we were all conducted to the number of fifteen hundred, including thirty French, into an immense cavern at the top of the mountain of Algiers, our journey thither occupied four hours.

"The minister of the Dey, without taking counsel with his master, had given orders that all the slaves should be beheaded. Four had fallen by the scymeter, when the Turks who acted with reluctance, and who came far short of the Arabs in ferocity of character, despatched one of their party to the Dey, for permission to put a stop to this butchery if possible. The courier addressed him with—"Thou seest the city in flames, why destroy the slaves? The christian demanded

.....

them, and will it be in thy power to restore them?

'In the interval between the courier's departure and his arrival with a counter order, which was from four in the morning to ten at night, the bloody work of execution had been going on, and thirty-two heads had fallen under the scymetar.

'Shouts of joy from the outside, attested the arrival of a second message, and the indubitable fact that we were declared free. With hearts enlivened by hope, we rushed out of the cavern, and dragging our chains, pushed forward through brambles and thickets, regardless of the blood which streamed from our faces and bodies. No longer had we any feeling of our wounds. We were taken in by a number of English boats, and there it was that our last chains fell off, not without the deep sighs and regrets of three thousand renegadoes who despaired of obtaining deliverance and cursed the day wherein they apostatized from the Christian faith.'

The Queen of Eutruria

The fate of the *ci-devant* Queen of Eutruria is not a little extraordinary even in this age, which has accustomed us to every kind of subversion. Born a princess of Spain in 1782, daughter of the deposed Charles the Fourth, she was married at thirteen years of age to Louis Prince of Parma. The peace of Luneville, in 1804, made her Queen of Tuscany, or in the French Revolutionary jargon, of Eutruria, declared a kingdom by Bonaparte. Her husband dying soon afterwards she governed that fine portion of Italy, as regent, during her son's minority. Napoleon then dismissed her from her short lived sovereignty, and

sent her back to her father in Spain. Scarcely was she arrived at Madrid, than by an order of Murat, she, and her son, a child of eight years old, were seized, and transferred as appendages of the Spanish branch, of the house of Bourbon, to Bayonne. The final remove will be from thence into the interior of France as a prisoner. We find in fact by the *Moniteaur* of the 11th of May, that on that day she had the honour together with the abdicated King and Queen of Spain. her father and mother, to dine with Napoleon at Bayonne. They were all to set off on the ensuing morning for Campeigne, destined to be their future residence and prison.

Anecdote of the Prince of Peace.

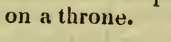
When Godoy was first created Prince of Peace some years ago, he perceived with much indignation, that the Grandees of Spain, did not pay him that respect to which he thought his new rank entitled him. A crafty priest, who was much in his confidence, observed the want of respect paid to him by the Spanish nobility, and took notice of it to the Prince, at the same time adding, that his Highness was of as noble and ancient a family as any of them, being descended from the Buchan branch of the Stuart Family. The Prince expressed no small surprize at this, and signified a wish that the priest could produce a proof of it. The priest undertook the affair, and wrote to Lady Traquair, a Roman Catholic Peeress of Scotland, requesting her to apply to Mr. Anstruther of Spencerfield, (now the Commissary), to make diligent search in the Herald's or Lyon's office of Scotland, for a proof of a marriage between the Godoy's and a female of the Buchan family. Mr. Anstruther applied to Mr. Boswell of the Lyon office, and they made a geneological tree,

in which it appeared that there were two females of that family of whom it was not mentioned whether they were ever married or not. Mr. Anstruther transmitted the genealogical tree to Lady Traquair, adding that if the priest chose to unite either of those ladies to a Godoy, he supposed it would not require a dispensation from the Pope to establish the marriage. The tree cost about £36. The priest, with these credentials was so well received by the prince, that he readily obtained the rank of a Grandee of Spain for Lady Traquair's husband. The prince at this day sports not only the arms of the Buchan family, but the supporters, flags, &c.

Josephine Dessalines.

This Dowager Empress, has not only been permitted by the popular successor of her husband, to reside in the capital of St. Domingo, but has received from him £30,000 indemnity for some property destroyed by Petion. Being as prudent and wise in adversity, as she had been modest and humane in prosperity, she has forgotten her temporary elevation, to remember her native obscurity She has entered with spirit and honesty into commercial transactions, and is said to have, within 18 months, more than doubled her capital by her successful speculations. She has turned all her ci-devant maids of honour into clerks: all her gentlemen in waiting into warehouse-men; all her pages into porters, and all her equeries and grooms into waggoners and carmen. Every day upwards of 50 persons dine under her roof, and every foreign merchant or traveller of respectability is invited to her sumptuous table—As regularity, industry, and liberality, have hitherto distinguished this trading upstart sovereign, her reputation and credit increase, and her commer-

cial connexions in England, as well as in America are both numerous and wealthy.—She often declares that she is more happy in her magazine, that she was in her palace. and that behind her counter she experiences a tranquility unknown to her when seated on a throne.



The unfortunate Colonel Lovelace.

The unfortunate Col. Lovelace, who was, "an instance of one of the most melancholy reverses of fortune to be found in the annals of a set of men, the early poets of England, distinguished for the calamitous variety of their adventures." a gentleman who was remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the elegant endowments of his mind; one of the most gay and sprightly courtiers of Charles I. but who for his attachment to his Sovereign was so involved and so persecuted, that says Anthony Wood, "he became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in glory, he wore cloth of gold [and silver). and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants" The polished Lovelace, died at a wretched lodging in Gunpowder alley, near shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of Bride's Church, "among surfeit slain fools, the common dung of the soil." Lovelace was a charming poet and we think deserved a higher praise than our critic awards him; we however agree with him fully as to the short poem we shall quote, when he says—"The song called the scrutiny is a most delightful piece of male coquetry. It is written in the happiest vein of the times. A declaration of infidelity so impudent, yet so ingenious; so cruel, yet so easy and good humoured; so saucy and vain, yet with such apparent good

grounds for confidence. that even the deserted Lady would instantly resign herself to the conviction, that no chains however binding, no charms however powerful, could detain so inconstant a gallant."

I.

Why should you swear, I am forsworn?
Since thine I vow'd to be:
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

II.

Have not I loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still doat upon thy face.

III.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skillful mineralists, that sound
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

IV.

Then if, when I have lov'd my round,
Thou provest the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties, crown'd
I laden will return to thee
E'en sated with variety.

Anecdote of Cardinal York, and Lord Nelson.

When Napoleon Bonaparte entered Rome with his army, all who were not favourabfe to the conqueror fled from the city: and as nearly all

Italy was under his controul, there was scarcely any resting place for the fugitives.

Cardinal York, brother to the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the "Pretender." was particularly obnoxious to Bonaparte, from his having reflected severely upon his cruelty in a charge he made to his clergy, as Bishop of Avisa. He removed to Venice, where the French troops followed him, and he escaped in the disguise of a mendicant friar. He begged his way to the village near Cape Otranto, where he lay secreted for several weeks, subsisting on the charity of the cure of the place. The Agamemnon, 74, was then cruising near the coast, under orders of Captain Nelson, and he learnt the deplorable situation of the Cardinal. Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being a presumptive heir to the British Crown. Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went himself on shore, and found the illustrious unfortunate in rags, and invited him on board his ship. The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accomodated with a part of the captain's cabin, and proper apparel suitable to his dignity, furnished him. He remained seven weeks on board, during which period the ship was thrice engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson perfectly undismayed, amidst a scene of carnage, to which he had hitherto been a total stranger. As soon as convenient Captain Nelson landed him in the Austrian territories, forcing upon him 100l. to defray his expences to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners. Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said "That man's example would almost make me a convert to the Catholic faith."

The Cardinal had a handsome pension assigned him by the Emperor, and six months after his escape to the Agamemnon, he was on board of her again in the harbour of Genoa. Fortune then smiled upon him, and his delight at seeing his deliverer was sincere. In the fullness of his gratitude he embraced all the officers, and ran about the ship shaking hands with the crew. He repaid his pecuniary obligation to Nelson, and would have trebled the sum, which Nelson refused. He sent on board fruits, bread, wine, and meat, sufficient to keep the sailors feasting for several days, and kept an open house on shore for all the officers.

When taking his final leave, he presented Nelson with a sword and a cane, which the "Pretender," had used all his life; they were plainly mounted in silver and highly valued by Nelson. It is difficult to tell which to admire most, the generosity of Nelson or the gratitude of the Cardinal; both did honour to their distinct professions, and this anecdote is equally creditable to the memory of two great and good men.

Influence of one bold Action in a good cause.

The following anecdote of a Pawnee half-chief son of Old Knife, highly creditable to his courage, generosity, and humanity, is copied from a very interesting journal of Captain Bell, on his expedition with Major Long to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in 1820, and is sanctioned by Major O'Fallon, Indian agent near the scene of the transaction here related, and who commands the delegation now in England.

This Chief of fine size, figure and countenance, is now about 25 years old. At the age of 21 his

heroic deeds acquired for him in his station the rank of "bravest of the brave." The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female taken in war of the Padena nation, was destined to this horrid death. The fatal hour had arrived; the trembling victim far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake, the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain, to witness the awful scene. Just when the funeral pile was to be kindled, and the whole multitude of spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior having unnoticed, prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the croud liberated the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive The multitude dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the immediate act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released captive was accompanied by her deliverer three days through the wilderness towards her home. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of her journey, and they parted, On his return to the village, such was his popularity, no inquiry was made into his conduct, no censure was passed on it. And since this transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered, in this, or any other of the Pawnee tribes. This practice is abandoned. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause.

Anecdotes of Hawking.

There are only two countries in the world where we have any evidence that hawking, or the exercise of taking wild fowls by the means of hawks, was very anciently in use. These are, Thrace and Britain. In the former, it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district, if we may believe Pliny, whose account is rendered obscure by the darkness of his own ideas of the matter. The primæval Britons, with a fondness for the exercise of hunting, had also a taste for that of hawking; and every chief among them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport. It appears also from a curious passage in the poems of Ossian, that the same diversion was fashionable at a very early period in Scotland.

The poet tells us, that a peace was endeavoured to be gained by the proffer of 100 managed steeds, 100 foreign captives, and '100 hawks with fluttering wings, that fly across the sky.' To the Romans this diversion was scarce known in the days of Vespasian; yet it was introduced immediately afterward. Most probably they adopted it from the Britons; but we certainly know that they greatly improved it by the introduction of spaniels into the island. In this state it appears among the Roman Britons in the sixth century. Gildas, in a remarkable passage in his first epistle, speaks of Maglocunus, on his relinquishing the sphere of ambition, and taking refuge in a monastery; and proverbially compares him to a dove, that hastens away at the noisy approach of the dogs, and with various turns and windings takes her flight from the talons of the hawk.

In after times, hawking was the principal amusement of the English: a person of rank scarce

stirred out without his hawk on his hand; which, in old paintings, is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterward king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is painted embarking with a bird on his finger, and a dog under his arm; and, in an ancient picture of the nuptials of Henry IV. a nobleman is represented in much the same manner: for, in those days, 'it was thought sufficient for noblemen to wind their horn, and to carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people.

This diversion, was, among the old English, the pride of the rich, and the privilege of the poor; no rank of men seems to have been excluded the amusement: we learn from the book of St. Alban's, that every degree had its peculiar hawk, from the emperor, down to the holy-water clerk. Vast was the expense that sometimes attended this sport. In the reign of James I. Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given 1000*l.* for a cast of hawks: we are not then to wonder at the rigour of the laws that tended to preserve a pleasure that was carried to such an extravagant pitch. In the 34th of Edward III. it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, beside a fine at the king's pleasure, in queen Elizabeth's reign, the imprisonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did.

Such was the enviable state of the times of old England; during the whole day, the gentry were given to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; in the evening, they celebrated their exploits with the most abandoned and brutish sottishness; at the same time, the inferior rank of people, by the most unjust and arbitrary laws, were

liable to capital punishments, to fines, and loss of liberty, for destroying the most noxious of the feathered tribe.

Anecdotes of the Count de Buckebourg, a Portugueze Officer.

The Count was born in London, and his conduct was without doubt whimsical and extraordinary. The anecdotes related concerning him are not generally known. He was fond of contending with the English in every thing. For instance, he laid a wager that he would ride a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, that is, with the horse's head towards Edinburgh, and the Count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode through several counties in England. He not only traversed the greatest part of the kingdom on foot, but travelled in company with a German prince through several countries in the character of a beggar.

Being informed that part of the current of the Danube, above Regensberg, was so strong and rapid that no one had ever dared to swim across it, he made the attempt, and swam so far that it was with difficulty he saved his life. It is related of him at Hanover, that during the war, in which he commanded the artillery in the army of prince Ferdinand of Brunswick against the French, he one day invited several Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. When the company were in high spirits and full of gaiety, several cannon balls flew in different directions about the tent. 'The French, exclaimed the officers, cannot be far off.'—'No, replied the Count, the

army, I assure you, are at a great distance;' and he desired them to keep their seats.

The firing soon afterwards recommenced. when one of the balls carrying away the top of the tent, the officers rose suddenly from their chairs, exclaiming, 'The French are here.'—'No,' replied the Count, 'the French are not here: and therefore, gentlemen, I desire you will again sit down, and rely upon my word.'

The balls continued to fly about: the officers, however, continued to eat and drink without apprehension, though not without whispering their conjectures to each other upon the singularity of their entertainment. The Count, at length rose from the table, and addressing himself to the company, said, 'Gentlemen, I was willing to convince you how well I could rely upon the officers of my artillery; for I ordered them to fire, during the time we continued at dinner, at the pinnacle of the tent: and they have executed my order with great punctuality.'

When he commanded a Portugueze army against the Spaniards, during the war between those two powers, the singularity of his person and manners so forcibly struck the minds of all the Spanish generals while they were reconnoitring the enemy with their telescopes, that they exclaimed with one voice, 'Are the Portugueze commanded by Don Quixote?'—The Count de Lacy, formerly ambassador from Spain to Petersburgh, who had the command of the Spanish troops, spoke with enthusiastic rapture of the good conduct of Buckebourg in Portugal, and praised in the warmest terms the excellence of his mind and the greatness of his character. His heroic countenance, his flowing hair, his tall and meagre figure, and above all, the extraordinary length of his visage, might in truth bring back the

recollection of the knight of La Mancha; for certain it is, that at a distance he made a most romantic appearance; on a nearer approach, however, a closer view immediately convinced you of the contrary. The fire, and animation of his features immediately announced the elevation, sagacity, penetration, kindness, virtues, and serenity of his soul. Sublime sentiments and heroic thoughts were as familiar and natural to his mind, as they were to the noblest characters of Greece and Rome.

Lord Chancellor Eldon.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, (son of a coal factor,) is a wonderful instance of good fortune. He was the pupil of Mr. Bray, the great conveyancer, who was the nephew of Mathew Duane, the great Roman Catholic conveyancer. Such was his assiduity and attention, that Mr. Bray observed 'there are several of the young men in his office who possess equal, and even greater talents than Scott, but none who have equal patience, or plod so much; I therefore have great hopes of him." Mr. Scott, however, had no great hopes of himself; for he despaired of rising in Westminster Hall, and actually conceived the idea of retiring into the country, and practising as a provincial lawyer. Accordingly, when the Recordership of Newcastle became vacant, he applied to Mr. Bray for his interest on this occasion. The latter assured him of his utmost efforts on his behalf, but recommended a longer trial. On a longer trial he succeeded.

At that period he resided at Powis-place, near Great Ormond-street, in the vicinity of his old

master, dined every day at half-past three, and at five regularly trudged down to Chambers. As he constantly passed the door of Mr. Bray, the latter was accustomed to say to his wife, 'Remark what I say, my dear; you may live to see this young man Lord Chancellor of Great Britain!' a prophecy that was actually fulfilled in very few years.

Description of Spain.

To such of our readers as are not in the habit of consulting maps, the following brief description of Spain, may not be uninteresting. The country is about 800 miles in length, and 500 in breadth; compact in its form; containing near 150,000 square miles, and 12,000,000 inhabitants, and divided into 14 principal provinces, many of which are called kingdoms. The Northern Provinces, are. Galicia, Asturia, Biscay, with Guipucoa, and Alava, Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia; and the Middle Leon, Estremadura, New Castile, Old Castile, and Valencia; the Southern Andalusia, Granada, and Murcia. The principal towns are Barcelona, a fine commercial port on the Mediterranean, in Catalonia, and containing 120,000 inhabitants. Madrid (the capital) in New Castile, situate nearly in the middle of the kingdom, with about 150,000 inhabitants. Seville, in Andalusia, with 100,000 inhabitants.—Cadiz, a large commercial port, containing an equal number of people, is situate in Andalusia, near the streights of Gibraltar. Carthagena is another excellent port in the Mediterranean. Ferrol and Corunna lie toward the N. in the Bay of Biscay.—The whole of this extensive kingdom, including Portugal, is surrounded by sea, except when it is divided from France, by the Pyrenean Mountains; and this

Isthmus is not two hundred miles across.—The mountains form an almost inaccessible barrier against France, from which there is no ingress, except in some few places, near the Mediterranean and Atlantic on each side. If these passes are occupied by a powerful force, and well defended, Spain may bid defiance to its enemies. All the remaining frontier of the kingdom, is an extensive line of sea-coast, with numerous commodious ports, through which a constant communication may be kept up with the English; and to which no hostile vessel of any sort can have access.

The geographical position, as well as the size of Spain, renders it the most difficult conquest which the French have hitherto undertaken. The distance at which her most important cities are placed from one another, and the little connexion that subsists between them, prevents the possibility of its being subdued by any single army, however large, or by any single victory, however decisive. The country presents innumerable obstructions to the operations of an army: and the natural disadvantages which have retarded the prosperity of the people, may now greatly contribute to their defence. Many of their defiles and even towns are inaccessible to artillery. Between France and the fertile plains of Andalusia, there are no less than three ridges of mountains to be passed over; and the enemy can gain no knowledge of these almost impassable regions from military maps or surveys, because none such exist; and all the maps and accounts of the country are calculated rather to mislead than assist a General in his operations. Even on the great plains of Estremadura and the Castiles, a large army of foreigners must suffer the heat of the climate and intermitting fevers, which will not affect detached bodies of the natives. For the three ensuing months this heat will be intolerable: and the insalubrity of the water, with want of vegetable food, must be fatal

to a French army. To these circumstances must be added, the want of forage and provision, and the difficulty of conveying them to and from distant places, through a country inhabited by an armed people, where there are neither roads nor water carriage.—The king of France will not be able to find food for his troops in Spain, and still less able will he be to send provisions thither from France. While the enemy labours under all those disadvantages, the Spaniards will possess the important advantage of having their numerous ports open for supplies, both from Great Britain and their colonies, and protected by our naval superiority.

The Sacro Catino of Genoa.

There had long been in the city of Genoa, an hexagonal vase, known by the name *sacro catino*; 'the sacred plate,' which was supposed to be an emerald, and, in consequence, of inestimable value. On plundering Italy, during the last Revolution, it was sent to Paris, and deposited on the 20th of November, 1810, by the Emperor's orders in the Cabinet of Antiquities, in the Imperial Library.—This vase was considered a precious relic; and Father Gaetana, a learned Augustin Monk, published in 1727, at Genoa, a dissertation, in which he inserted all the authorities that tended to prove that this was the very vase in which the paschal lamb had been delivered to Christ and his Apostles, on the evening of his passion. He accounted for its falling into the hands of the Genoese in the following manner:—

'These people distinguished themselves in the first crusade, and particularly at the taking of

Cæsaria in 1101. An immense booty was found in this place, which was divided into three parts, one of which consisted of nothing but the *sacro catino*. All the crusaders agreed that the Genoese should be recompensed for their intrepidity, in first entering the town, by having the first choice; and they chose the *sacro catino*. They kept it with the most sacred care, in an armoury made in the wall of the cathedral at Genoa, and the keys of which were deposited with the most distinguished personages of the Republic. No person was permitted to touch it, and it was shewn to the faithful only once a year, at a great festival. Thus it was not possible to examine whether the vase was an emerald or not; and this examination has just taken place by a commission of Philosophers from the Institute, consisting of Messrs. Guyton, Vanquelin, and Hany. They have declared, that the *sacro catino* is nothing more than a lump of coloured glass; but they think it worthy of preservation, on account of its having been such an object of piety, and because it is a curious specimen of the art of glass making in the Empire at such an early period. It is supposed to have been made at the time when Constantine established the seat of his empire at Byzantium.

Herschell the Astronomer.

Sir William Herschell, whose death we announced in the 87th year of his age, was a German by birth, and son of a musician—in which profession Sir William was originally educated, and excelled on several instruments. He was master of the band of a regiment which lay in Halifax, in the year 1770. It was here proposed by a number of the principal inhabitants, to erect an organ in the church, and subscriptions were accordingly entered into for this purpose, which

was soon accomplished. Sir William, on this occasion was elected organist, principally through the recommendation of the late John Bates, Esq. who was the son of the then Parish Clerk of Halifax, and whose acknowledged judgment in the science of music ensured success to any candidate whose cause he should espouse. Sir William continued here for a considerable number of years; but disliking the dull monotony of a provincial town, he removed with his brother to Bath—where they had been priorily engaged, for the Pump room Band by the late Mr. Linley, who then conducted the most fashionable musical entertainments established in that gay city; and where the delightful warblings of his siren daughters, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickel will ever be remembered. Sir William Herschell was then like his nephew the celebrated Griesbach, esteemed an excellent performer on the oboe, as his brother was on the violincello. This latter gentleman remained at Bath until within the last few years, when he retired to Hanover, to reside with a younger brother, a musician in his Majesty's Royal Band. Sir William pursued his profession at Bath for some years highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends, and increasing in fame and fortune; but if it had not been for one of these little accidents which determine "the path that men are destined to walk." Science might have lost the advantages of his brilliant discoveries He employed his leisure hours in astronomical observations and experiments; and some of them having fortunately attracted Royal attention, that great patron of the arts George the Third, was resolved that "Herschell should not sacrifice his time to crotchets and quavers." Sir William under his gracious patronage relinquished his profession, and devoted himself entirely to astronomy and the manufacturing of telescopes. From Bath he removed to Slough, where he erected one of surprising magnitude in his garden.

through which he discovered the distant planet which he called the "Georgium Sidus," in honour of his illustrious Patron, and which has been the admiration and wonder, not only of astronomers of this but of every other kingdom. Sir William possessed the "milk of human kindness" in an eminent degree, and was most anxious to gratify his numerous visitors by explaining the "complicated machinery of his mind" in the simplest manner. No one ever returned from his hospitable cottage without feeling gratified with the urbanity of the man, and improved by the productions of his genius.

Advertisements from a Newspaper of January 1723 *one Century old—we copy them Verbatim*

This is to give notice to all Gentlewomen, Ladies and others, that have a Mind to learn the whole Art of Pastry; that there is one *Mrs. Dempsy*, at the Crown and Scepter in High street that teacheth Pickling, Preserving, Canding, & Concerving, together with wet & dry Sweet-Meats, and all manner of Jelleys, & Distilling & infusing all manner of fine Drams, and all sorts of made dishes, the said *Mrs. Dempsy*, has been experienced in Pastry these many Years.

II

Silk Stockings footed with new silk, as neat as when new, also Scour'd, Dy'd and Mended by Jermy Woodyer, Stocking Weaver, at the Red Leg on the Blind key facing the water, near the Effegy of his Majesty King George.

N. B. He Dyes Silk Stockings black every Week, and Stockings that are to be scour'd and mended may be done in a day's time.

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III.

Robert Dykas' Felt maker, Living at the Corner of Essex Bridge, near Caple-street, sells all sorts of superfine London Beavers, Demi Beavers and Castors, he also makes and sells all sorts of fine Hats, Beavers, Carolinas, Hats for keeping out rain, with Athlone Felts, and all other Sorts fine and course, by Wholesale or Retail, at reasonable rates.

IV.

To be set at the upper end of Caple-street, a New built House well Wainscotted and compleated, with Locks, Grates, Closets, Shelves, and Hangings with a Garden, with many other conveniencies. Enquire at Mr. Todds, at the hither end of Great Britain-street, opposite the London Apprentice, or at Captain Colkot's within two Doors of the above House.

The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Charles Netterville.

I was born at Carlow in Ireland, in a small cottage, or rather a hut, being the youngest of seven brothers and sisters, four boys and three girls. My father was a hard working industrious Labourer, my mother was also very prudent and careful. Their days were spent in an universal sameness, till the remarkable one arrived which gave me birth:—Loud and repeated knockings, assailed the door of their humble habitation. My mother ordered the poor woman who officiated as her nurse, not to open the door on any account, for her fears represented the intruders to belong to some vile desperadoes, who at that time infested the country. She had scarcely spoke, when

when by a violent effort, the door of our hut was burst open, and in stalked—*not a ghost*—no—but an object that gave equal terror to the minds of the poor women, a tall man in livery, carrying a gentleman on his back covered with blood, and apparently dying; for the heavy groans he uttered seemed only a prelude to the last scene of his existence. My mother, who from her weak state, was the less able to bear this innovation of her spirits, fainted, and all was confusion and distress. Fortunately, at this moment my father returned from his work, accompanied by one of his fellow labourers, who lived at some distance. The scene that presented itself to my father on his entrance, gave him both grief and surprise, and for some moments acted as a stupor on his senses; from which he was aroused by the entreaties of the servant for immediate assistance for his master, whose misfortune he explained in a few words to have been occasioned by his being thrown from his horse. Mr. Westbury (for so was the strangers name) was carried to the only upper chamber our cottage aforded, and laid on a bed of clean straw. My father set off to Carlow town, which happily was not above a mile distant from our dwelling, and soon returned with Mr. Forrester, an eminent and skilful surgeon, and two of his assistants. Mr. Westbury received a severe contusion on his head, from whence the blood had so copiously issued; but Mr. Forrester predicted his recovery as very certain—intelligence, that brightened the countenance of his faithful domestic, and diffused a real joy through our cottage.

As it was utterly impossible for Mr. Westbury, who proved to be a rich merchant from Launceston in England, to be removed to a more convenient and comfortable abode, some furniture, and things suitable to his situation, was sent by his friends, to render his stay, which promised to be

of some duration, as pleasing to him as possible. In a few days the use of his faculties, which had been suspended by the wound, returned, and every day from that period his recovery could be gradually perceived! The poverty of my parents and their helpless progeny called forth many a tear of real sympathy from this benevolent man. Early in life he had experienced the severe misfortune of losing an amiable wife, and the only child with which heaven had blessed their union. He never entered into secondary nuptials; and the only thing which seemed to relive his melancholy was the power of dispensing good, and relieving the distresses of fellow creatures. The situation of my mother who was long ere she recovered from her fright, greatly interested him, and he thought he could never make atonement for the indisposition he had innocently caused her. As soon as he was able to return home to England, he began to arrange the plans he had determined on in our favour. Our cottage was white-washed, repaired, and furnished in a neat and compact style: and Mr. Westbury settled a yearly salary on my parents, which, together, with a place he procured my father in an eminent factory raised them to a state of competence and comfort far beyond what they had ever had an idea of enjoying. But the liberality of their benefactor did not stop here. He had taken an extreme liking to my little self, which predilection was heightened by a whimsical idea, that my yet unformed features bore resemblance to those of his lamented wife. My christening was delayed till Mr. Westbury was able to officiate in person as my godfather, and I received the christian name of Mr. Westbury, that is Charles, Netterville being my family name. I remained with my parents till I had attained my seventh year, when I was taken to England by Mr. Westbury and placed at a large boarding school at Launceston, near to his own house; at which hospitable abode I passed every vacation allowed by my master.

.....

Mr. Westbury having entered into partnership with one of the first merchants in the city of London, his abode there became necessary; I left school, and accompanied him to that far famed mart for commerce, London. We were received by his partner, Mr. Emery, with the most cordial welcome; and as soon as we had partaken of some refreshment, he conducted us to a house that he had fitted up by the desire of Mr. Westbury, for our reception; it was situated at Pentonville, a pleasant hamlet or village bordering the new road, my godfather not choosing, on account of his health which was but precarious, to live in any of the confined streets of the city.

Mr. Westbury, having left in Cornwall all his long accustomed friends found his evenings dull, and to remedy this evil as much as possible, he kept me at home with him, and I continued my education as a day scholar at a large academy in the neighbourhood.

We had been in our new habitation, but three months, when Mr. Westbury formed an acquaintance with Lieutenant Parkinson, an old naval officer on half pay, with a wooden leg, which he gained in the servive of his King and Country. He with the ardour usual to his profession, painted the life of a seaman in the most energetic terms. Surrounded by elegance and every plenty the heart could desire, almost idolized by the man who had adopted me as his own, yet I was far from happy and would willingly have changed places with the lowest cabin boy, to have obtained the privilege of going one voyage. The thoughts that I was restricted from embracing a way of life that could alone make me happy, caused me a silent sorrow, which so visibly affected my health that my benefactor became alarmed. The ravages that appeared in my wasting frame seemed to indicate a rapid decline. Physicians were sent

for, and a consultation took place, when they unanimously declared my indisposition to be caused by a concealed grief, and which, to be the inmate of the breast of a boy only twelve years of age doubtless appeared to them as a phenomenon in nature. Mr. Westbury by the most kind endeavours and solicitatians, urged me to communicate the source of woe: fear of offending him repelled me, and his entreaties were vain.

He retired from my chamber greatly chagrined; but the good man recollecting that the one legged lieutenant was a great favourite of mine, he sent for him, and having entreated him to take the office of inquisitor, conducted him to my bedside, and left us together. As I thought Mr. Parkinson's visit a tribute of friendship, and not the least suspecting any design, I was easily persuaded by his arguments to entrust him with the important secret, and allow him to mediate between me and my godfather, whose anger I much dreaded, and not without reason; for this confession had nearly proved the total alienation of his affections from me. The weight of concealment, that evil to an ingenious mind, being removed, I soon regained my health. For two or three ensuing weeks, Mr. Westbury was seldom at home, and when he was, he behaved to me with such a distant and cold formality, that my heart was ready to burst with grief. One evening he had returned home earlier than he had done since the period of my disobliging him, and I was instantly summoned to his presence. I obeyed with fear and trembling. He observed my emotions and kindly endeavoured to calm them, by stretching forth his arms and clasping me to his bosom "My dear child," said the good man, "happy should I have thought the remainder of my days, if you the adopted of my heart, had kindly stayed with me, and by your soothing attentions, alleviated the cares attending on old age,

and bodily infirmities; but since your views are different, far be it from me to obstruct your happiness. I have had a hard struggle with myself, before I could bring my mind to consent to your wishes, or pardon the apparent ingratitude of them: but we will not part in anger—we may not meet more. Lieutenant Parkinson has, at my request given you a recommendation to a friend of his, Captain Fortescue of the Mentor, bound for Calcutta; I have consented to give him a compensation for your receiving the instructions requisite to this mode of life, and I have his promise to place you in the first vacancy that you will be capable of fulfilling.—God send you prosperous, and should I die in your absence, my will shall testify the affection I bore you."

"Far distant be the hour of your death, my liberal and beloved benefactor," said I, falling prostrate at his feet, and bathing his hand with tears: "O, give me leave to indulge the fond hope, that on my return I may find you every thing my heart can wish—and that I may yet pass years of happiness with you!" Softened by this speech tears glistened in the eyes of Mr. Westbury and we parted with all the conscious happiness of reconciliation.

The following week, the Mentor being under sailing orders, my godfather accompanied me to Gravesend, where she then lay, and saw me and my luggage safe on board, he accompanied his farewell with a purse of gold, and on the fore finger of my right hand he placed a ring of inestimable value as a gift of remembrance.

We weighed anchor with a favorable breeze, and had a most delightful voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed, and several of us had leave to remain on shore till the ship had

recruited her stock of provisions, fresh water, and other necessaries for the remainder of our voyage.

We recommenced our voyage with the most flattering prospects; the crew were all in high health and spirits. We had an excellent stock of fresh and salt provisions, and the weather was the most favorable that can be imagined; our leisure time was spent in dancing and various diversions incident to sailors on board a ship; but alas we had been but nine days at sea, when we were dreadfully tossed by the winds, and our mariners found it next to impossible to keep a regular course. From a severe gale, there arose a raging storm; the winds gave vent to all their fury; the ocean rising into mountains, bore our ship apparently to the clouds, then plunged it down as if to rise no more; vivid lightning, and tremendous thunder followed without intermission or if there intervened a pause, it appeared to help the hurricane: the oldest mariners declared they had never encountered the like before. The opinion of persons so skilled, and who seldom are under the influence of fear, even when real danger threatens, agonized me, and I was almost frantic, on being informed that nothing but a miracle could save our vessel, for the scene around me appeared a just punishment for my ungrateful behaviour to the good Mr. Westbury. Notwithstanding all the care of the carpenters, and the incessant plying of the pumps, a leak which the ship had sprung predicted destruction. The captain perceiving there was no remedy, ordered us to put to sea in two long boats, without taking any thing with us, but our money and papers, and a few biscuits

We had now to consider what course to steer; though we had endeavoured to make land for above two days, yet the wind which was at S. E. prevented us. To add to our distress was a want of provisions and a compass to guide us. The

sky was serene, the sea calm, and the weather agreeable; but we were all in constant dread of a less favourable change. We used the utmost exertions both by day and night, to get ashore, but could not observe we made any considerable advance, and we began to despair of our deliverance from this perilous situation especially on the third day, when there arose so thick a fog that it was impossible to discern the distance of three feet from you. At this dismal period the little long boat separated from ours, and alas! we never saw her nor her crew more. We kept combating with the winds and waves for three more days, and without any subsistence, but a glass of fresh water, and a biscuit each man, per diem. and yet no land appeared to cheer our alarming prospects death seemed inevitable; to add to our distress, literally perishing for want. On the seventh day our spirits were elevated by the sudden appearance of a sail; we mounted our glasses, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that she was bearing towards us; in less than six hours we were near enough to hail her, and had the pleasure of finding her to be an English vessel, homeward bound from China. We were taken on board, and treated with great humanity and kindness by Captain Montague and his crew. There was no alternative but to return to our native country. Five of those who had been sharers in my calamity died during the voyage, being seized with rapid declines; and I, with the rest was landed safe at Plymouth, and once more I found myself on English ground.

I lost no time in repairing to my godfather. He received me with surprise and an evident satisfaction. After the first transports of our meeting were over, he informed me that dinner had been just placed on the table, and conducted me to the room appropriated for that meal.

"Give me leave, Charles," said the good man

" to present to you my little housekeeper." I advanced to pay my respects to the young lady, when she caught me in her arms, and bedewed my face with tears—it was Caroline, my beloved—my eldest sister! I had not seen her for above three years; and the alteration which that period had made in her person, joined to the change of dress, had hindered me from immediately recollecting her. I had the extreme felicity of hearing that all my dear relative were well and happy. She concluded by informing me that my behaviour had given all my family great uneasiness, and with tears intreated me not to leave my home again through any romantic notions of a seafaring life. She enforced her arguments by observing that heaven itself was averse to my design, as the fatal loss of the vessel, and my being forced to return to the friend I had so ungratefully deserted, fully manifested. I made but short replies to these remarks, but the words she had uttered made great impressions on my youthful heart; in short I yielded to her entreaties, and the next morning I acquainted my godfather with my intention of remaning with him, and abandoning my rambling projects. He heard me with delight, and expressed his confidence of the happiness he should in future enjoy in the society of myself and sister. I passed away six years from this period in the most happy and rational manner. Caroline was married during that time to a Mr. Marsden, a captain in a regiment of foot, and her situation in our family had been supplied by a widow lady rather advanced in years, who presided at our table, and paid those attentions to Mr. Westbury, that his declining years and health demanded. This gentlewoman whose name was Nicolls, was often visited by her daughter Augusta, a beauteous girl of seventeen, who lived under the protection of Mrs. Cranfield a sister of her late father's, who in her youth had married (for interest it may be presumed) a man

old enough to be her grandfather, but extremely rich. Mr. Cranfield survived his nuptial day but three years; during which time he was so well satisfied with the conduct of his wife, that he left her the sole heiress to all his wealth. She never entered into a second engagement, being afraid of lessening her consequence and independence. On the death of Mr. Nicolls, her brother in a state of insolvency, she proposed to take charge of his only surviving child, and adopt it as her own, though she would not extend her countenance, or even pecuniary aid, to his widow, who had unhappily incurred her displeasure in some family quarrel. Mrs. Nicolls, however, was not so blind to the future interest of her darling Augusta, then in her twelfth year, to refuse this offer, let her angry sentiments against her affluent sister be what they would. As it was not consistent with Mrs. Cranfield's plan for the mother to visit her daughter in Bloomsbury-square, it was stipulated on the part of the tender anxious parent, that Augusta should be allowed to come to her without restraint, when ever her heart urged her to pay that requisite duty.

Mrs. Nicolls boarded for above three years with a respectable family in our neighbourhood, when, by an unforeseen failure of a tradesman, in whose hands the whole of her little property was vested, she was left destitute. Mrs. Cranfield was still inexorable even to the entreaties of her favourite Augusta; and Mr. Westbury, hearing the pathetic story, kindly invited her to take the superintendance of his household under her immediate care. Thus, for two years, was I in the habit of seeing and conversing with the amiable Augusta, at least twice or thrice in every week. To pass over descriptions of no consequence to my narrative, suffice it to say, that our youthful hearts glowed for each other with the most warm and pure affection that ever was cherished in the human breast;

and we had called heaven to witness that we lived but for each other a thousand times; but how to acquaint our friends with our mutual passion, which at present did not appear in a very auspicious light, puzzled us extremely; and we knew not how to act. Just at this crisis, the death of Mr. Westbury, which melancholy circumstance was, as is usual in declines, rather sudden at the last extremity, gave a different turn to our affairs. Relations the worthy man had none to leave, and, except some legacies to my family and his own household, with mourning rings to his intimate companions, I was the declared heir to all he possessed; yet I felt the most sincere and poignant regret for his loss. As soon as my grief was abated by the soothing hand of time, and I was collected enough to examine into the papers laid before me, I found that I possessed upwards of thirty thousand pounds in ready money and bonds of undoubted security, besides a free and unincumbered estate of three hundred a year, let on leases at Launceston; with all Mr. Westbury's plate, furniture, &c.

As fortune had proved so propitious, neither Augusta, Mrs. Nicholls (who was now entrusted with our mutual attachment) nor myself, had the least doubt but that Mrs. Cranfield would readily consent to our union. As soon as respect for my god-father's memory would allow. I ordered my carriage to Bloomsbury-square, and intreated an interview with the aunt of my beloved. My request was instantly granted.—But, O! confusion to my hopes—on my unfolding the object of my visit, the lady, with a polite coldness, informed me that she had long made up her mind with respect to the future settlement of her niece; and that their neighbour, Sir Walter Edwards, had already obtained her perfect consent to be the husband of Augusta. In vain I represented that the charming girl could never be brought to bestow

her affections on the knight, which were already plighted to me; that I was willing to take her portionless, and that my own fortune was sufficient to maintain her in splendor. Mrs. Cranfield would hear no more; obstinacy was her failing; and she was never known to give up a point that she had once adopted, aud always became an inveterate enemy to them who dared to follow their owu inclinations in opposition to her's. I left the house in a frame of mind easier to conceive than describe. Four days passed, and no Augusta. Mrs. Nicholls was enraged at what she thought to be a breach of the treaty, relating to her daughter's visits. She wrote several letters—they were not answered—mine, to the lovely fair one of my heart, were returned unopened. I did not accuse her of unkindness—no—I felt for her situation, and was considering how I had best act, in order to rescue her from it, when my meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a young man, one of Mrs. Cranfield's domestics. He informed me that Mrs. Cranfield, enraged at the peremtory refusal of her niece to marry Sir Walter, had confined her in one of the garrets, the key of which she kept herself, and let no one have access to her—carried, with her own hand, her meals, &c. and depriving the young lady of all her letters. He said that if I wished he could admit me into their house that very night. and would contrive how I could rescue her from her unpleasant situation. I made him a handsome compliment, and that very night succeeded to my utmost wishes, and bore her off in triumph, perfectly unknown to Mrs. Cranfield, and early the next morning was married with the wishes and consent of her mother.

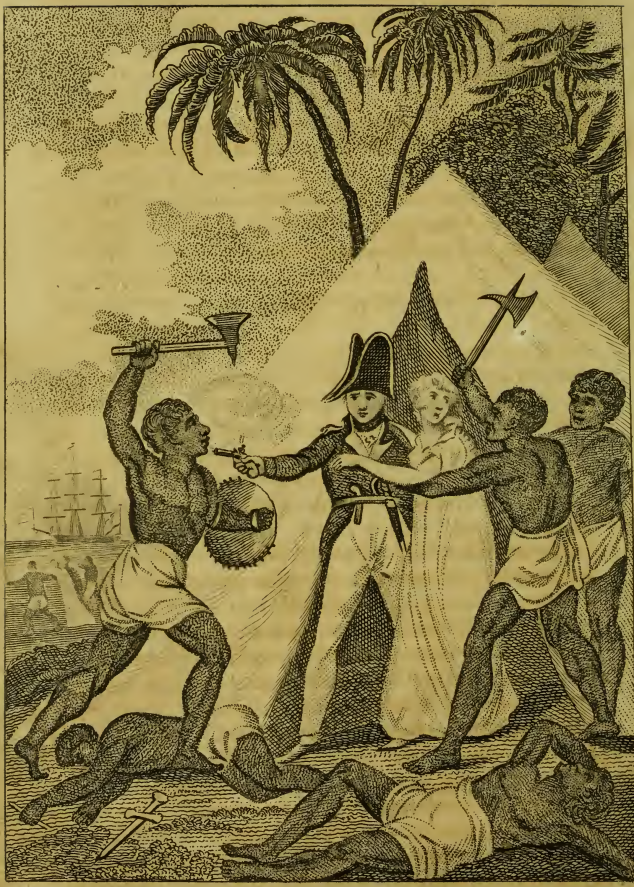
The entrance of such young people as Augusta and myself into life, could not be supposed was conducted with a strict attention to œconomy; but there was a medium, which we did not unhappily attend to, though we were favoured with the

best advice for that purpose from Mrs. Nicolls, instead of improving my present fortune by following the steps of my late godfather, and succeeding him in the partnership with Mr. Emery, according to that gentleman's offer and wishes. I entirely renounced all ideas of merchandize, and removing to an elegant house in Portman-square, put my servants into expensive liveries, and sported a couple of elegant carriages. Now mark the consequence—in five years time, I was in the full sense of the word *ruined!* Surrounded by sycophants, drawn in by gamesters, and plunged into dissipation, my fortune both principal and interest was lost in the gulph. Execution followed execution, and to save myself from prison, I resigned my all, (except the Launceston estate which they generously spared me) to my creditors. As soon as this business was settled, I waited on Mr. Emery and ingenuously told him my present situation, mixing my discourse with the most bitter invectives against my past conduct, and expressing the sincere, but unavailing contrition that I now felt.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Remarkable Occurrence.

Some time ago there was a woman who lived in a village in Glamorganshire, South Wales, whose husband with the little fortune he got with her, bought a sma l farm; he had hardly closed the purchase, when death closed his eyes; however not intimidated with this, the widow married a second husband who sowed it; he likewise died, and she tried a third, who reaped it, but death soon snatched him away; she then married a fourth, who threshed it, but he soon followed the fate of his predecessors; and she then married a fifth husband with whom she enjoyed the produce of it. All this happened in less than 18 months.



Capt.n Netterville Attacked by the Savages

Engraved for Marvellous Magz.n

Marvellous Magazine.

No. 26.

The Life and Adventures of Charles Netterville.

(Concluded from our last.)

He heard me with compassion, and after some preliminary discourses, he asked me if I would accept a lucrative employment, in which I could serve the firm that he now belonged to. I readily agreed to this generous offer, and was nominated their agent to the East Indies, with a salary of five hundred a year, and liberty of trading for myself in any commodity I pleased. One of the houses on my estate was fortunately just vacant by the removal of a tenant: I furnished it for the reception of my three children and two female domestics; the whole to be under the care of Amelia, the only sister I had now unmarried. (For my own parents and the worthy mother of Augusta, had left this transitory world when we were in the zenith of our grandeur; and happy for them they had not the mortification of witnessing the reverse.) Here we intended to leave our dear little ones till our return; my present

agency being for five years. We much wished to take them with us, but the inconceiveable expence attending such a measure, and our fears that the warm climate might injure their constitutions, which were even now extremely delicate, prevented this desired object. As soon as every thing was prepared for the voyage, and I had received the necessary instructions, I went on board with my dear Augusta, attended by one faithful domestic. We had a tolerable voyage till we came near the Cape of Good Hope, where we intended to have anchored but in vain; for we were driven by a violent storm which held seven days and nights: we came at length to anchor on the coast of Madagascar. The vessel had received great injury, and it required some time to make the requisite repairs. As the weather was fine, some tents were erected on shore for our temporary accommodation. Our provisions were dressed on board and we passed a couple of weeks very comfortably, taking short but frequent excursions along the sea coast. Our repairs were now so far completed as to allow us to return on board and we retired to our tents for the last night we were to sleep on shore. I had not been to sleep above two hours, when I was awoke by several loud and repeated shouts, accompanied by shrieks and the dire groans of persons in the agonies of a cruel death. I leaped from my couch in the utmost alarm, and hastening to the entrance of the tent, I made the dreadful discovery, that we were surprised and encompassed round by the barbarous natives of the island—an entrusion we had neither prepared for, nor expected; having never seen a human being except our own company since we landed. My dear wife had by this time arisen, and was hastily hurrying on her apparel, when some of these savages entered our tent, and disregarding me, rudely advanced to seize my Augusta I had previously armed myself with a sword and a pair of pistols. I rushed forward, and in an

instant four of the natives lay dead at my feet; but fruitless was resistance overpowered by numbers. I received a stroke of a tomohawk on the head, which felled me to the ground and deprived me of my senses, and the beloved of my heart was borne away by these barbarians.

On recovering, I found myself in the cabin where I had slept during our voyage from England and by the motion of the ship I could perceive she was proceeding onwards.

In a few moments a recollection of the dreadful past rushed on my memory. I rang a bell that hung suspended at the head of my cot, eager to learn the subsequent events. I was pleased to see my own servant William, enter; but alas! on his nearer approach, I perceived by his countenance that he had tidings of dismal import to communicate, and he appeared loath to reply to my eager interrogatories; but at length on my repeated assurance, that no torture was equal to the suspence I suffered, he in a faultering voice emparted to me the horrid certainty of Augusta's death.

It appeared that our vessel had lain too far from that part of the shore where our tents were fixed, for them to hear the dreadful noise: and the guns that were fixed near the tents, for the purpose of alarming those on board, in case the land party were taken by surprise, had been artfully secured by the intruders.

The boat going on shore, at the usual hour with provisions, &c. William had slept on board only the last two nights since our going on shore, came as usual with the kettle and lamp to prepare our breakfast. On their landiug a dreadful scene presented itself to their view—several of their companions cruelly massacred, others

fettered and senseless: and the ladies, of whom there were eight in number, carried away.

All that were left on board were instantly summoned on shore; and after they had conveyed the helpless survivors to the vessel, and learnt from those that could speak, the dreadful events of the preceding night, they resolved on an immediate pursuit; and having loaded their fire arms and furnished themselves with other hostile weapons, they began their journey, but almost hopeless of regaining the unfortunate females, from the number of hours that had intervened since the attack.

They proceeded several miles without encountering any adventure or interruption. They entered a wood, the thick branches of which, were so interwoven as almost to exclude the light of heaven; but they continued their designs with undaunted courage; they discovered a track trod by human feet, this served as a guide to their future progress. Our crew had traversed this dreary and melancholy place about five miles, when they came to an opening in the wood that appeared to lead to a large plain; hither they repaired and had not proceeded far, when O God! what a scene met their eyes, and harrowed up their souls?—Their blood seemed to congeal in their veins, and they stood gazing at each other with silent horror!

A large fire still burning, but abandoned by the savages, had excited the notice of the crew, ; it was a little to the left of this vast plain; but they approached it, and found it was the fatal pile of their beloved countrywomen. Near this distressing scene lay several fragments of female garments among which were partiularly discernable the robe of my Augusta, and that of a Mrs. Clavering, a passenger on board—her husband was among

these unfortunate persons slain in the tents; and what caused these two lovely women to be more lamented than the rest, was their both being far advanced in their pregnancy.

Our men roused to fury by the distracting sight they had witnessed, proceeded onwards, in hopes that they should be able to revenge their wrongs; but after travelling many a weary mile. and could neither discern inhabitants or habitations, they were forced to return without effecting their purpose, which they did, with sincere regret at their disappointment.

On their way back to the vessel, they inadvertently lost the tracks which had guided them to the tragic scene, and after wandering several hours in an intricate forest, they began to be seriously alarmed at their situation; which alarm was not a little increased by the distant shouts of a party of the natives, evidently approaching towards them; our party came to a consultation, to agree what steps they had best pursue. Which path led to the sea side, they knew not, nor was there any one that might not lead to destruction: there was not many minutes to spare in debates, as their enemies evidently approached nearer to the spot where they then stood, and they determined to pursue the plan advised by Mr. Edward Mitchell, who was one of the groupe thus unfortunately situated. This was to retreat to an adjacent copse and there seek shelter, from the thick and interweaving branches, till they had observed their numbers, or whether they were accompanied by any of our unfortunate companions; but this last idea hardly admitted of a hope, their dreadful fate had been too fully explained, to suffer any effect from the delusive flatterer.

They had just gained the desired covert, when a band of the natives appeared in view, and halted

in the intermediate space between the clumps of trees that grew in this part of the forest. Their heads were adorned with a variety of feathers, plucked from the plumage of the most beautiful of the African birds; their bodies painted, or rather stained with divers colours, a short petticoat tied round their middle, wove with divers materials, their aspect was fierce and cruel; they were armed with long wooden spears, bows and arrows, and tomohawk. They were above thirty in number. After a long converse in their own language they formed a ring, and our people then perceived for the first time, that one of the natives was bound with strong fetters, he was taken and cast into the midst of them, and they all seemed to pant with eagerness to inflict tortures on his hapless person. They began by wounding him with their spears and points of their arrows. The English being no longer afraid of their numbers, as they perceived no signs of the approach of any of their allies, loading their guns, and unsheathing their swords, rushed on them, and in a few minutes were the conquerors of this savage group, their victory being greatly assisted by the surprise and confusion in which the Africans were thrown by the sudden appearance of the white persons, and the tragic effects of their first fire, which laid twelve of their number dead on the earth. The rest betook themselves to flight; several of them were overtaken and put to the sword; the swiftness of the others secured their safety, our men not choosing to run the hazard of pursuing them too far. Some of the English had by this time unbound the poor wounded wretch, who falling on his knees, kissed their feet; and bowing his head in token of subjection, with uplift hands and streaming eyes, seemed earnestly to implore their mercy and protection. This they assured him of, by giving him some reviving cordials and binding up his wounds. He then made signs for them to leave that place, intimating his fears that

the fugitives would alarm their brethern, and return in numbers that could not be resisted.

Mr. Edward Mitchell (who was a very ingenious young man) made the black comprehend that they had lost their way, and were desirous of returning to the sea-side.

Zamor (for so our black was named) presently comprehended his meaning, and, pointed to the direction they were to pursue, at the same time intimating his wish to go with them. Our people carried him by turns, as one of his legs, being wounded by a spear, rendered him unable to keep pace with them.

After a weary journey, they arrived once more in sight of the ocean, which gave them great joy, and they insensibly forgot their preceding fatigues. They soon discovered their boat, into which they embarked with their friendly Zamor, and made for the ship. They were hailed by the crew with ardent expressions of pleasure at their unexpected return; as, by reason of their long stay, they supposed them to be surprised and made captives by the savage natives. But the joy of the ship's company were soon turned into the most poignant sorrow, at the fatal intelligence which their companions brought, concerning the lovely females, in whose society their voyage had hitherto passed so pleasantly, and whose untimely loss they had so much reason to deplore. As for me, I was at that time happily insensible to sorrow.

When I recovered from the stupor in which I had remained for the whole of two days, a burning fever seized me; I raved incessantly, and for a long time my case appeared hopeless. It seems we had been at sea five weeks, when reason resumed her reign, and I heard this account from William. No pen can convey an adequate idea

of my feelings; yet, when time had a little soothed the poignancy of my anguish, I must candidly confess, that I felt much less at her death, though so cruelly executed, than I should had her fate been unknown to me, and I had supposed her detained in the loathsome embraces of a rude savage.

Zamor was very grateful and attentive to his preservers, and appeared particularly attached to Mr. Edward Mitchell, who took him, by the consent of the captain as his servant. By the care and unremitting assiduity of his kind master, who delighted in teaching Zamor (who was a very young man) to speak the English language, and for that purpose devoted several hours of each day, he soon comprehended enough of it to inform us how he came in that perilous situation from which he had been so miraculously rescued.

It appeared, by his account, that his father was one of the wealthiest of the natives, having, for the accommodation of his family, which was numerous, as he had a plurality of wives, several wigwams, some cattle, hogs, poultry, and a variety of articles, which he had procured from some vessels that had touched at their coast, and principally from a wreck which had happened some years since; and being first observed by him and three others, they had enriched themselves by the spoil, e'er they had suffered the rest of the natives to approach the spot. This had excited at once an envy and hatred amongst them, and they were always striving to injure Ackabee (Zamor's father) and his family; but, till this present period, their designs either proved abortive, or else had no material effect, to the prejudice of their person or possessions. Some of the chiefs having called a council of war, Ackabee was present. They acquainted him with their design. The English tents had been discovered by one of the natives,

who had carefully observed the number of persons belonging to them, and imparted these tidings to the rest. Their fear of the English fire-arms made them come to the resolution of surprising the tents in the night, carrying away the females, with any articles of value that might be in their power to obtain. Ackabee had a heart like a lion; he would have willingly faced an host of enemies, and have died or conquered; but then it must have been in the field of battle: unlike the generality of his countrymen, he had a heart inclined to mercy, and detested cruelty or slaughter in cold blood; consequently, he refused to join the band of midnight murderers, or assist them by the company of any of his sons or his vassals.

Incensed at this refusal, they reviled him with opprobrious epithets, and, calling him the enemy of their clan, rushed on him with impetuosity of a tiger, and embrued their hands in his blood. This was the signal of outrage: his wigwams were destroyed, his family murdered, and Zamor alone escaped to the forest, but was pursued by a party of his savage brethern, and at length taken in their toils: they bound him, and caused the youth to march with them, till they came to the spot where our country-men had placed themselves in ambush. Happily for Zamor their designs were frustrated, and he was effectually relieved from all fears of the malignity of his countrymen.

Zamor continued with Mr. Mitchell, to his great satisfaction; and some years after this circumstance, I learned from that gentleman, that this young black had proved a most faithful and attentive domestic.

We arrived safely at Bengal, the place of our destination. There was a handsome house prepared for my reception; it had been my predecessor's in the agency. Hither I retired with Wil-

liam who kindly used every means to divert me from dwelling on my melancholy loss. In the course of my first two years residence in the East Indies I had the satisfaction of hearing of the health and safety of my beloved children, by several different vessels that came from England; I had also been very successful in several ventures that I had made, and had nought to trouble me but the recollection of the dreadful past.

Just at this period, an odd adventure befel me, and led to something yet more extraordinary. The gentleman who was next neighbour to me, was an eminent surgeon; his name was Wilmot; he had a son settled in the same profession at Madras, and a daughter about twenty years of age resided with him. I had met with her in several mixed companies, and thought she was a very agreeable girl: handsome she certainly was not; but yet there was something indescribable in her countenance vastly pleasing and impressive, and her figure was exquisitely formed, yet I had never felt for her the least symptoms of a passion, more tender than friendship At the time mentioned above, this interesting girl had been confined to her chamber several weeks with a lingering illness, and as I was never in the habit of visiting their family, I contented myself with making frequent enquiries by my servant respecting her indisposition. I had one morning received an answer very unfavourable to my cordial wishes for her amendment; when in a few minutes after her father was introduced: he entered my apartment with the most disconsolate air; after some apologies for his intrusion, he begged leave to relate a discovery he had just made, that might be very detrimental to his peace, and that of an amiable wife.

Not to keep the reader in suspense, by relating the minutiæ of our discourse, I need only

say, that what the old gentleman had to reveal surprised me—the long and distressing indisposition of his darling Laura, had been caused by a concealed but violent attachment to me. Mr. Wilmot proposed as follows:—That if I had an inclination for his daughter, and was under no engagements elsewhere, he was willing to bestow her on me, with a portion of twenty thousand pounds, provided that Laura's delicacy should not be hurt, by the least hint that her father had betrayed her *bosom's secret*, which she had guarded with such fortitude and care, nor would now have escaped her, but for the Physician, who anxious to gain from her the cause of a stifled sorrow, to which he well knew her illness to be owing, had informed her by way of extorting the secret, that her dissolution was fast approaching.

I briefly replied that I was not under an engagement to any woman existing, he was well acquainted with the fatal end of my amiable wife; with her my affections were buried, nor had it ever been my intention to enter again into the matrimonial state. Mr. Wilmot represented this idea as ridiculous for a young man, not yet twenty seven, to entertain; and urged many reasons to enforce the necessity there was for my choosing a second wife; among which, the want my children would have of a maternal guide, as they advanced towards maturity. (this was touching a tender string) Indeed the old gentleman used so many arguments to convince me, and seemed so much hurt when I made any replies that were not favorable to his plan, joined to a sympathy one cannot help but feel, towards a being whose love you are conscious of possessing, that, at last I consented to espouse the gentle Laura.

Mr. Wilmot expressed the highest satisfaction at my acquiescence; matters were so contrived, that Miss Wilmot was soon acquainted with the

desire I had to offer her my hand and heart; her recovery was rapid, and in less than three months we were united, with all the splendor that in general attends on eastern marriages.

After my sudden nuptials with the amiable Miss Wilmot, I had yet three years to remain at Bengal before my agency would expire. My affairs continued in the most flourishing condition, and besides making a handsome fortune for myself, I remitted sums to Mr. Emery, and the firm to which he belonged, that far exceeded their expectations, and procured me a deal of credit and esteem. We were visited by all the great people that Bengal afforded, and our company universally courted in return; and, to add to these pleasures, the climate by no means affected my health. To amuse my Laura, whose spirits and constitution were extremely delicate, (though she did not complain of indisposition) we made frequent excursions in our Palanquin to a charming retreat that I caused to be erected at Wallagobad. To do justice to the amiable qualities of my second wife, I must confess she was amiable and well informed, devoid of art and caprice, pious without bigotry, and charitable without ostentation; yet my heart could never entertain that degree of tender love for Laura, as I had experienced for the dear and ever to be regretted Augusta—my first love, and the mother of my dear babes; yet I behaved to my present spouse with the most affectionate kindness, and was not insensible of the care with which she strove to remove a shade of melancholy, that in spite of my efforts to conceal it, was visible to her attentive eye.

When the time came for our embarking, Mr. Wilmot, (whose ill health had gained his dismissal from the East India Company,) his lady, myself and Laura, with our attendants, went on

board, and the ship sailed with the first fair wind. Our passage for weeks was delightful, and we were enjoying in anticipation, the welcome we should receive on our return to England, when all our hopes were crushed by a fatal blow. Our vessel was attacked by a French privateer, and after an obstinate resistance on our side, we were boarded and forced to surrender.

Our ship was so much damaged in the conflict, that great apprehensions were entertained of her sinking. All hands were then employed to remove the most valuable part of her cargo, the sick, wounded, &c. but alas! they had not above half succeeded in their design when a dreadful catastrophe happened; near a hundred persons were lost, and among the rest the parents of Laura. I had just carried my wife in my arms to the deck of the privateer. Mr. Wilmot was following supporting his almost lifeless lady, when the ship suddenly went down! For a few moments nought was heard but the most piercing shrieks, and then a dismal silence reigned. Though almost sinking under the poignancy of my own feelings, I was forced to bear up against them, and endeavour to calm the anguish of my drooping Laura.

The French privateer put in at Trinidad; here their captives were landed, and we were obliged to march on foot some miles up the country, till we came to a kind of fort. Here our peregrinations ended.

Eight months elapsed in this uncertain state; but at length we were hailed with the blessed tidings of peace, and according to the preliminary articles of the peace, restitution was made of all the valuables that had been taken from us.

Laura's health became visibly declining, she

was but a shadow of her former self; grief for the fatal loss of her parents, the fright she had endured during the time the vessels were engaged in the dire conflict, and the unhealthiness of the climate, had so wasted her frame, that she appeared too far gone in a consumptive state to admit any lasting hopes of her recovery. In four weeks we embarked once more for England. On our approaching near the Cape of Good Hope, I felt a tremor prevade my whole frame; I recollected how fatal that place had before been to me, and I addressed my prayers to the All-powerful Creator of the universe, that he would be pleased to avert any evil that might hang over my head. We were scarcely landed, when I found the general curiosity excited by a vessel that had arrived there the preceding day: it was an English man of war, and had been cruising about the coasts of Madagascar, when touching on the most desolate part of it, they were surprised by the sight of some persons on a rock, who had been making a great fire, evidently to attract the notice of the ship's crew. This they had discovered by their glasses, and immediately sent out their boat, with one of the lieutenants and four of the seamen, to speak to these persons.

The boat returned to the ship with the addition of six persons; two English ladies, and a female child belonging to one of them, a very aged Frenchman, and a couple of natives. My informant proceeded to give such a description of these females, that I soon found them to be no other than Mrs. Clavering and my Augusta, who had been miraculously preserved.

The agitation of Laura, during this recital, is not to be conceived; nor was I able to utter a word that could convey the least consolation to her breast. I knew not how to act, and we moved on in perfect silence to the house the captain

had prepared for our accomodation, during the few days stay that we were to make in that place. I had formed a great intimacy with a Mr. Henry Osborne, one of the mates on board our vessel. I made him the confidant of my present heartfelt woes, and besought him to repair to my Augusta, and hear from her own mouth the particular occurrence that had passed during our separation, as I then should be better able to form my plans respecting Laura; and he was particularly charged not to give the most distant hint to my first wife of my near visit to her, till those plans were resolved on.

I paced about the room in agony till his return; he then briefly informed me of the following particulars:—

"When my wife and the rest of her helpless companions had reached that extensive plain, before mentioned, their conductors who had all along been quarrelling about the division of the fair captives, now began to assert their rights by the most barbarous threats and blows to each other. After several of them had been slain, they agreed to refer the matter to the decision of three or four of their aged priests who had now joined them. After some time spent in debate, they returned for answer, that their brethern had certainly offended their gods by wishing to take wives from among their bitterest enemies, and the contemners of their pure and holy faith; and the only way of appeasing the angry deities, and of ending their dispute, was, to sacrifice the white women instantly. This was instantly agreed to with the most savage joy. The fire was kindled, they forced the unfortunate women to strip off their upper garments, and strangling one by one, they placed them amidst the crackling flames. The fate of Mrs, Clavering and Augusta received a

sudden change from the priests having discovered by their appearance, that they would soon become mothers.

"These people being very fond of adopting European children, when they could get them in their power, intreated the people to spare them till after they had given birth to their offspring: the request was readily granted, and the ladies who were struck with wonder at a change for which they could not then account, were led away in silent wonder. the African's making signs to them to dispel their fears.

"After travelling some miles further up the country, the ladies became so fatigued as to sink on the earth, and make signs of their inability to proceed. The Africans then made a kind of litter of the branches of trees, and having placed the captives on it, conveyed them to their town, or rather citadel; it being composed of a vast number of huts or wigwams, entrenched round by a deep ditch defended by a double row of stakes.

"The trembling fair ones were then taken from the litter and conducted to a kind of cottage the appearance of which greatly surprised them, from its being built so much in the European style; nor was that sensation lessened, when the door was opened by a white man with a long snow like beard.

"The Africans held a long discourse with him in their own language. He then advanced, and addressed the ladies in French. Mrs. Clavering understood him not, but Augusta was happily a proficient in that tongue. He acted as an interpreter between the females and their savage conquerors: at last the latter retired, consigning the captives to the white man's care.

"He led them into the interior of his hut, and shewed them it contained three rooms, one of which he proposed to spare for the accomodation of his unfortunate companions. He informed them that he had been wrecked on that coast about fifteen years since; that only himself and two others were saved; and they would soon have fallen victims to the savage Africans, had they not interested them in their favour, by shewing their watches; and conciliated their esteem, by giving each of them small presents, which so highly delighted them. The old man, who had been one of the mates of a French India ship, lost one of his companions by a fever during their first years residence among the savages: the other had not been dead many months before the captivity of our fair friends. As the time of their lying in approached, the ladies were overwhelmed with apprehensions of the dreadful sentence with which they had been threatened on their recovery; but their good friend used his influence which was very great among them, to such a blessed effect, that the evil was happily averted; and by their willingly aiding their protector in his ingenious labours, they likewise acquired the friendship of the beings they had so much feared, insomuch, that on the birth of the children, who were both females, their mothers were not deprived of them. Mrs. Clavering's little one did not long survive its birth, but Augusta's child was now living." Osborne described her as a fine sprightly girl; she had been christened Sylviana by her friends, on account of the romantic place of her birth, He added that these unhappy persons had lived on the island near six years; and they had during that time seen several ships pass, they had never been able to make their signs understood till that period, in which they were so fortunate as to be liberated from their captivity. He understood that the old Frenchman had left several things of great value behind him, not

daring to fetch them, for fear of arousing the suspicions of their tyrants, who would doubtless have sacrificed them on their first intimation of their design to leave the island.

As I found nothing in this account that hindered, but only increased the desire I had of again dwelling with the beloved wife of my heart, I accompanied Osborne to the house where my angelic Augusta dwelt. He cautiously prepared her for my presence. Nought could exceed her transports at seeing me safe, and in her fond embrace, when if living, she thought me far, far distant, I clasped her and the sweet Sylviana a thousand times to my aching heart, ere I could resolve to damp her joy by the disclosure I had to make—when I did, her whole frame was convulsed with agony, she remained some time absorbed in deep meditation, At length she replied, in tremulous accents:—"My dear Charles, I do not blame you for your second marriage, nor the motives that induced you to it, as it is a further proof of the tenderness of your disposition; nor do I censure the unfortunate Laura—she is no longer your wife in the eyes of the world; but I can never consent to enter into connubial ties with you, while her heart is bursting with grief and despair; you must leave us both—take Sylviana with you; return to England, and hasten to join our beloved children. Laura, you tell me rendered worse by this last shock, you fear, will never be able to re-embark; hurt not then her feelings, by taking the steps requisite to our re-union.

Mrs. Clavering, who has now no other ties left, is contented to remain with me till death calls one of us from this earthly pilgrimage. We will remain with the hapless girl: if heaven takes her to its mercy, I am again your's; but. if she recovers, I will accompany her to England. and, in some

peaceful solitude, pass our days in weeping, o'er the past." She had scarce uttered the last words, when the door opened, and in rushed Laura, pale, and almost breathless.—'I have heard your discourse,' said she: forgive me, Augusta!—forgive me, Netterville!—I broke from my friends—they wanted me to stay; but I was eager to follow and die in your arms!—Had it not been for this stroke of fate, I could not have survived many days—I now expire contented, since my dissolution will make you happy!—Promise me, my magnanimous Augusta, to let no false regard to my memory hinder you from resuming your station, as an affectionate wife and a tender mother.—Thank heaven, I have no children to inherit a portion of my misery, which must inevitably have been their portion: what once I thought a misfortune, I now consider as a blessing.' Here her speech failed her; the convulsions, with which she had lately been afflicted, seized her with redoubled violence: she was conveyed to bed, and, in less than three hours, expired, perfectly insensible to her situation.

I left the Cape, with my Augusta and family, in the first ship that touched at that port after the funeral of Laura. On our arrival in England, we found all our children well. Mrs. Cranfield was just dead, and had bequeathed to her niece the whole of her fortune, having heard from the Cape of her adventures and miraculous escape; which melted her heart, and inclined her to do justice to the amiable object she had once persecuted.

The considerable property which I had realized in India, I had regularly remitted to Mr. Emery; he had vested them for me in the funds, and he also managed for me the Launceston estate, and had improved its value; and the overplus of what had been expended for the mainten ance of my children, &c. had been added to the rest.

Mr. Osborne accompanied us to Cornwall; where, as I had a predilection for my native country, I resolved to settle; which I did in an elegant manner—but no further than was allowed by the dictates of prudence. We received, and were received by, my sister and the children with the fondest transports; and I soon after had the satisfaction of bestowing the former on my friend Osborne, giving her a handsome wedding portion, for the care she had taken of my little ones.

I had also the satisfaction of finding my other relatives well settled and happy. Augusta, in course of time, brought me five more children; two of whom died in their infancy; we had the happiness of seeing the others grow up in health, beauty, and virtue. We were among the happiest of the happy; yet Augusta and myself would often call to memory the unfortunate Laura, and heave a mutual sigh for her hard fate. She was, alas! from my first acquaintance with her, the victim of her own sensibility.

Curious Wagers, Feats of Activity Strength. &c.

Eighteen Miles Walking Match.

Captain Fairburn, a celebrated Pedestrian, undertook to walk the above distance in three hours and a quarter, at what is termed fair heel and toe. He had been a month in training, and the ground was two miles of turf on Epping forest; the match was for 200 sovereigns, and heavy by-bets; he accomplished it in three hours and seven minutes. This is a master piece of performance, and was won with ease, until the last two miles.

A Trotting Match.

An exhibition in the trotting line, was given on the North side of the river: such as never before occurred in this country, nor perhaps in any other country in Europe. A gentleman, for a bet of one hundred guineas, trotted his horse against time, four miles in twelve minutes. When it is considered that the four mile course at the Curragh has never been run over by the fleetest race-horse in less than seven minutes; this trotting must be most extraordinary.

A Baker of Boston.

A baker of Boston, won a wager of fifty pounds by carrying at different times five hundred sacks of flour twenty yards, each of which weighed twenty stone; he performed it in the course of seven hours and twenty-five minutes, though the time allowed was twelve hours.

A Wager for Eating.

In the new ship yard at Brighton, a man undertook for a wager to eat five dozen of twopenny pies, (thirty apple and thirty mutton,) in the space of thirty-five minutes, he accomplished the task without difficulty.

Curious Undertaking.

A gentleman undertook to walk ten miles, to ride fifty miles, to shoot twenty brace of partridge,

and to walk ten miles more; all of which he performed in less than the given time of twelve hours, and shot twenty-three brace.

An agreement to drink Oysters by the quart.

Two carpenters at work, at their bench, agreed to drink oysters by the quart; one of them put the quart to his head, and never stirred it until he had gulphed its contents, and called for a second. The other gave up as he sickened to see his comrade think so little of what he had swallowed, but recommended him to take a gill of brandy to warm the oysters in his stomach.

Walking Blindfolded.

A few days ago, a gentleman of this city walked blindfolded from James's-street to Nelson's Pillar, which he performed at the small expence of a scratch on his nose, against the railing round the Pillar, where he arrived at twelve o'clock at night, after numerous falls and escapes.

Extraordinary Feat of Agility.

Baron Osten, of the 16th lancers, performed the following feat of activity, at Marino, the seat of Lord Charlemont, in Ireland. One hundred stones were placed at a yard distance from each other, and the Baron was to ride his horse to each stone, dismount, and pick it up; ride to a basket placed at one extremity, again dismount, and drop it in, thus mounting and dismounting two hundred times. An hour was the given time for the task

to be performed in, but he performed it, with apparent ease, in forty-five minutes. The Earl and Countess of Talbot were present, and, at the conclusion, her Excellency crowned the Baron with a chaplet of evergreens. He wore a yellow silk jacket and a lilac coloured cap, light pantaloons, and only one boot and one spur. In the course of his arduous undertaking, he dismounted once, and scratched his ear with the foot on which he wore only a shoe. An elegant cold collation was afterwards given by Lord and Lady Charlemont to the fashionables present.

Pedestrianism.

The following instance of wonderful exertion in walking, performed by Thomas Savage, in the year 1789, is related by the Rev. John Lodge:—'This man, who was at that time about fifty years of age, five feet four inches high, and lame, from one leg being considerably shorter than the other, undertook, for a wager of twenty guineas, to walk four hundred and four miles in six days. The line agreed upon for the display of his agility was on the turnpike road from Hereford to Ludlow, and back again from Ludlow to Hereford. Owing to the uneveness and badness of the road in general, and especially to the lofty hill of Dinmore, which he was obliged to pass at least three times a day. The odds at starting, were a guinea to a shilling against him, and were still further increased on the third day by a fall of snow, which made the road exceedingly slippery and dirty. He continued his career, however, with infinite spirit, and won his wager five hours within the time allowed. It appeared afterwards, by adding together the superfluous ground he had walked to his lodging, at Hereford, Ludlow, and elsewhere contiguous to the road; that instead of four hun-

dred and four. he had actually travelled no less than four hundred and twenty-nine miles;' which makes more than three miles an hour for the whole 139 hours!

Cantering Jack.

A few days ago, a poor simpleton from near Kilcullen, commonly called Cantering Jack, came running into Clonmel, accompanying on foot the Mail Coach from Cork for Dublin, (which travels at the rate of nearly six miles an hour.) He had kept alongside of it from Cork to this town, and, we understand, went on with it in this manner as far as Ballytore, about 100 Irish miles, before he broke down. It was undertaken for a small wager that poor Jack would go from Cork to Dublin alongside the coach.

Curious Bet.

On Leven Links, Fifeshire, a gentleman, about 17 stone weight, laid a bet that he would go 100 yards, carrying a person who weighed 18 stone 11 pounds, while another ran 300 yards, without any burden. They accordingly started, and the first-mentioned gentleman would have won the race, had he not unfortunately happened to put his foot on a place under which there was a rabbit hole, which brought him and his burden to the ground, within three yards of completing the distance. He started almost instantly to recover his lusty companion, who refused to remount, saying, he would not ride any animal that came down, if he knew it.

.....

One hundred Miles in twelve hours.

The Huntingdonshire Galloway, fourteen hands and an inch, and six years old, the property of Mr. Charles Franklin, started on Friday morning at two o'clock, over an eight mile piece of ground near Biggleswade, to perform the above great undertaking. It was for a thousand sovereigns, and was to be performed within six weeks from the 23d July to trot only. The Horse won by eight minutes and a half, and was never distressed. His rider (Stanton) carried nine stone. The horse was baited in the 24th, 42d, and 65th miles in small quantities, and fed well, and if pushed with two riders, could have performed the distance in less time by an hour. Mr. Aaron Gulley and Captain Braithwaite were the umpires. A Gentleman of the name of Billinghurst, betted fifty guineas that he gallopped over the eight miles in twenty-five minutes, which he performed having nearly a minute to spare

Remarkable Accident.

A very remarkable accident took place on Tuesday afternoon. As two young lads of Alloa, were walking on a very dangerous part on the top of the tower of Clackmannan, the height of which is about 90 feet, a sudden gust of wind came, which quickly precipitated the two lads down the fore wall; but happy to relate, they both lighted on a cart of hay which happened to be passing at the time; fortunately they were more frightened than hurt. It may be easier imagined than expressed, the sudden surprise of the driver of the cart, not knowing from whence they came. It was some minutes before they recovered their fright.

Extraordinary race in a Sack.

A man who is 48 years of age, and weighs 16 stone, undertook for a wager of 20 guineas, to run 400 yards, while tied in a five bushel sack, in six minutes, in Windsor Park. He started about seven o'clock in the Long Walk, and performed his undertaking in three minutes and forty-nine seconds, to the astonishment of several hundred spectators, who were assembled upon the occasion.

Singular Wager.

On Friday, five sovereigns were actually sold in London for one penny. The fact was, two Gentlemen in the City laid a considerable wager as to the number of sovereigns which should be sold in one hour by two boys on the bridge, who, of course were not in the secret. A number of the true coin were put in the lids of two saucepans, and the boys placed on the bridge to dispose of them, as the Jew boys do medals; and the result was, as we have stated above, that only five were disposed of. We understand that one thousand guineas was the venture between the parties. It may be recollected, that the same thing was done in Paris with similar success.

Brick Making

A few days since, a wager was decided between two brick-makers of the name of Ogin and Clayton who work for Mr. Hobson of Kingsland, and Mr. Highman of Holloway, who could make the most bricks in one hour. These two men being famous for their expedition, a number of people attended,

and so equally were they matched. as to have but ten difference, although the number was astonishing, Clayton making 818, and Ogin 808; besides which it should be observed, that all which were not properly finished were thrown aside, and not admitted in the number.

Eastern Pedestrians.

In Persia there are certain men called Shaters of which the King has a great number; it is considered an honourable and profitable employment but the candidate who aspires to it, must prove that he can run 100 miles in 13 or 14 hours; and a common Shater will travel 1000 miles in twenty days with great ease; this they perform at the rate of two shillings per day, and carry their provision with them. Compared with such travelling as the above, the pedestrian feats of Europeans dwindle to a mere nothing.

Match against time.

Mr. Jones's blood hack, engaged to run twenty miles within the hour, did so on Wednesday the 21st instant on Newmarket Heath, having near three minutes to spare. The match was for one hundred guineas, the rider to be as light as the owner chose. The odds were in favour of the performance.

General M'Clare.

General M'Clare made a bet of 50 dollars, that he would take wool from the fleece, and manu-

facture a suit of clothes in ten hours, the bet was decided last saturday in his favour; having completed and put on the suit in eight hours and 45 minutes.—The colour was a blue mixture, the wool was coloured in 35 minutes, carded, spun, and wove, in two hours and 25 minutes; pulled, knapped, dried, spread and dressed, in one hour and 59 minutes; carried, in four minutes, three quarters of a mile, to Mr. Gilmor tailor's shop, who, with the assistance of seven hands, completed the coat, jacket and overalls, in three hours and 49 minutes: there was half a yard of cloth left.

Ingenious Artifice.

A gentleman in Wales, who had in vain attempted to terrify intruders from entering his garden by placing steel traps, and other engines, thought on the following device:—He wrote to a friend of his in London, an eminent surgeon, desiring him to send down the first leg he should amputate. This request was very soon complied with—In that part of the country it was usual after service on Sunday for the cryer to proclaim when any thing is lost, &c. because at that time the concourse of people is greater than at any other. The leg was delivered to this officer, who standing upon a tomb in the church-yard, and holding the naked limb in his hand, gave notice that it had been found the preceding night in J. M. Esquire's garden, and whoever owned it might come and receive the property without punishment. Although no one appeared to claim the member, the sight of the mangled limb made such an impression on the minds of the spectators that no depredations were committed after in the gentleman's garden or premises, whose produce was secured by this innocent and ingenious artifice.

FINIS

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